THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illu…kly
Founded … Franklin

JUNE 29, 1912

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DRAWN BY
HARRISON FISHER

High Play—By Calvin Johnston

Painted by Edward V. Brewer for Cream of Wheat Co.

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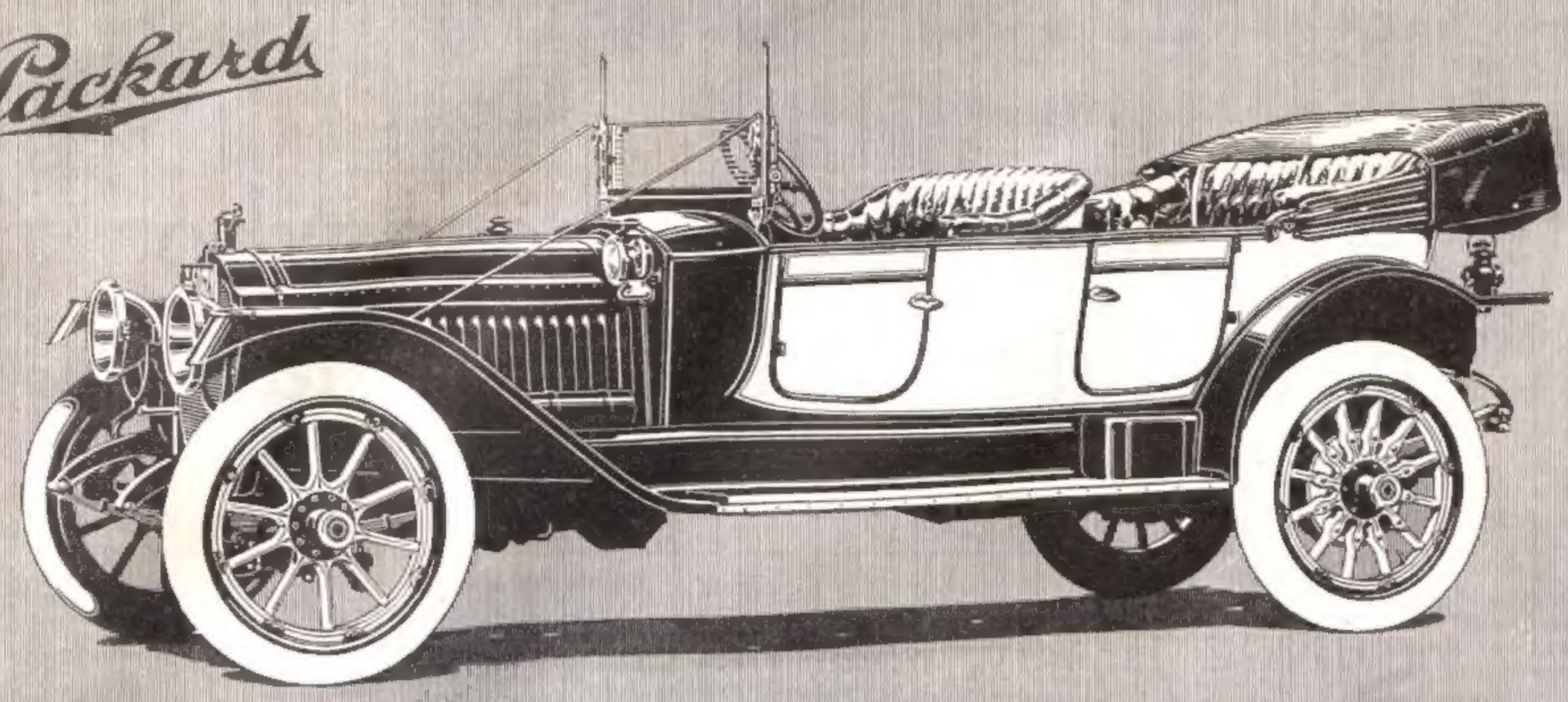
"I DONE HAD TO FRAME RASTUS"



1913

In the Packard "48" for 1913, the dominance of the Packard Six is strengthened by logical improvements based on fourteen years of engineering success

Horsepower by the standard A.L.A.M. rating, based on a piston speed of 1000 feet per minute 48

Actual brake horsepower at the same piston speed 62

Maximum brake horsepower, obtained at a piston speed of 1576 feet per minute 82

Fastest getaway—60 miles an hour in 30 seconds from a standing start.

Smoothest running motor and easiest riding car even at speeds from 60 to 70 miles an hour.

Easiest to drive—With a wheel base of 139 inches, will turn around in a street 46 feet wide.

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Standard equipment of open cars includes top and windshield

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HIGH PLAY

By CALVIN JOHNSTON

ILLUSTRATED BY WILL F. FOSTER

The Story of the Summer City

FLAT, sulphur-colored clouds lay in streaks across the ends of lanes of sky-scrapers; these were dungeon gates, behind which the day was dying, as any one could see who took an interest in days. Occasional leaves, yellow and stained with travel from some distant park, whirled like Bedouins in the languid dust eddies of Herald Square and suggested that summer was also dying.

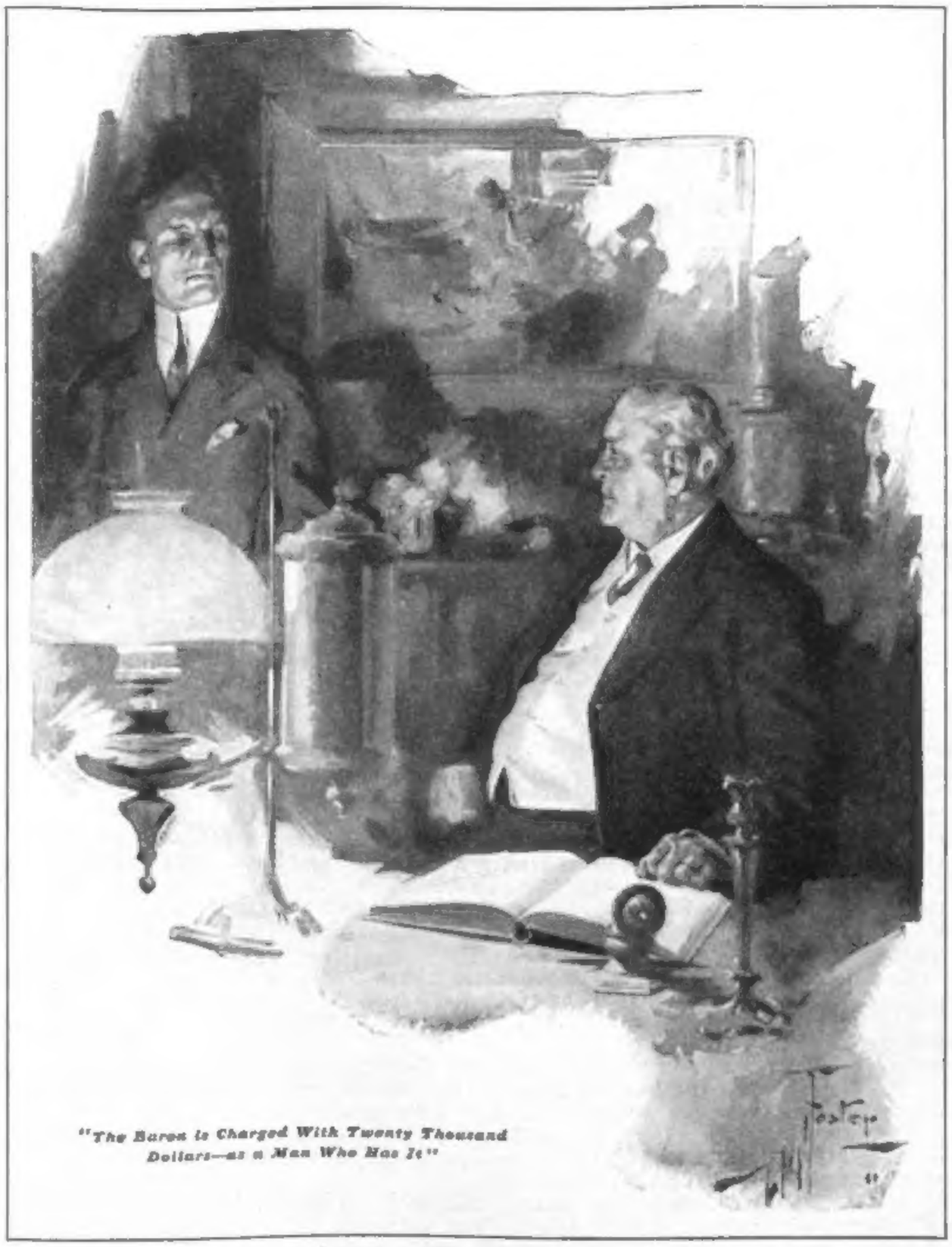
A faint pulse of life beat along Broadway, the high, encircling walls of which staggered in the heated air; yet no one felt any particular concern in this phenomenon. "Whatever staggers New York must stagger the universe as well," reasoned the citizens; "for we are certainly the center of everything!" And, as Doomsday would have been a blessed relief in such weather, they were not even interested.

Another interest, abiding and deep, however, survived in the Roman hearts of those who remained behind to cover the panic retreat of August, and a rustle of excitement animated their scattered groups when the newspaper bulletin announced that the Giants had won in the ninth inning by a tremendous batting rally.

A cheer broke feebly and passed. The ranks thinned; Silence and Melancholy resumed their sacking of untenanted pleasure haunts down the "Way."

Mr. Daniel Sterling, standing across the street from the scoreboard, was a witness to the passing of these "Augustans." He held an unlit cigar between his white teeth and waited patiently, almost stoically, until such time as he could approach without brushing sleeves with the crowd.

His blue shirt was of silk, soft and cobweb-fine; the suit of silvery gray acquiesced in every movement of his erect figure with a peculiar grace of its own. So he withheld himself from the press of his fellow Augustans, who were not all so immaculate.



"The Baron is Charged With Twenty Thousand Dollars—as a Man Who Has It"

At the moment, two women, walking briskly and with more apparent purpose than the other pedestrians, came almost to a halt behind him, one of them restraining her companion by a touch on the arm. And, as though the mere presence of female loveliness spoke imperatively to Mr. Sterling, he turned promptly and, after a courtly bow, shook hands with the first woman in a most friendly manner.

"Not know Mr. Sterling!" exclaimed she to her companion. "Then let me introduce you two. Charlotte, he is the little neighbor of Broadway."

The man smiled as though humoring a child, an expression most natural to his thin, boyish face, with its temple-shadows of iron gray; but the ease and gravity of his manner contrasted so obviously with the woman's bonhomie and free expression that she became embarrassed. A quick, soft blush shamed the rouge of her cheeks as, grasping her companion's arm roughly, she turned away.

"I'm in town just to get my part in The Gayety Man," she said in a subdued voice, half over her shoulder. "I'm not a quick study, y'know. I'll be in Atlantic City the rest of this week," she said then, pointedly and energetically.

In spite of this sudden recovery of spirit and a flaunt of defiance, her dark, moist eyes seemed to plead with him pathetically to forgive a certain fault of breeding she could never quite overcome.

However, the only word the actress spoke to her companion regarding Mr. Sterling was to suggest that there must be pretty big game afoot to keep Danny in town at that season.

Mr. Sterling gazed after her. "Same grace of figure, but makeup not so good as it used to be," he said philosophically, and shrugged his shoulders over his interest in woman.

"Maybelle will keep," he concluded, and turned again to his contemplation of across the street.

Now the crowd before the scoreboard had shrunken to a shadow of its former greatness—and such a shadow! A minute previous it held color and a jovial kind of thunder rumbled through it, with a wicked spark of temper lightening forth occasionally; but in that minute the human cloud had lifted and rolled on, having precipitated, as from the evaporation of decay, a shower of toads. At least, Sterling regarded them as toads and strode through them deliberately that they might escape his heel while squatting, flat eyes fixed on the scoreboard, with nervous hands and expressionless faces.

Sometimes one would whisper vehemently and then subside quickly, or grin maliciously upon hearing the complaint of another watcher.

With Sterling the scoreboard was an institution and he invariably paused here on his way to dinner. His rat-faced neighbors neither annoyed nor amused him; in fact, he was oblivious to their presence.

Suddenly he turned with a queer uneasiness, his eyes, level and steady under the half-dropped lids, sweeping faces round him.

They were met by a girl's eyes—hazel and very soft these were, with so astonishing a depth and purity that Sterling, sensitive to the beautiful in any form, marked also her oval face and light wavy hair. He even stepped aside to survey her from head to foot, his eyes running over the slim figure appraisingly.

She was a young woman, dressed in the coarse black voile of the poor. Her shoes were black, her hands ungloved, and Sterling for the instant was puzzled to find a woman so clothed attractive. Her figure was trim, from the slender ankles to the rather coquettish little hat; there was an air of exquisite neatness about her—yet she was shabby, undeniably shabby. The skirt was worn, the hat cheap, the waist——

The young woman with a slight blush had turned again to the scoreboard.

"Oh, hell!" muttered Sterling impatiently—"I was looking the girl over."

Rapidly he ran his eyes down the "results" and was turning away.

Nevertheless, whether willing to do so or not, from beneath his half-dropped lids he looked again toward the girl.

To his surprise, she was studying himself appraisingly also; again she flushed, hesitated, then, with confidence rather than boldness, came straight up to him.

"I am sure you wouldn't mind telling me exactly what those bulletins mean," she said.

Sterling looked at her. "She is making a very curious mistake," he thought rather indignantly, for he was not to be taken in.

Her face clouded suddenly and she drew back. "Pardon me; perhaps I annoy you," she said.

"No-o," replied Sterling; but she was frightened by the eyes, whose dropped lids gave them a sinister expression. "No!" he exclaimed suddenly. "I am not annoyed. Those scores at the top," he explained, "are made by the ball teams of the big leagues."

"Yes, I know that," she answered him. "I used to watch the boys at ball—and play myself sometimes," she added defiantly; "but the lower ones, which seem to cause such intense excitement among these people? Why, they will curse to themselves and wring their hands!"

"Those are the racing results," he replied, watching her curiously. "I am afraid these people play a bit; sometimes—in fact, quite frequently—they lose."

"I see," she remarked. "Then Alameda is a horse; and the figures opposite ——"

"Are the odds offered in the betting."

"And these people who curse—though I believe some of the still ones pray—are gamblers!"

She surveyed the stragglers with a singular interest—men, boys, two or three haggard women—Sterling watching her, amused, but still not to be taken in.

At the instant a touring car ran deliberately among them, the chauffeur and his companion ignoring the enraged Augustans, who were obliged to jump for their lives.

The gentleman at the wheel glanced at the board. "The Giants for the pennant!" he remarked; then his glance fell on Sterling and, with a curt nod, he started the machine. His companion, a man of sallow face and black beard, also nodded, but accorded Sterling a civil smile and a slight gesture of the hand.

They were conversing as they drove away; but Sterling, whose face became grim, then humorous, had his attention distracted for a moment.

A sharp tug at his sleeve and he looked into the shriveled face and beady, burning eyes of a man who had been watching him from the moment he entered the crowd.

"There's a killing on for tomorrow!" said the man in a hoarse whisper. "It'll save my life to break into it. A fiver, Danny, for oldtime's sake! You play the big game and don't know what it means to pike."

On this occasion Sterling was intensely annoyed, but he made no movement to release his sleeve, though longing to seize the creature by the throat. A glare of his blank and yet sinister eyes, however, drove the man back more surely than a blow.

Taking a bill from his pocket he tossed it to the piker, who seized it with an exclamation of joy and made off, followed by several of the group. Those remaining turned to Sterling with tremendous interest.

Whether the girl had witnessed the act Sterling could not be positive, for the automobile had driven them several steps apart.

"May I give you any further information?" asked Sterling with his engaging courtesy.

"No," she replied, and as if by a common impulse they walked down Broadway together.

"Do you ever go into the country?" asked the girl; and during the following fragmentary street conversation Sterling felt a pleasurable relief from the heat of the city, as though refreshed by the dew of cascades and the shade of trees. She was undeniably intelligent and entertaining.

They were approaching the entrance to the famous restaurant where Sterling dined.

"She is really charming," thought he; and, feeling again the desolation of the city, he said to himself, "I'll risk it!" for he considered, in his wisdom and experience, "If anybody can put one over on Dan Sterling he or she is welcome to knock me out."

"I dine here," he said at the entrance.

"Oh, do you?" she exclaimed animatedly, and peeped through the palms and ferns into the dusky, glistening depths beyond.

"I have enjoyed our chance acquaintance and conversation," said Sterling. "Now if you will extend your consideration so far as to dine with me ——"

She shrank a very little, though her face lit with pleasure.

"I couldn't quite do that, you know," she replied; "it was hardly proper to speak to you, though you are a gentleman—and everybody speaks at home."

For the first time Sterling's eyes opened widely. "What a noble look and manner he has!" thought the girl as, without insisting, he expressed his disappointment.

The disappointment was reflected in her face, but resolutely she shook his hand and said good-by.

"Thank you for the information you gave," she smiled; and then, with pathetic earnestness: "We should not blame those poor creatures before the scoreboard who gamble. Perhaps their physical necessity demands the taking of chances; perhaps their crowded, stifled lives, their unlit souls, crave and demand one cast at the great stakes." Her lips were almost white, her manner vehement. "Believe me, sir, I do not blame them. I grieve for them. I am one of them!"

And then, as if struck with consternation by her own confession, she released his hand from a grip of steel and walked rapidly away.

Sterling passed in slowly to dine alone. "What did she mean?" he asked himself. "She gamble!"

The sweet, humorous face, the manner of friendly confidence, were already dear to memory, for the type was new to him.

"Hell! She gambles if only because she said she did!" he exclaimed, impatient of doubting. "But how does she gamble?"

Hardly as Mr. Sterling himself did. For that night, in his own establishment, he took five thousand dollars from the black-bearded man who had bowed to him civilly from the touring car.

This suite of lofty apartments, not remote from Herald Square, was furnished in the spacious luxury of good taste, an ancient sculpture of Chance dicing in marble being perhaps the dominating figure. The heat of vice never thickened this mellow air with its scent of blood; in fact, the atmosphere was rather of life in state and financial councils. Men felt here that they gamed as in heathen Rome, and were devotees of fortune whom the common emotions of gain and loss did not become.

The Baron had accepted his defeat with cynical humor, bowing respectfully to the man who could defeat so renowned a gamester as himself.

"Gott!" he said. "Fortune is the bitter old maid, as you Americans say, or she would not scowl on the happy man so soon to be married."

"I have found it hard to return her a smile at such times," replied Sterling, sitting erect in his chair, his white hands resting idly on the table whence the cards had been removed. "Yet it must be done."

"Yes; she likes not the welsher—in your slangy Broadway," nodded the other.

Wine was brought by a white-haired negro; and, after an appreciative nod of his phantomlike movements, the Baron held a glass of Burgundy to the light. It transmitted a strange youthful glow to his pasty cheeks. Suddenly his eyes scintillated.

"To Chance, Lord of the World!" he said gayly, and spilled a drop on the floor before drinking.

"Myself will not offer a libation against your fortunes," smiled Sterling.

The other regarded him with interest. "You have the manner of the noble-born and their learning—but more wisdom," he said with a kind of arrogant directness. "And more—shall we say?—of the science," he added somewhat ruefully. "But of Chance and the libation," he began again, as Sterling nodded to the doubtful compliment. "You must make a dilettante acquainted with your patron, whom I see yonder."

Together they rose and approached the statue visible in the next apartment through the arch of curtains. The dicer stood as he had stood through the dusty ages, like happy Fortune arrayed in stone. The Baron thought the statue's limbs trembled and the hair exhaled a cloud of gold.

"He was drunk with victory; a bacchant of riches!" exclaimed he, fascinated. "So he was exalted to the gods." The Baron was already a little tipsy from previous drinking and, play being finished, could relieve tension and concentration by imaginative revel.

However, the conversation of victor and vanquished soon languishes, and after a few moments Sterling accompanied his guest to the door.

The Baron shuddered in the hot blast from the street. "And yet I live amid volcanoes," he said grimly. "Yonder stands a policeman, Sterling."

"Harmless! The police also take a chance," replied Sterling; and the Baron passed out.

"Tomorrow night!" he muttered with an oath and was gone.

Sterling returned to the room of the evening's play, took twenty thousand dollars from the table drawer and proceeded to the office at the rear of the suite, the low, clear singing of a roulette ball haunting him along the corridor. Mr. Palter, his partner, was engaged with papers at a desk by the light of a student lamp.

"Good evening, Danny," said Mr. Palter huskily. He swayed his massive form about in the pivot chair and extended a hand whose soft flesh concealed bone and muscle of unusual strength; in fact, his entire body was cast in the mold of a fat old serpent whose heavy folds disguise a spiral of steel. Palter appeared the mere exaggeration of Sterling—his face even more pallid, his hair grayer. His smooth face was larger and expanded, as if under a microscope, Sterling's own expression of fatalism without cynicism.

Sterling shook hands and laid the money aside on the desk.

"Business first," said Mr. Palter, opening a kind of ledger and tracing the index with his forefinger.

"Five thousand," replied the partner.

Palter made an entry in a hand fine and smooth as script. "I credit Baron Hirschel with five thousand dollars," he repeated.

"How does the account stand?" inquired Sterling with grave amusement at his partner's method.

"The Baron is charged with twenty thousand dollars—as a man who has it. On the first and second evenings he both won and lost, with the balance in his favor to the amount of five hundred and fifty dollars. This winning, added to the amount already charged against him, brings his debt to twenty thousand five hundred and fifty dollars. Five thousand on account tonight reduces balance to fifteen thousand five hundred and fifty dollars."

"Any further business?" inquired Sterling with respect.

Mr. Palter deliberately passed him a paper, red-inked and smeared with dirt, which, after a calm scrutiny, Sterling tore in half.

Mr. Palter did not exclaim or move any portion of his body except a forefinger, with which he beckoned impatiently. On recovering the paper, he carefully reunited the scraps with mucilage and an additional strip of paper.

"Of course you know the writer," observed Sterling—"Ratty, who used to be lookout in the old days?"

"We are widely acquainted," nodded his partner.

"He says here that his information is in return for a favor. Well, Pal, I did give him a bill this evening—he asked me for it on the street."

Mr. Palter regarded the other with distrust. Then he sat on Sterling with all the dignity of a Supreme Court.

"Bosh!" he affirmed. "You are a fine one, ain't you, Danny?" he added with perfect stolidity of expression—"working miracles on street-corners with coin of the realm!"

"You'd have done the same," averred Sterling, but received such a stare of resentment that he added lamely: "I was standing in front of the board reading the ball scores when this fellow edged by ——"

"Edged up in front of the scoreboard!" repeated Mr. Palter in strong disapproval. "Well, what could you expect of such a piker in such a low place, eh? Answer that."

"He accosted me, Mr. Palter, and—well, somebody happened to be there—and I didn't wish this particular bystander to see us speaking together," Sterling answered courteously but directly, and the silver-lidded, shallow black eyes of Palter received an answering stare.

"Mister Palter!" repeated that gentleman, as though greatly shocked by his partner's formality. "Well, well, Danny, of course, if that is the way it happened, all right; but have a care—no good comes o' doin' anything for anybody round scoreboards." His fleshy ear, sensitive as a weasel's, noted that the singing of the roulette ball had ceased; a light footfall floated down the corridor.

The partners remained as they were—Palter seated, Sterling standing by indifferently—as a fresh-complexioned youth entered and, with a cheerful greeting, set a drawer containing bills and coin upon the desk.

Sterling and the young man chatted on the prospects of the teams in the big league while Palter counted the money, made an entry in the ledger and then turned abruptly.

"Here's mail for you, Charley," he said, giving the smeared, inky paper to the youngster.

The latter read, flushed and then turned a sickly white.

"Don't get rattled," requested Palter hastily. Taking a flask from his desk, he poured a drink. "Swallow it, Charley," he urged, "and then walk up and down the corridor till you get your nerve."

With a quick glance at both the impassive faces, Charley obeyed, though he staggered before reaching the door; soon, however, the partners heard his footfall becoming more and more regular, Sterling lost in reverie, Palter at his ledger again.

The young man burst through the doorway. "Gentlemen, I did it!" he said. His face was flushed, but he held up his head and met their eyes steadily—such eyes!—cold, searching, ophidian! "Your correspondent accuses me of spending far too much money for an employee; he is right. I have stolen"—only at this word did he wince and confess his shame—"I have stolen about two thousand of the firm's money."

"What are you going to do about it?" inquired Sterling coldly.

"Whatever you say is right; I'll wait here and take my medicine." He did not cringe or plead excuse; and after a long, cruel moment Palter gave him an envelope. The young fellow turned it between his fingers softly, deftly; tears were in his eyes.

"That's your salary up to two-fifteen this A. M.," Palter informed him, still scoring him with a glare of accusation.

"You gentlemen have been very kind to me," muttered Charley brokenly. "I don't deserve this well of you ——"

"Tear it open," commanded Palter in his dull monotone; and, on being obeyed: "You didn't give any of it away to beggars or pikers, or do anything of that sort, did you? What? You got your money's worth?"

"I lived it up," replied the other wonderingly.

"Put your salary back into the firm's roll till it is due," said Palter. "Lock all the cash up in the safe and throw the tumblers; then close the house. My partner and I are going a-walking."

A moment later the two walked down the street abreast, Sterling swinging a light stick, his partner bearing a small club.

"Let that be a warning to you," said the latter impressively. "The boy got his money's worth. He didn't loosen up to every piker and yeggman. So his employers had confidence in him. He held his job."

Sterling almost chuckled. "The poor fellow has an extravagant wife and his own head was turned a little by handling cheap money."

"Sympathy! What!" retorted Palter. "Charley is a valuable man and his employer has confidence."

He did not change expression when his partner rapped him lightly on the shoulder.

They walked silently to the end of the street and looked over the river to the purple palisades crowned with stars.

"No. Somehow I didn't wish her to see Ratty talking to me." Sterling came out of his reverie with a little sigh.

Palter was still gazing over the river. "Cluck, cluck, cluck!" he chortled deep in his throat.

"No!" replied Sterling emphatically. "Every one, to you, is a Broadway chicken!"

"I beg your pardon, Danny," said the other; and after a moment: "The Baron?"

"Will be on hand tomorrow night; he will turn out a nasty loser. Lord!—this heat!" exclaimed Sterling tearing viciously at his collar—"these streets, where you sink to your ankles in soft pitch; the brick-and-stone craters, with their all-night eruption of people! Those flat clouds are the bars of a furnace, Pal." A moment later he pointed into the water, where the tide-swung moon appeared as an endless succession of copper bubbles rising from the bottom to burst in greenish fire.

"Steady," advised Palter impassively.

"You have a core of ice!" retorted Sterling.

With mind alert and hand ready to assist, Palter droned: "A fine sail on the sound tomorrow for you, Danny."

The other, recovering his composure and astonished at his own unwonted vehemence, shook his head negatively. "I am stifled; and yet I don't believe the weather has anything to do with it. Summer in New York never distressed me before. I don't wish to leave town." He paused, and began again abruptly: "Of course I don't really know whether she is that kind or not."

Turning, he threaded his way among the sprawled, sleeping forms on the pier; Palter followed, his narrow silver-lidded eyes shining from unusual depths. At Broadway they separated—Palter going to his modest lodgings with a respectable elderly couple whose roof he had shared for years, and his companion taking a cab uptown.

At the window of his apartment overlooking the park, Sterling kept vigil until nearly dawn.

From the depths of shriveled foliage below came a murmur as though trees rustled with human voices. The stars burned like coals in the sultry air, with far-environing turrets floating in their brazier fumes.

"I do not know whether she is or not," confessed Sterling, though heretofore woman had held little mystery for him.

The curious, gentle straining in his throat and breast, the faint tumult at his temples, were both soothing and distracting.

"Well, I'm glad I had this singular experience even at the cost of a night's sleep," he told himself at last.

Instead of turning aside the reverie inspired by this incident, Sterling indulged it to the full, though smiling that he of all men should yield to sentiment. And so he fell asleep, refreshed rather than exhausted by his vigil.

Next evening he sauntered down Broadway to read the scores of the big leagues as usual; but no one spoke to him or walked on to the restaurant by his side.

The Baron played cautiously that night, with indifferent luck, and departed early to make a train for Newport.

"The social duties of courting and getting married!" he complained. "Ah, well, Mr. Sterling, I shall be by Broadway a week from today—and we will meet without quarter!"

On the second evening Sterling had seated himself in the restaurant, when he felt eyes upon him—lynxlike—through a row of palms.

He could not mistake them—hazel eyes, shining with curiosity and mischief; and, with a laughing exclamation, the man trained to impassiveness rose impulsively to greet the girl of the scoreboard.

She shook hands. "You may sit down at my table," she said frankly—"that is all right; though, of course, I couldn't accept an invitation at our first meeting. I will tell you my name—Virginia Tarn; so you may introduce yourself without embarrassment."

"Why, she is really beautiful!" thought Sterling; yet he was puzzled to account for something unusual in her appearance. The hat, with its flaring brim and dark blue plume, was most becoming—so was the waist; but there was a quaintness in her charm that made it irresistible.

"It is the fashions!" flashed on Sterling, who had seated himself across the table. "Why, they are ten, twenty years old!"

This was true; and so the languid grace of the girl's hands, her demureness and expression of girlish animation combined with her costume to delight both memory and the present.

"This is the first time I have been in so rich a place," confided Virginia. "I was awed at first; but now, feeling perfectly at home, I could eat and die here."

"I believe some of them do," remarked Sterling grimly.

Sterling ordered; and, their dinner being served together, Virginia ate with a healthy appetite which should set at rest all criticism of those delicate, languishing creatures who appear in old daguerreotypes.

During their chatty conversation Virginia further confided that she had come to the city to make her fortune, ambition having little opportunity in an old Maryland town, which hadn't changed since the war.

This led to neighborhood traditions of the war, history, literature, art.

"Gracious, it is nine o'clock!" exclaimed she suddenly.

Sterling was at a loss. "Shall I ask her to a roof show—offer to see her home ——"

"I shall leave you at the door," she announced; and, her companion's disappointment appearing so plainly, "I know," she added with a sigh. "When we make friends of interesting minds and character it is hard to part from them. I have enjoyed your conversation and companionship so," she said, quite simply. She gazed with a strange longing over the room, the subdued light of which was reflected in many splendors. "I shall remember this vacation," she said.

"Miss Tarn," said Sterling with firmness, "tell me of your vacation—now, before you go."

Her cheeks flushed at so arrogant a tone; then she laughed a little defiantly. "Why do you wish to hear? You have witnessed the happiest day of it."

The compliment was so direct that Sterling could not suppress a quick glance of suspicion; and yet he was disappointed to see her attention entirely diverted from himself to the scene about them.

"I'll tell you—why not?" she said with delightful whimsicality. "I work in an office. I live in a hallroom. The only acquaintances I have in the city are a typewriter and three pieces of furniture. Not even a mouse comes into that room, for it is too lonesome! Then, to add to my lonesomeness, I am given a vacation."

"Why did you take it, then?"

"I am not quite sure." She smiled pensively. "Perhaps because all the others did. Oh, they come back tanned, bright-eyed, talking of boating, swimming, automobiles, woods, lakes—so I became interested in vacations."

"You took to gambling," he said judicially, for he was determined to know more of her affairs.

She looked away, blushing furiously, though answering firmly after a moment, as though under constraint:

"I once thought prisons very desolate places until, seeing convicts walking and talking in the yard together, I knew they were not so bad. To be sure, guilty ones must account to conscience—but is that as painful as to fly in the face of conscience day after day, with the growing intent to offend it—as I have done?—when you have no heat in the blood to stimulate you, no motive except the trivial one of escaping your own dullness, which was my only possible motive for gambling?"

Sterling, regarding her with some concern, observed:

"Such apprehension would double the penalty of an offense."

"I approached the—offense very slowly and painfully," said Virginia wearily. "You see, during my vacation I walked about alone to galleries and libraries, and sat in the parks—but no one spoke to me; even the dirty children were sullen and suspicious. Then I became afraid of what I would do and shut myself closely in my room; but the city as it is nowadays began to prey upon me; I thought it swept by hot plagues, disfigured with decay, while the survivors infested the brazen, flaunting ruins in tigerish carnivals—such are the hallucinations of vacation loneliness. I said: 'I will not die alone with so much going on!' And, at last, perfectly desperate, I went out determined to make a friend of man or woman—or to steal a child! Once or twice before I had stopped at the scoreboard during my vacation and reveled in the excitement and company. And there I saw you, sir—and spoke to you."

"And in that you gambled?" Sterling's voice was slightly tremulous.

She nodded.

"Then, this morning, I took all my money but one dollar—as vacation

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With Quick Instinct, He Noted the Contrast in the Two

THE PERFECT THIRTY-SIX

By Rheta Childe Dorr

ILLUSTRATED BY Z. P. NIKOLAKI

"JUST what constitutes a perfect thirty-six?" I asked my friend, the cloak model.

"Well," she hesitated, "it's difficult to put it into words. If you say casually a perfect thirty-six you mean a girl with a thirty-six bust, thirty-eight hips and forty to forty-two skirt length. But if you say a *perfect* thirty-six you mean a great deal more than that. You mean a girl with these measurements, whose lines are long and elegant, who knows how to walk, who handles herself gracefully—a girl who possesses style. She doesn't exactly have to be beautiful, but she must be attractive. Nice hair, clear skin, good feet, well-cared-for hands. That's as near as I can describe it, and yet that isn't the whole thing either. For instance, a girl who is perfect for one garment won't do at all for another.

"Now I show only gowns, especially evening gowns, on account of my having very good shoulders. I couldn't get a job in a coat-and-suit house. I'm almost half an inch too short-waisted. To show coats and suits you have to be extra long-waisted in the back. Why? Because, my dear, the object of showing clothes on a living model is to demonstrate how conceivably good the garment can look, and a coat suit looks its best only on a long-waisted woman. Yes, I know that all women wear them, and they're the sensible thing and all that, but the fact remains that to a professional eye a short-waisted woman in a coat suit looks like a tub.

"My little friend Genevieve, who keeps house with me uptown, is a coat-and-suit model. She is a perfect thirty-six even without her corsets. In a way she is better off in her line than I am, because coats and suits are always 'good,' as we say, and she has work practically the year round, while my season is shorter. Still she doesn't get the money I do. A coat-and-suit model rarely draws more than twelve to fifteen a week, while a gown model gets eighteen, sometimes twenty. When I started in a few years ago it was easy to get twenty-five. But the way the showgirls have been invading the business lately has simply ruined us. You see our season begins about May fifteenth, just when the show business is beginning to wane. So the divinities who swell the ranks of the merry villagers all winter have a chance to get in some extra money through the spring and up to the time rehearsals begin in August. Those showgirls haven't done a thing to the model business, believe me!"

Returning to the sordid subject of wages, I reflected that a coat-and-suit model at fifteen dollars a week the year through, after all, earned a larger yearly income than a gown model at twenty dollars a week half of the year.

"That's true too," she agreed; "but there is always a little work to be had in the dull season—a week here, two weeks there. And, besides, there is a short season—spring and fall—in a branch of the business I'll bet you never heard of. I get in several weeks in April and May, and again in October and November, with a firm of importers of waists, gowns and cloaks. One of the partners lives in Paris and the other takes care of the New York end of things. Every steamer that comes in during their season brings consignments of the very latest murmur in French styles. Oh, very much later than anything you ever see in the shops. In fact, this firm has no connection with the retail trade. A retail buyer, if he offered to pay an admission fee, couldn't get a long-distance glimpse at these garments. The firm deals only with wholesale people, manufacturers—and very high-class ones at that. Moreover, they don't sell their importations—they rent them. Yes, they rent them, to be copied and adapted and diversified by American designers, and put on the market as 'our exclusive importations.' The rate is twenty-five dollars for each garment, and the firm does not rent fewer than fourteen garments to any manufacturer. The renters may keep the garments for one week and they must return them in good condition, because the same models are rented over and over again, and of course they must look perfectly fresh. It is part of our work to look over the returns and report to the boss if there is a button missing or a scrap of trimming gone. You ought to see him beat it to the 'phone and bawl out to a foreman who tries to get away with a thing like that. 'You ——— ——, you send up that button pretty quick now, or I'll —— Yes, yes, it is too. Yes, you did. Naw, it wasn't missing when you got it. You'll get nothing more out of this establishment unless——' and so on, until you'd think central would send in a riot call.

"Of course a button is sometimes a pretty valuable object. If it came from Paris on an advance model the chances are that the firm cannot possibly match it here. Besides, the kind of button they are going to wear next fall —— My dear! Would you like me to tell you what your clothes are going to look like next fall? Yes, skirts will be narrow—much narrower than ever."

"She is a Model, Not a Woman, and Her Business is to Sell Garments for Her Firm"

Josephine's Reno Togs

"SOME of the walking skirts are a scant yard and a half wide at the ankles. Your waist will be two inches higher than the dress you have on, and your figure will follow even more closely the lines of the graceful and expansive stovepipe. The gowns I tried on early this spring, my dear, were actually padded below the bust to hide the waistline. They were almost straight to the knees, where they curved in a bit, and most of them were finished at the hems with a six-inch plaited ruffle. Can you see it? Another thing—the sleeves! You will wear those short kimono sleeves for the last time this summer, my dear. Next fall you will have to get used to big, softly draped ones, sort of mutton-legged at the top and tight-buttoned from wrist to elbow. The general effect of the gown suggests a closely reefed sail. And to complete the picture they are trying to introduce a heelless shoe—a long, flat sandal. I pass every day an antique shop, and in the window there is an old colored print of Napoleon Bonaparte handing Josephine a ticket to Reno. Well, poor dear Josephine, fainting against a sofa, looks just like one of our new gowns draped over a chair. The lines are almost exactly the same. And the heelless shoes are all there too.

"Over these creations I have been describing you are going to wear huge balloon-like coats of rough but beautiful woolen materials. They are draped up in front and

"'You Ain't Goin' to be Allowed to Walk Next Fall. You Gotta Glide'"

buttoned low on the left side with one enormous and very costly button, gold and silver and rough jewels. Some of them are as big as saucers. The coat has a little vest set in, and this, too, is trimmed with many expensive buttons. The effect of this tight, straight gown, when this great shapeless coat is slipped off, is something startling. Oh, I forgot the new gowns have no trains, but they are an inch or two on the ground all round. When I first put one on I said to the boss: 'Why, I can't walk in this thing.' And he said: 'You ain't goin' to be allowed to walk next fall. You gotta glide.' Won't Fifth Avenue be a dream, with all the women, fat and thin, trying to obey that dictum—'You gotta glide'?

"This importers' season lasts for the model about a month, and then ——"

"Tell me first," I begged, "what ultimately becomes of the gowns. Are they rented until they fall to pieces?"

"No, they travel round for several months, and then they are sold to simpletons with lots of money and very little brains under their rats. These women have no earthly ambition except to wear newer styles than anybody else. They will pay the most exorbitant sums for an advanced model. And the boss knows how to get the money out of them too. He charges more for a gown that has been copied in a dozen factories than he paid for it in the first place. 'It is true, madame,' he will whisper, 'you are paying perhaps a little more than the materials are worth. But then, by the time you are ready to give it to your maid the other women will just begin to buy the same thing in the shops.' And she hastens to hand out a hundred and fifty to two hundred dollars for a simple little rag she could buy later for thirty or forty. The other day a girl came in with a horrid yapping dog under her arm. She told the boss that poppa had been grumbling like everything about the bills, and that she and momma were put on a beggar's allowance until poppa's grouch wore off. But she just had to have something new. She hadn't a single new thing. She took away a raspberry-pink embroidered crêpe blooze, a thing I could get up for myself for one-ninety-eight, and what do you think she paid? Only ninety-six dollars—help yourself!

"As I was saying, the long season begins about the middle of May—that is, in that branch of the business that sells to the department stores and the retail trade. About the fifteenth the buyers from the West and South begin to arrive, and they keep on coming all through the summer and again in the fall until nearly Christmas. During the hottest weather the models are showing velvet and woolen gowns, and when the shops are beginning to show Christmas things we are exhibiting lawnjerie frocks for next summer's trade. The buyers order at least three months in advance of each season. Otherwise the manufacturers could never deliver the goods in time.

"Our place manufactures gowns in fine cloth, silks, velvets, lace and nets and linens. I don't know anything about the way things are conducted in the factory upstairs, but our part of the establishment—the showroom—is certainly high-class. The room is done in French gray and old rose. On the floor, a thick gray velvet carpet; woodwork, chairs and tables gray enameled, with cushions and draperies in rose-colored satin brocade. The walls are lined with mirrors in gilt frames, and the electrics have those little glass things—oh, yes, prisms—to keep the effect brilliant. We always work by electric light.

"What do we do? Just walk up and down? Indeed it's much more strenuous than mere walking up and down. We show the gowns—show how beautiful they really are. There are ten models in our place, every one of them a splendidly formed girl. To add style to beauty they wear what is known as a model's corset. Let me pause and utter a few faint moans before I describe that corset. No, you never saw me with it on, because I get myself out of it the minute the shop closes, and I never wear it when I'm not working. You know, you are not supposed in these days to have any hips; so the corset, low in the bust and fairly

loose at the waist-line, simply holds the lower half of the suffering human frame in a steel-like vise. The thing extends almost to the knees, and when I tell you that in the shop we always speak of our corset as the Iron Maiden perhaps you will have some idea of what it feels like. Of course there is no such thing as sitting down in it. I rest a little at intervals during the day by leaning against the corner of a door. Besides the corset the model wears only the thinnest of undergarments and a long, closely fitted white princess slip. Of course she wears black silk stockings and evening slippers. The model's hair must be fashionably arranged, her fingers freshly manicured—her person, in a word, immaculate. Usually she wears what is called a matinée makeup—that is, a touch of rouge, a trace of the eyebrow-pencil, a little powder. But a nice girl doesn't pile on paint like some fashionable ladies I might name.

"The showroom, as I have told you, is a long room lined with mirrors. At one end of the room are a lot of little tables where the buyers sit, order-books open beside them. In the dressing room at the opposite end of the room a model slips on a gown and walks out, pausing just a second in the door. I don't know why that pause, but it has an effect. The model advances down the room slowly, her arms held slightly away from the body, elbows curved, the first fingers of the hands just touching the hips in front—like this. The model walks down the room nearly to the table where her buyer is sitting. Then she stops, raises her arms high with a graceful gesture and makes a half turn to the right and to the left to show the lines of the gown. Then she turns and walks off ten steps to show the back, turns again and walks toward the buyer. If he likes the gown he may ask her to come nearer that he may examine the materials, linings, and so forth. If it is an order he asks 'What's your number?' and the model reads aloud the number on the tag. The buyer writes the number in his book and asks: 'What's the price?' And she gives him that. If he doesn't care for the gown he says: 'I'll pass that.' The model goes back to the dressing room and quickly gets into another gown for his inspection. The dressing room, I forgot to tell you, is in charge of a very experienced and efficient woman called the sample model. She has charge of the models and also of all the gowns. She is employed through the year, and in off season acts as model for the occasional customer. There are several colored maids in the dressing room to hook and unhook us and to hang up and take down the gowns under the sample model's direction."

The Sorrows Behind the Smiles

"THE showing of gowns goes on all day, from nine until five and sometimes until six. Oh, it's monotonous all right; but then, most work is, I suppose. For some of the girls it is worse than monotonous. One of our models had a baby that spent all last summer dying of some awful disease the doctors don't understand—I forget what it was. Anyhow, she had to work to pay the doctors, and all day long she used to walk up and down, trailing beautiful silks and satins before those men, listening to them jawing and wrangling over prices, and going over and over in her mind: 'Will my baby be alive or dead when I get home tonight?'

"Then there was another girl whose favorite brother got into trouble in the bank where he worked. No mercy for the kid, of course. It's only the very rich who get much of that. The boy went up the river for a long term. Emily, that was her name, got so thin during the trial that she almost lost her job. She is a misses' model and shows young girls' clothes. I used to look at her, with her fluffy yellow hair tied up in big bows, showing dainty little anjenoo things, and I'd say to myself: 'Well, kid, you've got a woman-size trouble under all those frills, haven't you?'

"No matter what trouble or grief the model has to think about she's got to keep it out of her face and her bearing. She is a model, not a woman, and her business is to sell garments for her firm.

"Usually the buyer is just a nice, well-behaved business man, the owner or one of the owners of a prosperous little department store in a Western or Southern town. I mean anywhere west or south of New York. I was born in this town and I don't know much about other cities or other parts of the country, except what I get from the buyers. I think the South must be an awfully nice region. Anyhow, the Southern buyers are an unusually decent lot. They take off their hats when they come into the showroom and they never light a cigar without asking the model's permission. Then they speak so gently. 'Would you mind letting me see the back once again, sister?' 'Sister, could I trouble you ——' After a girl has worked an hour or two for one of these men he thanks her as he would thank a lady for doing something for him, and often it's a box of candy afterward or some flowers.

"Some buyers are bad enough, but I can stand them quite as well as I can some of the fine ladies I used to show gowns to. I worked for two seasons at Adele's—that big importing house, you know, where the Four Hundred buy some of their proudest. The buyer who wears his hat in the showroom and puffs cigar smoke in your face, after all hasn't got very much on the rich and great when it comes to manners. Some of Adèle's fine lady customers weren't satisfied to own the earth without ever having done a stroke of work to pay for it. They had to rub it into us models that we belonged in the lower clawsses. Of course they were far too good to address the model directly. It was: 'Will you tell the young pairson, madame, to walk down the room again?' 'Awsk the young pairson to show me the back of the gown.' 'Desire the young pairson ——' all the time rubbering through a gold and bejeweled lorgnon worth a model's monthly pay-check several times over.

"Sometimes a woman, after deciding on a gown, would get a panic at the idea of wearing a garment that had been tried on by a common working girl. She would exclaim suddenly: 'Am I going to have this identical gown—this same lining?' And madame, the old fraud, would assure her: 'Oh, no, of course not. This lining is only temporary.' All this right before the model.

"But, honest, they weren't all like that. Once in a while you'd strike a real lady, something human. I remember one beautiful woman who came East from Chicago two or three times a year to buy things. She was just my height and I was always called upon to show gowns for her. She brought me these white coral beads from Italy. But it wasn't her presents that made me love her. It was her kindness and her appreciation. She said once to madame: 'You are fortunate to have found a model like this young woman. It isn't alone that her figure is perfect, but she walks exquisitely. I wish I were going to look as well in that gown as she does.' That made madame turn pale with jealousy. 'It isn't the model at all,' she bristled. 'Don't put it into her head that she makes the gown. It's my lines that make it.'

"'That's very well,' said my lady quietly. 'Your lines are good, no doubt. I don't buy clothes that haven't good lines. But put that gown on—well, on yourself, for example, and I think you will observe a slight difference in the effect.' If you knew what madame's figure is like you'd see the joke better.

"The nicest woman who patronized Adèle's was that Mrs. Solomons whose husband is a Wall Street king and richer than John D. and Pierpont Morgan put together, I guess. Mrs. Solomons, poor old dear, is so fat she can hardly waddle; but she is so jolly and good-natured that she can't really feel bad about it. 'Come here, child,' she said to me once, 'come sit down here and talk to me. Tell me how you manage to keep so nice and slim. How much do you weigh? Only one hundred and thirty! Oh, Lord! how does it feel to weigh only one hundred and thirty? I'd give half of all I possess if I could keep myself under two hundred. Heaven knows I do all I can! I've rolled on the floor every morning for weeks, fifty times each way, but all the flesh I lost was big patches off my knees and elbows. And Mr. Solomons came in my room sometimes, and the sight of me, wrapped in a sheet and flopping over and over on the floor like a stranded whale, just sent him into hysterics. I don't blame him either. I've tried running in a gymnasium, but my heart won't stand that, and I don't want to die even if I am fat.'"

"The Showing of Gowns Goes On All Day"

Models in Paris

"'WHAT do you eat, my dear?' she went on. 'Everything you like? Me, I can't have anything I like. I am on the strictest diet all the time. The thing I love best in the world is creamed potatoes, and you know that creamed potatoes would fatten up the living skeleton. But I can't help it. I starve for days at a time, and then sometimes I get desperate. I send my maid down to the kitchen for a big dish of creamed potatoes and I eat every scrap of it. I don't suppose anything is ever going to help me, so I might as well enjoy myself once in a while. As they say, fat is fatal, even to common-sense, isn't it, dear?'

"Well, now you have the real life story of Nellie, the beautiful cloak model! Nothing very thrilling about it, eh? At least not in this country. In Paris the girls have a little excitement once in a while. There, you know, they dress up in the newest things and go in pairs to the races and the flower shows and the theaters. Everybody looks at them, and the camera squads take pictures and they are in all the illustrated papers. Some glory in that! The nearest thing we have to it in this country is the semi-annual clothes show in one or two of the largest department stores. They last from three days to a week, and the shops engage the most beautiful models they can find and pay them well. I took part last winter in a perfectly gorgeous display of gowns in one of the shops on Broadway. They have a huge auditorium and a gallery just for these shows and other special occasions. Three sides of the auditorium were staged to represent the gallery or wide piazza of a winter hotel in Algiers. Back of this flower-hung gallery you saw the hotel parlors and halls, and on the steps they had a few Arabs selling native things. In the morning the models displayed white gowns and all sorts of things for street and house use, tennis and riding clothes, and the like. In the afternoon the hotel and the gallery were gorgeously lighted, an orchestra played and the models showed evening gowns. Really it was a wonderful spectacle! The girls in the lovely frocks strolling in and out of the doors or up and down the galleries in groups or in pairs; stopping to talk to another group; to pick a rose

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A Dilemma and the Decalogue

RICKEY RUNS WITH THE HARE AND HUNTS WITH THE HOUNDS

By Kennett Harris

ILLUSTRATED BY ALLEN TRUE

RICKEY RAYMOND smiled across the breakfast table at his young wife, who was regarding him with great seriousness as she leaned her firm chin upon her dimpled wrists. It was the amused and tolerant smile that affectionate but practical manhood bestows upon feminine simplicity—for the question that Mrs. Raymond had asked was manifestly absurd:

"How many yearlings is the life of a man worth? Don't laugh!"

"I'm not laughing," protested Rickey, assuming a becoming gravity.

"Your eyes are, though," said she.

"Honey," said Rickey, "it depends a right smart on the breeds."

He poured cream on a dish of ripe figs and his wife looked thoughtfully at the purple belt of hills beyond the ranch, through which ran the winding road to the outer world.

"A bogged-down Oregon dogy would be a heap too much for some men," resumed Rickey, frowning; "and them yearlings was Hereford stock! Of course, if you think I'd look right well in it, I'll get me a nice, neat-fitting suit of cocoanut fiber, lettered down the back with 'Welcome,' and send out invitations to the whole Kid Baker gang. It's either lie down and be walked on or stand up and turn yourself loose in this weary, wicked world, sweetheart."

"There's the law," murmured Mrs. Raymond, her gaze still afar.

"And there's the profits," said Rickey, showing his white teeth in a grin. "We-all, having property, have a sacred duty to other property owners. We've got to make a stand against them no-account folks that's never a thousand dollars ahead of the game. We've got to hang together, Maggie."

Maggie shuddered. "Don't say that!" she begged.

Rickey, having finished his figs, rolled a cigarette in brown paper and smoked it thoughtfully, blowing the smoke through the rose-clustered trellis that screened the porch where their breakfast had been spread. He was a good-natured young man, Ricardo Raymond, and the responsibility of property of which he spoke had fallen upon him too recently and too fortuitously to dull his sympathy for the dollarless; but he had the born cowman's point of view regarding the sacredness of brands, and his respect for the law of the courts was regulated to a large extent by the law's effectiveness. A series of mysterious disappearances of stock from the ranges of the Escobedo foothills had lately occurred, and deadly anger and dark suspicion were stalking among the ranches from Los Dragones to the Guadalupe. Rickey had suffered of late and his just indignation had loosened his tongue in the hearing of his wife, which was indiscreet—especially as he was expecting visitors.

"If only I could tell when you were in earnest, laddie!" sighed Mrs. Raymond. She was of Scotch parentage and found her husband's levity a trial at times.

"Tempe Was Just Mean and Ugly Enough to Take Advantage and Pelt Him With Rocks"

"That sure keeps me guessing too," remarked Rickey with the sigh's echo. "What are you looking at, honey?"

"Somebody coming down the long trail," she replied.

Rickey jumped to his feet with an alert air, in marked contrast to his former indolent attitude. A little cloud of dust had appeared on a forking trail about a mile away and a vagrant breeze was twisting it into spirals that came rapidly nearer. The young man watched it intently for a moment or two and then turned to his wife a smiling and open countenance.

"I reckon I'll go see if Nigger-horse has done finished his breakfast, little girl," he observed casually.

She raised her hand as if to detain him, but he was already at the foot of the porch steps and she made no further movement, but watched his lithe figure swinging off toward the barn; and, as he disappeared, she turned her anxious gaze to the dustwhirls on the long trail.

"One—two—three—four—five," she counted, and her hand went quickly to her white throat. "Five! And Rickey—no, Rickey would never, never ——" Her thought failed in utterance and she continued to watch the approaching riders until the stable door opened and Rickey emerged, gunbelted, in chaps and spurs, and leading his saddled horse. Then she arose swiftly and ran to meet him.

"Where will you be going?" she asked breathlessly.

"Maggie," said Rickey, trying with indifferent success to maintain his smiling air, "them as don't ask no questions won't never be told no lies. I'm going to take a little ride with a few of the neighbors—just so far and then right back again, honey. Honest!"

"And would you leave me like this?" There was a depth of loving reproach in her tone.

"There's man's work to do, Maggie, and I can't hold back from it."

"Not devil's work, Rickey dear?" She looked into his face pleadingly. "It isn't the mere vanity o' courage that will be sending you out to fight?"

"I reckon there won't be any fighting," said Rickey truthfully, in a measure.

"There's still the law, don't you remember?" She clung to his arm. "'Thou shalt not kill.'"

"I know; but that doesn't mean —— I can't wrastle it out with you now, sweetheart. I must go. They're waiting for me." He shook his hand in the air in response to a shout from the mounted group by the yard gate and then, with his horse's bridle over one arm, walked to the screening corner of the house and bent to kiss her.

"No!" Maggie said, and drew back quickly; and Rickey knew better than to persist.

"But here, take this with you, my man, and keep it through the day." She lifted his brown, sinewy hand and pressed it to her lips and then walked quickly away with her head held proudly up.

Rickey looked after her a moment and then leaped to the saddle and rode down to the bars. Phil Ackerman was there, with the black patch over his missing left eye; Nels Bergstrom, broad-faced, stolid and huge of limb; Shorty Briggs, ex-foreman of the Circle Bar and a power in the land, an under-sized chunk of iron nerve and wolf-cunning in the ways of the wilderness. With them were Don Pablo Corleone y Otero, grave to sadness, courteous and splendid, who carried his sixty years with the erect bearing and occasional energy of half that tale; and Whistling Simmons, a New Englander, toned down by years of territorial influences but clinging to the chin-beard of his sires—or allowing it to cling to him. They were proprietors all; men of standing and influence; business men, or at least men who meant business, witness the carbines strapped to each saddle excepting that of Mr. Simmons, who balanced an old rifle before him. It was no reckless mob; but a sober, decorous committee, with a duty to perform—a duty not to be intrusted to babbling, bragging hirelings.

"We've got him, Rickey!" cried Ackerman shrilly. "He'll be at the Abiquiu draws an hour or so after noon, and he'll be on the job."

. . . . . .

By a common impulse they rode away from the ranch at a swift gallop that carried them over the jagged backbone of the hill spur and out of sight of the white house in its jewel-setting of green; then they drew rein and settled into a steady fox-trot that for six or seven miles was hardly broken, and came to where the trail divided, one fork running arrow-straight across the plain, the other skirting the rough ground, sparsely covered with mesquite and cactus, that stretched with a gradual rise to the foothills—gullies and basins of barren gray earth, with wash of gravel from above. They held to the hill road.

"We'll have an hour or two to wait," observed Briggs, with whom Rickey was riding.

"I reckon you'll think I'm a heap nosey and cur'ous, but who is it we're a-goin' to wait for and how many of them is they?" Rickey asked.

"It's Tempe Gamm," replied Briggs. "He's going up to the Kid's. The Don got word by that greaser Tomas, that Tempe kicked off his place last June. Tomas was hid out in Tempe's barn, full of pulque and revengeful ideas, when Smith came in from the Kid's camp, and he heard 'em making medicine for a raid.

"'We're plumb out of beef too,' says Smith. 'If you're a-goin' to bring the wagon you might pick one up on the way.' 'I'll sure do it,' says Tempe.

"So there's where we get him. All we've got to do is to shag along to the first bunch of critters an' then lay-way the son-of-a-gun and drop on him while he's busy. Sabe? Smith might possibly be along; but I reckon he went back last night."

Rickey considered this for a few moments.

"I ain't offering no objections nor insinuations, nor nothing," he said; "but ain't this sort o' rash, starting out with only six men? Seems like we ought to have been on the safe side and called out the troops. This here Tempe may have a club handy."

"You know Tempe Gamm?" queried Briggs, unmoved by the display of sarcasm.

"Not right intimate, I reckon. Well, I do; and I'd about as soon tackle the Kid."

"That's what I was thinking," said Rickey amiably. "My eyesight may be too poor for small

"How Many Yearlings is the Life of a Man Worth? Don't Laugh!"

print, but I don't see nothing in the way of trailing Tempe to the Kid's camp and playing blue chips."

"Does seem like a picayune sort of business—don't it?" smiled Shorty. "The only trouble with your idee is that we wouldn't be apt to follow that trail no great ways. No; believe me—Tempe will be a-plenty to start with."

"What are we going to do with him when we get him?" Rickey asked in his guileless way.

Phil Ackerman, who was in the file ahead, heard the question; and turning in his saddle he lifted a coil of new grass rope that swung by his knee, and grinned, showing yellow fangs through his wispy mustache. Combined with the ugly gleam in his one eye, it was an unlovely exhibition; and Rickey experienced a spasm of disgust that must have shown in his face, for Briggs spurred against him, as if by accident, and gave him a significant look.

"Don't you get the notion that this here is one huckleberry picnic," the little man said in an undertone. "We need every man we've got and you can't be excused. Take your feet out of your stirrups and shake 'em, son, if they're getting chilly."

For once, Rickey had no retort at his tongue's end, knowing there was good ground for the implied accusation. He was getting cold feet, sure enough; and that was odd, considering the heat of zeal he had displayed when the talk of exemplary measures first began. He tried to bring himself to a proper state of mind by attempting to recall the dappled excellencies of his lost Herefords, and even repeated below his breath some of the remarks he had made when their loss was first reported. There had been other drains upon his herds—and serious ones—within the past few months, attributable only to the same thievish rascals; and where were these thefts to end if some drastic action were not taken—with grass ropes or otherwise to the same effect?

Gamm Had No Time to Use the Pistol He Had Half Drawn From Its Sheath

"Here we shall leave the trail so as to leave no footmarks for our friend to see," called back the Don, who was in the lead. He pointed to a by-path that straggled down from the foothills a few hundred yards ahead and swung his horse away as he spoke. They rode wide of the wheel ruts and so went on until, a few miles farther, they came upon the small bunch of grazing cattle bearing Ackerman's brand, noting which, the one-eyed man swore roundly.

"My luck!" he ejaculated. "And he'll pick the best, of course. Well, he'll pay for this one." He finished with a savage oath.

"Best haze 'em into the scrub and let 'em work back," ordered Briggs. "We don't want him too far off from us."

Rickey gave Nigger-horse his head and in a few minutes had the scattered herd rounded up, driven across the trail, back in parallel and then into the broken ground; whence they would presently emerge for the grass of the plain from which they had been taken. At once the rest of the party followed and selected a gully that at once sheltered them from observation and afforded a good view of the trail. There they dismounted, dropped their horses' bridles, eased the cinches and settled down to wait.

It was weary work, for the banks of the gully shut off the faint breeze, and the sun, now at its meridian, beat down upon them pitilessly. There was little talk among them, too, not merely as a matter of precaution but because the subject of each man's thought was such as to make its expression disagreeable. At first the carbines which had been taken from their scabbards were examined—an unnecessary proceeding, at which Rickey's lip curled slightly in scorn. After a little Bergstrom stretched himself out and, pulling his limp hat-brim well down over his eyes, pretended to go to sleep; and Whistling Simmons justified his sobriquet by puckering his lips and beginning a low sifflication of 'The Cowboy's Lament; Ackerman drew from his pocket a vicious-looking, long-bladed knife and, lopping a branch of mesquite, whittled carefully toward him. The Don sat a little aloof and fanned himself with the gauntlets he had drawn from his delicate, richly be-ringed fingers, his silver-mounted carbine across his knees; Briggs, his chin propped on his palms, watched the trail with unwinking, cold gray eyes; and Rickey smoked brown paper cigarettes and tried to think of his Herefords.

"How many yearlings is the life of a man worth?"

The question obtruded itself constantly into his meditations and was dismissed with difficulty. A hard thing to answer if what Maggie had said earlier were true: "There will always be good in a man as well as bad—and how can I know which will be uppermost while life is in the body?"

"And there may be something in that," mused Rickey, remembering certain doubtful struggles of his own with evil; and, but for Maggie — —

"Tighten up your cinches, boys, and get ready. He's coming!"

Briggs spoke from his post of observation, calmly and evenly, and without so much as turning his head. Instantly the group was in action, moving swiftly but stealthily among their horses and crouching as they went.

"Stay back," said Briggs, as they crowded up to him a minute or two later. "I'll keep cases. One's a-plenty."

Along the trail came a light farmwagon, drawn at a slow trot by a pair of sorry, cat-hammed bronchos. Behind the wagon, stepping high and springily, a clean-limbed, short-coupled chestnut stallion was tied, saddled and bridled. He shook his head angrily at the constraining hackamore and jerked back now and again when his eagerness brought his deep chest violently against the endgate. On the wagon seat, humped forward, with his elbows on his knees, was a slenderly built but well-muscled man, swarthy as an Indian, with high cheekbones and a big nose hooked down over a black mustache, whose points were twisted truculently upward. It was Tempe Gamm.

For all his lounging attitude, it was evident the man was vigilant—suspicious even of the desert solitude; for his keen glance roved here and there, scanning the plain and hillside and the trail before him; and often he turned to look back. The cattle, with the perversity of their kind, had been slow to leave the draws, but two steers had wandered into the open, nevertheless, and were now close to the trail—and two were as good as a thousand. The man in the wagon smiled. He pulled his horses to a walk and, reaching down, drew a rifle from under the seat and looked searchingly about him once more. Briggs, in the draw, ducked out of sight and held his hand in a warning gesture to his companions.

A moment more and the soft clucking of wheels ceased; then a rifle cracked, and Briggs, looking cautiously out, saw the fattest steer a kicking, quivering heap on the ground. Gamm coolly jerked the empty shell from his rifle and slid another cartridge into the magazine, a proceeding that Briggs noted approvingly. "There's system for you!" he whispered to Rickey, who had climbed beside him. "He don't overlook no bets, that boy. Watch him now and see him leave that rifle in the wagon when he gets out—nary leave! And how was that for shootin'?"

Shorty's opinion of Gamm's foresight and caution was justified. The man drove as close to the dead steer as the snorting ponies would go and then tied his lines to the brake-lever and got out—but he took his rifle with him. Kneeling down, he began to skin the animal; and, with the first slashes of his knife, the committee was in motion.

There were a hundred yards or more of the broken ground to be covered and another long hundred from its border to the wagon; but, crawling heedfully and silently as they might, they had not gone more than fifty when Gamm suddenly let his knife fall and snatched up the rifle that lay beside him. As he did so, Shorty's carbine went to his cheek, but the reports of the two guns sounded as one. Gamm's bullet whistled close to the cowman's ear. Briggs swore, for his shot had gone wide and spatted in the dust a good three feet to the right of the carcass, behind which Gamm had dropped. A hollow in the ground on the verge of which the steer had fallen increased the efficacy of the rustler's bulwark, enabling him to conceal himself entirely.

And now upstood Don Pablo Carleone y Otero, calm, disdainful of danger as beseemed one of his proud lineage, determined and deadly. One instant he stood, a heroic figure in his velvet and silver, and began to take careful aim; the next he fell prostrate, ignominiously sprawling, his weapon exploding as he fell. Almost simultaneously a bullet passed where his aristocratic abdomen would have intercepted it had not Rickey rudely plucked him by a neat boot and upset him.

"A thousand pardons, señor!" said Rickey in Spanish as he hauled the outraged Castilian behind the protection of the gully's rim. "You expose yourself too rashly—too bravely; and if you allow this brigand to kill you we can do nothing. Shorty," he continued, disregarding the glare with which the Don received his apology, "we-all need to scatter out and work closer in on him. Let up for a moment, boys. You're wasting ca'tridges."

There was a light in Rickey's eyes and a quick eagerness in his manner that brought a grim smile to Shorty's face.

"That's right," he agreed. "Spread out, boys. Don Pablo, you come along with me—if you don't care; Nels, you and Phil injun down the trail; Sim, you can stay with Rickey. Be careful how you show yourselves."

He moved away, followed by Don Pablo; and Bergstrom and Ackerman stole off in the opposite direction. Rickey raised himself, quick as a lizard, above the bank and fired a shot. "That's to let him know we've got his range," he remarked, and edged off to the shelter of a bush. "Sim, you know The Irish Washerwoman? Yes? Whistle that—for a change."

Simmons took no notice, but slid the barrel of his rifle gently forward. A little spurt of dust in front of him that filled his eyes testified to the vigilance of Tempe Gamm. Rickey fired again and then, springing up, ran along the ridge and rolled into the next draw, acquiring a considerable collection of cactus spines as he rolled, but gaining the advantage of a covered way almost to the open.

"I reckon I've got him now," muttered the young man as he peered through another bush—"if I want him," he added.

The cracking of the rifles from the scrub was now becoming more frequent; but, perhaps because the man behind the steer had inspired the committee with a wholesome respect for his marksmanship, the resulting damage was slight, if any. Dust puffed here and there before the carcass, over it and to either side—and occasionally a bullet went into it; but it was evident that the cattle thief remained unharmed, and his invisibility, except for the second that his gun flashed, seemed preternatural.

(Continued on Page 30)

The Confessions of an Old Public-School Boy

ILLUSTRATED BY B. CORY KILVERT

MY FATHER went to a rural district school—painted red, with a shoebox of a belfry. The same teacher in the same room taught the big pupils algebra and the little ones the A, B, C. This teacher, moreover, was a humanly known person. Sometimes he boarded at my grandfather's and helped with the chores.

All the pupils at the school were farmers' children, living in the same neighborhood and in substantially the same way. Everybody knew everybody else and everybody's parents, uncles, aunts and cousins. Everybody's parents, uncles, aunts and cousins were engaged in the same arduous and not wholly successful struggle to extract a comfortable living from the virgin soil.

Every pupil in the school, I am sure, had an allotted part in the struggle. All of them had work to do at home, from the big ones who plowed and churned to the small ones who drove the cows and wiped the supper dishes. Later on, for my benefit—and humiliation—my father used to recount what he had to do when he was my age besides go to school. Of course no parent ever tells his young children the exact truth about his own childhood. Probably no parent ought to. It is better to let them find it out afterward when they can appreciate the facts with broader and stabler judgment.

Making due allowance for that, however, there is no doubt that the pupils at this school were actually and practically helping the family to run the farm and household. Without exception they attended school only as the exigencies of this primary occupation permitted. An emergency at home might call them from their desks at any time, and quite often did.

Consequently the school couldn't, in any event, hurt them much. It couldn't educate them away from the laboring, productive life which most of them presumably would lead. That life kept a fast grip upon them all the time, and probably none of them ever got the notion that work—especially manual work—was incompatible with the process of education.

The Three R's in the Little Red Schoolhouse

IT WAS, of course, a very democratic school. Some pioneer farmers were better off than others, but even then they lived, dressed, worked and amused themselves in pretty much the same way. As a matter of course, without a word about it in the textbooks or from the teacher, all the pupils in this school understood the simpler facts of the material life about them. Probably hardly any of them saw a man at work in the course of a year without understanding at once what the man was doing, and why he was doing it.

It was a very reasonable sort of school too. You were to get your lessons because the teacher would rap you over the knuckles with a heavy wooden ruler if you didn't. Any child can understand that. But even in its discipline there was a manly democracy. According to an unwritten law, any pupil with sufficient confidence in his strength and agility might take an appeal—by punching the teacher in the eye! A fine free fight followed, with the other pupils huddled against the wall to give the combatants a fair field. If the teacher licked the dissatisfied pupil—as he generally did—the incident was closed. If, as sometimes happened, the pupil licked the teacher, the matter was taken up by the school board, which was quite apt to conclude that it must hire a teacher with a more effective punch. The old rural district school produced many of our greatest men, one reason being that it gave pupils a convincing reason for studying whatever subjects it proffered—to wit, that they'd get a sound thrashing if they didn't study.

I went to the public school in a country town of about two thousand inhabitants. It was, of course, a graded school with a separate room and teacher for each grade—all contained in a square red-brick shell surmounted with a cupola, which I have never looked at in later years without a painful little sinking of the heart.

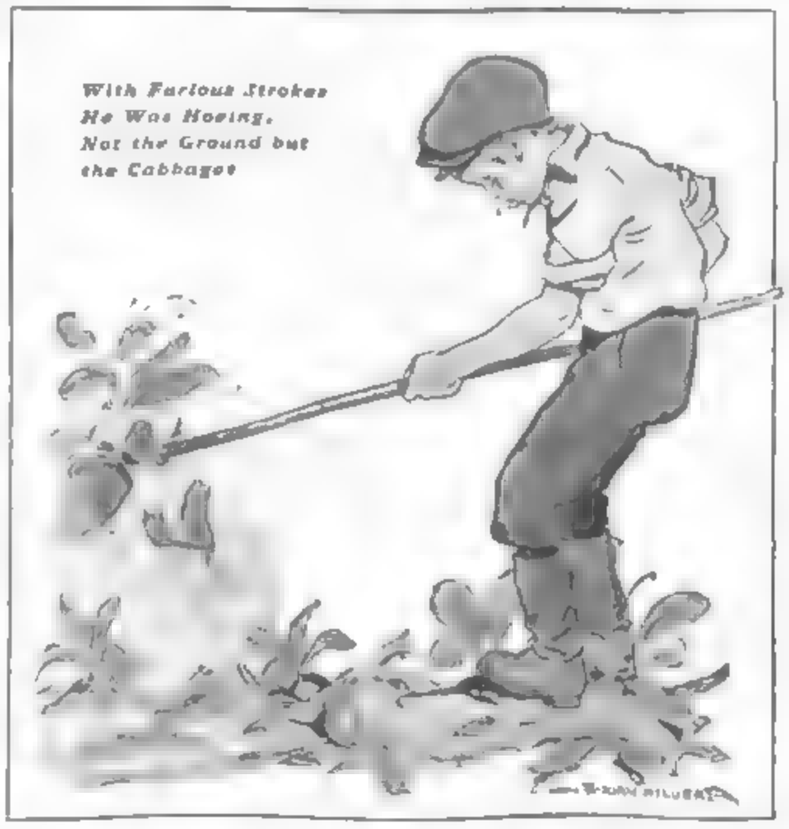
There was no other educational institution, and as far as I remember every child in town went to this school more or less. We knew one another and one another's parents and relatives and what they did for a living, and generally whether they were sober and doing reasonably well. A few parents were notably richer than the average and some were notably poorer, but that made no difference at school. From the primary department to high school—I went to all of them—the popular, admired and envied boys were the strongest, the best swimmers, the best ballplayers and, especially, the most rebellious. A boy could gain infinitely more credit by "sassing" the teacher than by wearing a gold watch.

The teachers also we knew humanly out of school. Our parents went to sociables and other élite entertainments with them. When we signally misbehaved, teacher usually came round to the house and talked it over with mother or father. Also we knew the members of the board of education—bought our boots of them; had our teeth filled by them; played marbles on the stone flagging in front of their bank.

The school was democratic enough and tangibly knit up with the life of the town. Moreover, we pupils, by the time we were out of the primary grade, understood pretty well the simple productive scheme round us. We knew what the grocery, drygoods and drug stores and the blacksmith, harness and tailor shops were for, and in a general way we understood how they were operated.

Yet we were practically all quite detached from this scheme of production. I don't remember a boy who regularly did anything out of school. My one enduring occupation was to carry two armloads of firewood a day from the woodshed to the box beside the kitchen stove—a distance of two rods. This was the bane of my young existence, because the woodbox always needed replenishing at the precise moment when I wanted powerfully to do something else—eat, for example. Dinner would be ready when I got home at noon in so famished a condition that I would have eaten any wolf to a bone. There was savory food upon the table; other members of the family were consuming it before my eyes with inhuman disregard of my feelings—but the woodbox was empty. Many times I died of hunger while lugging in my armload of fuel.

From time to time in fair weather I was set other stunts to do—such as hoeing a patch in the garden, picking the currants, raking the yard. I regarded these jobs as intolerable afflictions and scamped them in every way my fertile imagination suggested. At that, I was no lazier than boys normally are. All the boys I played with had stunts similar to mine, and all like myself regarded them as hardships which a man would endure if he must and avoid if he possibly could. Every now and then one of us sat down gingerly, having openly revolted, run away from the stunt and suffered the inevitable painful consequences.



With Furious Strokes He Was Hoeing, Not the Ground but the Cabbages

Looking back at it now—and having a boy of my own who must be impressed with the importance of work—I think we were quite right. School held from nine to twelve and from one to four—six mortal hours. A boy who has been shut up that long is simply bursting with pent energy. Any such humdrum, mechanical occupation as piling wood or hoeing potatoes is a hardship. He yearns to run his legs off, wrestle his arms off, yell his head off. He wants play, not work. Of course if he had been up since daylight helping with the chores on a farm and walked a mile and a half to and from school, pent energy wouldn't have troubled him so much; nor would it if he'd had any physical work to do during school hours.

More than that, we couldn't see that our stunts were real work at all. Our fathers never piled firewood and hoed potatoes, except now and then when they wished a little pleasant recreation. We couldn't see that our stunts had any economic justification. If we didn't pile the firewood somebody was hired to do it, and it seemed to make no difference whatever—except that in the one case we could go fishing and in the other we couldn't.

I think every boy with whom I associated in more than a merely formal way—everybody, that is, whose shirt I would have felt free to wear home if mine got wet at the swimming hole—was of substantially the same antecedents as myself. Our fathers had been brought up on farms; and, having worked when young, considered it very necessary that we should be taught to work. Hence the stunts. Our fathers were trying to do for us what the school signally did not do—teach us that we lived in a working, producing world. But the stunts were almost as much detached from the scheme of production which we saw about us as the school itself was. Only Nigger John and a few other equally obscure, unenviable persons hoed for a living.

A Fat Friend Furnishes Food for Thought

THE hollowness of the pretension that our stunts were really useful, necessary labor was impressed upon us at every hand. For example, my father would have been scandalized at the notion of keeping me out of school even for an hour in order to pick currants or rake the yard—nearly as much scandalized as I secretly was when raking the yard compelled me to relinquish my important position on third base at a critical juncture. And occasionally, when I was invited to do some real work, like splitting several cords of wood, I was paid for it. This was the rule among my chums, and I remember very well that we were quite keen for such real work, not only because we got money for it and consequently knew it was real man's work, but because we sub-contracted among ourselves so that three or four of us worked together on the same job. If three or four of us were working together it mattered very little that some other boys were going swimming. Only to the lone toiler were the diversions of the other boys unbearable.

I recall the heroic instance of my next-door chum. Jimmie was a fat boy, offering an especially tempting target for parental discipline. His father was a man of the most unswerving rectitude. Whatever he promised Jimmie he performed to the letter. Moreover, he used a lath. We once held a symposium on the subject, and it was the consensus of experienced opinion that a lath was worse

Whatever Attraction Toward English Literature I Acquired in School Was Due to Deadwood Dick

You Were to Get Your Lessons Because the Teacher Would Rap You Over the Knuckles if You Didn't

than a hickory switch or a strap. For these reasons—and none other—Jimmie was more punctual with his stunts than most of us. The weather was fine. Four of us had borrowed a boat and planned a fishing expedition that would take all Saturday afternoon. At dinner Jimmie was overwhelmed with an injunction to hoe the cabbages immediately, before he stirred outside the yard. I suppose he heard us shouting to one another as we prepared to set off. Probably his mind's eye saw the winding creek with Sam Peck's gallant, borrowed punt headed upstream; then the deep, cool pool under Bear Rock, the bobbing corks, a bite —— It was more than flesh and blood could stand.

The Dust and Ashes of Education

THAT is my supposition. At any rate, yielding to a sympathetic pang I ran back, fishpole in hand, to hearten Jimmie a bit, and found him in the cabbage patch in a fine berserker rage. With furious strokes he was hoeing, not the ground but the cabbages themselves—slashing the succulent young plants to ribbons, while briny drops of mingled wrath and agonizing anticipation trickled from his chubby cheeks. I stood spellbound while he devastated the entire patch, then sat on the ground and dissolved in tears. He must have got an awful licking. He must also have felt an awful satisfaction.

From primary grade to high school my only real occupation was to get an education. I was an excellent student, not only never missing a grade, but either two or three times making two grades in one year; and upon careful reflection the only thing I can remember now that I learned in school is the multiplication table. Of course I should have clean forgotten that years and years ago if I had not used it constantly. I was required to "bound" every state in the Union, give its capital and name by rote its chief products. For example:

"The state of Maine is bounded on the north by the Province of Quebec, on the east by the Province of New Brunswick, on the south by the Atlantic Ocean, on the west by New Hampshire and the Province of Quebec. Its capital is Augusta. The chief products are lumber, granite, fish, hay, apples, potatoes and livestock."

"The state of Mississippi is bounded on the north by Tennessee, on the east by Alabama, on the south by the Gulf of Mexico and Louisiana, on the west by the Mississippi River. Its capital is Jackson. The chief products are sugar, rice, cotton, oysters and lumber."

By the simple feat of memorizing these words I was marked perfect and became a promising candidate for promotion. But if, during my school years, I acquired any notion that I would find living in Maine different from living in Mississippi, I must have got it from some outside source. If Pennsylvania was mentioned, I said "coal and iron"; if Kansas was mentioned I said "wheat and corn"—like a well-oiled slot machine that delivers the right package when the proper coin is dropped. But that these words connoted a great difference in the economic structure of society in the two states never occurred to me. In short, I learned words, not things.

Before me lies a dog-eared book of about three hundred and fifty pages. It contains such sapient statements as the following:

"A noun that is the name of a quality, action, or condition of a person or thing, apart from the person or thing itself, is an abstract noun. An abstract noun that is the name of an action is a verbal noun."

"Pronouns are of four classes: (1) personal pronouns; (2) compound personal pronouns; (3) adjective pronouns, which are divided into (a) demonstrative pronouns, (b) distributive pronouns, (c) reciprocal pronouns, (d) indefinite pronouns; (4) relative pronouns. An adjective that expresses quality or kind is a descriptive adjective. Some descriptive adjectives are (a) proper adjectives, others are (b) participial adjectives. An adjective that points out something or denotes number or quantity is a limiting adjective. Limiting adjectives are divided into (a) demonstrative adjectives and (b) numeral adjectives. Numeral adjectives are classified as (a) cardinals and (b) ordinals."

"Adverbs are classified according to their meaning into (1) adverbs of time, (2) adverbs of place, (3) adverbs of manner, (4) adverbs of degree and (5) modal adverbs. Adverbs are classified according to their use into (1) simple adverbs, (2) conjunctive adverbs, which are sometimes also called adverbial conjunctions, and (3) interrogative adverbs."

"Conjunctions are classified as (1) coördinating conjunctions, which are divided into (a) copulative, (b) adversative, (c) alternative, (d) causal; and (2) subordinating conjunctions, which denote (a) time, (b) place, (c) manner and comparison, (d) cause or reason, (e) end or purpose, (f) condition, (g) concession."

I assure the reader these are actual examples. It would be impossible to parody the idiocy of this dog-eared book. All that it contains which is of any actual use to one who wishes to acquire facility and accuracy in using the English language could be put in thirty or forty pages. The rest is rubbish—dust, ashes, old iron, rags, dry bones—invented by the pedagogues for the purpose of keeping their jobs going. No one but a pedagogue—and his unfortunate pupils during the short time they retain the stuff in their memories—knows anything about these absurd subdivisions or has the slightest reason for knowing. They never helped any one in any degree to a command of English. In fact, they have no actual existence outside of textbooks and schoolrooms.

For example, the book says: "A noun used adverbially to modify a verb, an adjective or an adverb by denoting time, distance, weight, value, and so forth, is an adverbial object, and is said to be in the objective case adverbially, as ——" A page of examples follows. Doubtless I learned that and the examples by heart. I might exactly as well have been required to learn this: "Nouns that begin with a, p, q, g or x are called tweedledee nouns; those beginning with d, k, t or s are called tweedledum nouns."

Problems That Puzzle Bobby

I MUST have spent many laborious hours over the dog-eared book or one substantially like it. There are endless and practically meaningless rules and exceptions to be learned. But I had other books. About the time I reached the grammar-school grade I overcame that aversion to the printed word which a child naturally acquires when for six or seven years literature has been associated in his mind with nothing but the dullest drudgery. I discovered that entertainment might be had by reading, and I eagerly awaited each ten-cent addition to the adventures of Jack Harkaway and Deadwood Dick. There was an informal circulating library for this fiction in the school. A new dime novel, in fact, was as current as marbles or jackknives. One could swap it for something desirable with the first boy he met. We read them surreptitiously even in the schoolroom. Geography was a popular study with us, because the textbook on that subject was larger than our other books and almost anything could be concealed behind its perpendicular pages. Whatever attraction toward English literature I acquired in school was due to Deadwood Dick.

I was a very good student up to about the last year in the grammar school. Then dissatisfaction grew upon me. Going to school didn't seem to be doing anything in particular. After a year in the high school I went to work—and began, for the first time, to learn something.

"Father!" wails an afflicted voice from the dining room. "How many cubic feet are there in a perch?"

"Why, of course," I reply in surprise, "it would depend upon the size of the perch. I never saw a perch that contained any cubic feet; but there might ——"

"Aw, no!" the afflicted voice interrupts. "I mean a perch, you know—a perch of stone or brick."

I realize with shame that so far as I can remember I never heard of a perch of brick or stone, but attempt to conceal my disgrace. "Oh! A perch! Of course, a perch of stone! Why—I don't believe I know now how many cubic feet there are."

"Gee!" the voice wails accusingly. "How can I get my 'rithmetic then?"

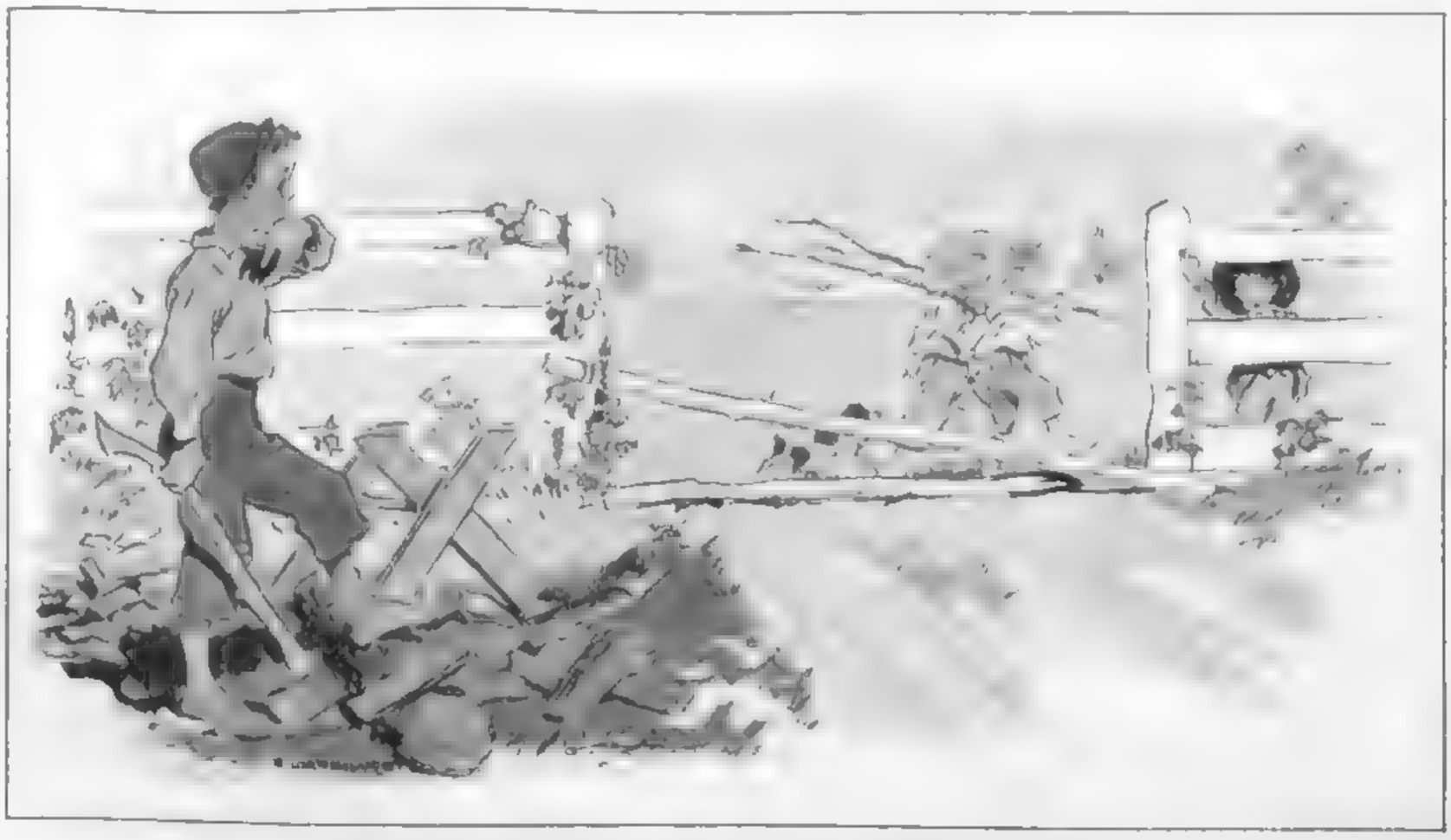
"But don't you know?" I inquire with a touch of severity.

"No, I don't know!" the voice complains. "I 'spose we had it two, three months ago; but I've forgot."

By an inspiration I think of the dictionary. We discover that a perch contains twenty-four and three-fourths cubic feet. Bobby, his hair rumpled and his brows drawn together in a forbidding scowl, resumes his "'rithmetic." It is rather warm in our flat this June evening. The electric light makes it still warmer in the dining room.

My son is going to the public school in a large city. I know where the schoolhouse is but have never been inside it. Like nine-tenths of the parents whose children go there, I know that the first three-story red-brick building on a certain street is the school; the next similar building, two blocks beyond, is an old ladies' home; and

(Continued on Page 38)



Only to the Lone Toiler Were the Diversions of the Other Boys Unbearable

HE COULD IF HE WOULD

By Frederick Orin Bartlett

ILLUSTRATED BY WILL GREFÉ

"Are You Trying to Learn That by Heart?"

AT SIX-THIRTY to a second, the alarm clock by the side of the bed of Nicholas Trent performed its devilish function raucously and insistently, as it had for the past ten years. And as usual it received little thanks for this faithful service. Nicholas awoke with a scowl and smothered its metallic clamor beneath the pillow; but he couldn't smother the other stale evidences of a new day which forced themselves upon his drowsy senses—the sound of running water across the hall, which told him that he had already been beaten to the common tub of the boarding house; the heavy odor of fried potatoes which summarized the breakfast being prepared for himself and his fellows; the tinny rumble of milk-wagons on the street; the dozen familiar early-morning voices which recurred as automatically as the alarm of the clock itself.

He frowned at his featureless room in a vain endeavor to shut it out from his consciousness a moment longer. The effort resulted only in emphasizing each commonplace detail. He found himself counting the knobs on the cheap pine bureau. He caught sight of his soiled collar with the frayed tie still clinging to it like some hopeless thing. The footboard of the bed, brown with nine yellow stripes, fretted his eyes. He turned away from this to be met by two vapid wooden chairs. A bitter odor of overboiled coffee added itself to the other greasy smudge. He sprang out of bed and snapped up the curtains. The monotonous row of houses on the opposite side of the street was bathed in sunshine, but the sun didn't do much to brighten them. It merely illumined them. It merely brought out every sordid detail of them.

Nicholas opened his door in order to have an unobstructed course for his dash to the tub. He saw Miss Weston's door open a crack and swung his own open still wider, with the result—as he expected—that Miss Weston immediately closed hers with an uncomplimentary bang. He generally won this daily matutinal race and felt a trifle piqued that this morning Hardleigh had carried off the honors. With toothbrush and shaving things in his lap, Nicholas took his post near the doorsill and waited. The long, narrow hall, covered with a second-hand carpet, proceeded to insult him. That was the way with all his surroundings—they pointed a scornful finger at him; they twitted him with failure.

He was only thirty; but a man can get very old at thirty after ten years of ungratified aspirations. He came to New York big with hope, after having worked his way through college; and now this chance for existence was all he had to show for it. He had begun at the bottom, accepting without complaint the first humble opportunity offered him—a position in the office of Shipleigh, Martin & Fordyce, commission merchants; had fulfilled his petty duties year after year without complaint—and yet here he was, still at the bottom! He was proud as the devil and this result was getting on his nerves. Already there were traces of gray about his temples, and his lean face was beginning to show furrows. This gave him rather a distinguished appearance, for which he showed no gratitude. Lately he had acquired a chronic frown, but this really looked out of place. His skin was fresh, his dark eyes clear, and he had a gentle mouth. He was of medium height and had the body of an athlete in good condition. After all, his age was mostly within.

As Hardleigh came out, Nicholas bolted for the bathroom. After a cold plunge he shaved himself with extreme care. He emerged, his skin aglow, and dressed himself with critical attention to details. He whisked his shiny serge suit clean of dust and took time to polish his shoes carefully, though the loudly ticking alarm clock urged him to make haste. The rattle of china from below also warned him that the attack upon the meager rations furnished by Mrs. Halliday was on and that his chances were diminishing with every passing second. He trimmed the fringe from his tie, adjusted it nicely and then descended the stairs to the stuffy dining room. He nodded to the voracious group about the table and took his place by the side of Hardleigh. The latter was in a new speckled waistcoat and was groomed like a barber. He grinned in appreciation of his early victory.

"Put one over on you this morning, old man!" he observed.

"You're welcome," growled Nicholas.

He didn't like the man. His cheap pretentiousness irritated Nicholas. As a matter of fact, Hardleigh had put over several on him; he had confiscated his small plaque of butter and used most of the thin, chalky fluid that passed for cream.

"Cereal this morning, Mr. Trent?" inquired Mrs. Halliday, with a spoon poised above the oatmeal dish.

Nicholas glanced round the table to see if there was anything he could possibly substitute. He detested the watery gruel; but it was, so far as taste went, at least negative. With a shudder at the fried potatoes and Hamburg steak, he nodded.

At the lower end of the table Pop Watterson, pudgy and bleary, was reading aloud to Mrs. Enderby and Miss Kent from a one-cent morning paper the details of the latest murder. Nicholas tried not to hear; but the head of the table soon caught up the subject and the ghastly conversation became general. Then Miss Weston entered with a scowl for both Hardleigh and Nicholas.

"Morning, little sunlight!" chirped Hardleigh, nudging Nicholas in the ribs to force him into active participation in the pleasantry.

"I beg your pardon?" Miss Weston returned icily.

"It's a large morning," observed Hardleigh with a wink that struggled the length of the table.

Nicholas rose; and, drawing back Miss Weston's chair, he seated her. She accepted this attention from him reluctantly.

"Going down," muttered Hardleigh.

To tell the truth, Nicholas was feeling a bit ashamed of his action this morning. Tart as she was, Miss Weston was to him the most agreeable member of the household. He knew she was having a hard time trying both to earn her living and to study art, and ordinarily did his best to be decent to her, even though it was at the cost of much petty compromising gossip. He passed her a cold biscuit, what was left of the cream, and rose from the table.

In the hall he jammed down on his head the slouch hat which hadn't been new since his freshman year and started for the office. Making his way through the side streets, he walked rapidly until he reached Fifth Avenue. He loved this street in the morning, for then he had it almost to himself. At this hour there was no danger of meeting any of the old college crowd who at night took this way to their clubs. He himself at night skulked up Broadway. There were a dozen or more of his classmates in town who had done exceedingly well in the last ten years; and, though when occasionally he met them they were decent enough with their invitations, they always made him feel like a tramp. Brisk with success he felt that they were patronizing him.

To say that Nicholas was oversensitive about his personal appearance is only to state an obvious truth without, as so often is the case, altering the essential fact in any way. It wasn't so much the clothes themselves—though he liked them, too, for their own sake—as it was what the clothes stood for. To him they were the regalia of a caste; they were the external evidence which distinguished those who had made good from the failures. In his own case he felt as though the threadbare serge suit that he wore proclaimed, as by a placard, the address of his boarding house, the salary he was drawing and the caliber of his friends. His shabbiness was a confession of weakness.

At one minute of eight Nicholas stepped into the office of Shipleigh, Martin & Fordyce, as he had done for ten years. As he had done for ten years, he hung his hat up on the same nail and sat down on the same stool. Miss Smithson, the stenographer, soon followed; and as she passed she threw a saucy smile at him. He pretended not to see it. She looked so trim and pert that she made him more than ever conscious of his own shabbiness. She tossed him a violet from the nosegay she wore.

"Look at that and cheer up, Mr. Trent," she called back over her shoulder.

Trent had just time to hide the flower behind his inkstand when Mr. Shipleigh entered. Nicholas looked up timidly and returned the latter's nod. Then he watched the junior partner as he strode on briskly into his private office.

Shipleigh stood as something of an ideal to Nicholas and, like most ideals, was a constant source of rebuke. Shipleigh was a self-made man and consequently more arrogant in both dress and manner than the other partners. He displayed his success more openly than either Martin, who had inherited the business from his father—who founded the house—or Fordyce, who had made his money in truck-gardening and bought his position. When Nicholas first came Shipleigh had been only chief clerk. A year later he had been taken into the firm. It was this which had encouraged Nicholas to hold on. He had watched since then his predecessor's progress with as much interest as though it were synonymous with his own. He had seen him advance from a ready-made serge suit to a tailor-made serge suit; from that to a pepper-and-salt; from that to a dark cutaway; from that to a brown cutaway; from that finally to broadcloth and silk hat. He had watched Shipleigh grow heavy on good food and graduate from a hansom to a taxi; from a taxi to a touring car of his own, and then to a limousine.

Nicholas again picked up the violet. His face brightened at the grace and color and perfume of the flower. It was a tiny emblem of all he craved. For a flash it illumined his brain like a match struck in the dark. He forgot his ledger, forgot the office, forgot his whole workaday world.

"Trent!"

Nicholas glanced up to find Shipleigh by his side.

"Yes, sir."

"We aren't paying you to write poetry, Trent."

The latter's cheeks flushed scarlet. In a moment of sudden rebellion he ached to strike down this man.

"No, sir. I wasn't," he answered.

"You will if you aren't careful," returned Shipleigh with a sneer. "Are your invoices ready?"

"I'll have them in a minute, sir," answered Nicholas.

He applied himself to this task and then to the dozen others which followed. It was monotonous work, this adding and checking of figures which to him meant nothing at all. To Shipleigh, Martin & Fordyce these numerals were significant. They stood for dollars, and the dollars stood for what each chose to make them stand in his life. To Shipleigh, Martin & Fordyce these figures were alive; to Nicholas they were as inanimate as so many chiseled inscriptions on an Egyptian monument. Yet he toiled over them until noon.

At ten minutes of twelve Shipleigh came out and stepped into his limousine to be driven to his club. At twelve Nicholas picked up the violet again. It was faded and limp; but he took it with him when, avoiding the other clerks, he made his escape to the dairy lunch for his usual egg sandwich.

At three o'clock that afternoon Miss Smithson brought him a letter. Nicholas picked it up carelessly and glanced

at the firm name of lawyers on the outside. It meant nothing to him. He tore it open indifferently and read to this effect:

NICHOLAS TRENT, Esquire, SEATTLE, WASHINGTON,
Care of Shipleigh, Martin & Fordyce, June 14, 1911.
Fulton Market, New York.

Dear Sir: We beg to advise you that your late uncle, Horatio Trent, Esquire, of this city, made a will through our office designating you his sole heir and executor, without bonds, of all the various properties of which he died possessed. We should be glad to serve you in this matter. Awaiting your further advice, we beg to remain,

Respectfully yours,
HAMDEN & WINTHROP, Attorneys-at-Law.

Nicholas read the letter four times. It didn't mean very much to him at first. This uncle had gone out West when Nicholas was a small boy, and nothing had been heard of him since. Nicholas hadn't thought of him half a dozen times in the last twenty years. He read the letter again.

Shipleigh, who had been watching him for the last five minutes, stepped to his side.

"Are you trying to learn that by heart?" he inquired.

Trent braced up.

"If you don't mind, Mr. Shipleigh," he said, "I'd like to begin my vacation next Monday."

"You might as well," nodded Shipleigh. "See if you can't come back with a little more ginger."

Nicholas left Sunday morning for Seattle and the following Saturday walked into the office of Hamden & Winthrop. He established his identity through an endowment policy he had been keeping alive for ten years and which he took with him. Mr. Hamden greeted him effusively and proceeded to business at once.

"I suppose you know Mr. Trent's estate was considerable," said Hamden as soon as the preliminaries were disposed of.

"I don't know anything about it," answered Nicholas. "I haven't either seen or heard from my uncle since I was a small boy."

"Indeed! However, I don't know that I should be surprised. He was a peculiar man in a good many ways. Not half a dozen men in this city realized the extent of his business."

"What was his business?" inquired Nicholas.

"Timber. He bought and sold large tracts of forest land."

"You have found time to go through his papers?"

"That was an easy matter. He managed his affairs himself and kept everything in good order."

"Then perhaps you can place roughly some value on the estate?"

"The property is all well invested. I estimate it to be worth today very close to a million dollars."

"A million!" gasped Nicholas.

"Perhaps a little more," answered Hamden; "but I should say a million could be realized on it at once."

Nicholas repeated that figure to himself again and again. He wrote it down in his mind and stared at it—one and six ciphers! He couldn't get hold of it even then. He couldn't pull it out of the realm of mere figures. It was as though he were writing it down for Shipleigh, Martin & Fordyce.

"You're sure he left this to me?" stammered Nicholas.

Hamden smiled at the young man and drew from the collection of papers before him the original will and handed it over. Stripped of legal language, it stated the fact that it was the wish of the testator that Nicholas Trent, his nephew, should be his sole heir.

II

ON THE morning of June twenty-seventh the alarm clock by the side of the bed of Nicholas Trent awoke at six-thirty to a second and performed its devilish function raucously and insistently, as it had for the past ten years. Nicholas started to his elbow with a scowl; and then, grinning, he sank back upon his pillow to listen to the metallic clamor with as much satisfaction as though it were the music of birds. He felt grateful that it was rousing him to a new day. He stretched his arms over his head in lazy content and only smiled as Hardleigh bolted from his room and closed the bathroom door with a bang which announced his victory to the whole floor. He was glad of every odor from the kitchen below, of every noise on the street outside, of every old, familiar sound which proclaimed the morning. He was back home again; and it was just these trivial, intimate details that made this room home. He had missed them during the last two weeks—sincerely missed them. He had missed his old pine bureau; the footboard with its nine yellow stripes; the matter-of-fact wooden chairs. These things had made the setting for all his moods during the last ten years, and so had come naturally enough to be an essential feature of that past. He could review them now with the tolerant amusement with which in later years a man meets his former schoolmaster, who once flogged into him vows of dire vengeance. And yet this past, which Nicholas now regarded with such good-natured complaisance, was in reality but a few minutes dead. He had reached his room late the night before, too tired, after his long train-ride across the continent, to think. It was only with returning consciousness that the shift had come.

He sprang from bed and snapped up the curtains. The sun, in a clear sky, was blazoning a perfect summer day. Its catholic rays blessed everything upon which they fell. Nicholas took a long breath and, gathering his things together, waited by his door until Hardleigh came out and then even waited for Miss Weston. He was in no hurry. He could reach his office in time without difficulty and was content to wait here with his thoughts. A man who has just inherited a million dollars has plenty to think about.

Nicholas hadn't yet made up his mind what he was going to do. There was no hurry about that either. A week, a month, a year hence would be time enough. Meanwhile it seemed to him that he could better collect his thoughts if he pursued the old routine of his life.

That morning, when Shipleigh came into the office, Nicholas, instead of glancing up covertly and nodding, rose and stood before his employer as man to man. There was nothing impudent in his attitude. He was in no revengeful mood. At the same time, however, he was more acutely and happily conscious of his million than at any time since it had come to him. He could probably buy and sell this man. Therefore he could afford to smile to himself when Shipleigh, as though sensing some change in his employee, fell back more rigidly upon his dignity.

"Things have fallen pretty well behind since you left," said Shipleigh.

"I'll clear them up at once," answered Trent.

"Hope you will," nodded Shipleigh with his most patronizing air.

This time, however, it was lost on Nicholas, who turned to his work with a relish. He had plenty to do, for the routine details really were in confusion as Shipleigh had said. He went at his task as though dealing with his own private papers. Noon came in a minute.

He watched Shipleigh step into his limousine; and he smiled as he realized that, if he chose, he could now have his own car meet him at the door. This had always seemed to him the height of luxury. He had long ago determined that, as soon as his salary warranted the extravagance, he would purchase an automobile; but as he stepped out upon the street an odd thought occurred to him: Wasn't it carrying luxury one step farther to be able to afford a car and still walk? The city was full of people who could afford a car, but among those there were only a few who could afford not to afford one. The fancy pleased him, at any rate, and gave fresh lightness to his feet. This same theory was applicable to the matter of where he should dine. There was nothing exclusive about the best hotels. Their doors swung open to any man who had a few dollars in his pocket; but to have a million dollars and to spurn their garish splendor—that was to occupy a unique position. That fancy pleased him so well that when he took his usual corner at the dairy lunch he felt like a king on a throne. He had gained a perspective. The men who flocked in here were brothers, and he understood their burdens—now that he had none of his own to worry about. What was more to the point, he realized that he had always exaggerated his hard luck. After all, he had not been so badly off. He had had about everything he now seemed to want.

The afternoon sped as rapidly as the morning. By five o'clock he had put his work into such good shape as to win a nod of approval from Shipleigh.

"Keep it up!" was the latter's parting word of advice.

Nicholas relished the praise. He left the office with the consciousness of having put in the best day since he had been employed there. He hurried to Fifth Avenue and took his place in the royal procession, with his shoulders well back. He recognized by sight many of the notables, the bankers, lawyers, politicians, the presidents of big companies. He passed them unawed, unabashed and unashamed. He passed them as a freeman—unbeholden to them and unafraid. He envied them nothing that they possessed; neither their carriages nor their limousines—neither their silk hats nor their gold-headed canes—neither their tailors nor their fine houses; in fact, he even looked with some condescension upon those who rode. It was a pity they did not realize the joy of feeling stout legs beneath them! On all sides the store windows called to him, but he did not hear.

He smiled back at the tinted silks with which the western sky was draped. He could if he would! He could if he would!

III

THE dining room at Mrs. Halliday's was separated from the hall by folding doors, which in the morning were kept as tightly closed as any prison gate until the minute hand on the cook's clock reached the precise point marking seven. As a rule, Mrs. Halliday's guests assembled before this barrier some five minutes ahead of time, with Hardleigh nearest the door. Then a comparison of watches followed, accompanied by much impatient criticism. On this particular morning Hardleigh was unusually caustic in his remarks.

"Reckon the cook forgot to wind up that clock of hers last night. What do you make it, Pop?"

Watterson glanced at his old silver timepiece.

"It's now seventeen seconds past seven," he replied authoritatively.

"Nineteen by the right time," Hardleigh corrected him.

"Say rather by your time," suggested Pop.

"I say by the right time! Mine is Washington time!"

"And mine is New York time!" returned Pop. "I guess New York time is good enough for any one."

"I caught sight of the dusky cook yesterday," said Miss Kent sweetly in an attempt to mollify the two gentlemen. "In my opinion she uses New Orleans time."

"Well, I'm going to put up a kick!" snorted Hardleigh. "I call this an outrageous imposition."

Happily at this point the doors were opened and Hardleigh led the way in. He gave one glance at the table and then motioned the others back with a wave of his hand.

"Hush!" He spoke mysteriously.

With exaggerated caution he tiptoed to the table and studied the nearest grapefruit. There was a portion at each plate. He touched it lightly with the tip of his finger and then called back:

"Come on. It's real!"

He hurried to his chair and pounced upon his own portion as though fearing that even now it might vanish. At the head of the table Mrs. Halliday beamed benignly—almost beatifically—upon her guests. When Nicholas came in she nodded toward him with superb dignity.

"I don't believe in asking any questions, Mrs. Halliday," observed Hardleigh as he smacked his lips over the luxury; "but I feel that I must say this is a very pleasant surprise."

"I'm glad to see you appreciate it," returned Mrs. Halliday.

"We certainly do."

"A Million!" Gasped Nicholas

With impressive deliberateness he raised his knuckles to the side of the table and knocked on wood.

When Miss Weston came in she, too, was plainly pleased. Nicholas saw that she ate the fruit with relish. By this time Hardleigh had received another surprise. When he came to pour his milk upon his oatmeal he paused halfway in the process and again looked at Mrs. Halliday. That good woman smiled back sweetly at him.

"You may have all you like, Mr. Hardleigh," she informed him. "I will have the pitcher replenished when it's empty."

"Do my eyes deceive me, or is this real cream?" he demanded.

"It's real!" declared Pop from the foot of the table.

It had become a custom at Mrs. Halliday's, based upon a law of self-protection, for every one at the table to follow the pace set by Hardleigh; because the latter had acquired a habit of infringing upon his neighbors' territory as soon as his own was exhausted.

"Delicious!" exclaimed Mrs. Enderby and Miss Kent in chorus.

Nicholas rescued the pitcher from Hardleigh, who was evidently making ready to have a second helping of oatmeal, and passed it to Miss Weston. "I'm afraid Mrs. Halliday is overgenerous," he commented.

"Now look here," protested Hardleigh, "don't you go for to discourage her! May I trouble you again, Mrs. Halliday?"

Without so much as a frown she helped him bountifully to a second portion.

"I'm very glad to see you have so good an appetite," she remarked.

Nicholas observed that, for the first time in weeks, Miss Weston ate all her oatmeal. It did him so much good to watch her that he forgot to eat his own.

Mrs. Halliday noticed this.

"I hope you aren't going to lose your appetite, Mr. Trent?" she said solicitously.

"Oh, no!" Nicholas replied hastily.

"It's the shock!" suggested Hardleigh. "Honest, I myself don't feel as though I could eat any more. What's to follow?"

Now ordinarily the breakfast was all put on the table at once; but this morning the *pièce de résistance*, usually consisting of sausage, Hamburg steak or ham, was missing. The end of the table glanced anxiously toward the kitchen door. A discomforting suspicion gained ground that perhaps this preliminary extravagance was to be purchased at the price of later economy.

This fear was soon dissipated by the entrance of Mary, bearing on a platter before her a smoking hot slice of real steak some two inches thick.

"Hold me up!" shouted Hardleigh to Nicholas as he pretended to slump under the table. "Help, or I fall!"

"Don't be a chump!" protested Nicholas. "Any one would think you'd never seen any food before."

"Well, you're taking it remarkably coolly," returned Hardleigh; "but I suppose lunching at the Waldorf every day makes you used to this bill-of-fare."

Miss Weston looked up with a smile at Mrs. Halliday.

"The steak is delicious," she said; "but really I don't see how you can afford such a luxury for breakfast."

Nicholas hitched about uneasily in his chair; but Mrs. Halliday offered no explanation, and every one was too much interested in making the most of the unusual repast to question her further.

It had become a habit now for Nicholas to accompany Miss Weston to her car—that is to say, a habit on his part. She, on the other hand, instead of becoming accustomed to it, found it with each succeeding morning more and more of an adventure. Where at first she had accepted the attention coolly, she now found herself looking forward to these few minutes with considerable nervous excitement. The color invariably sprang to her cheeks as he opened the door for her, and she found her breath coming faster as she walked by his side.

"What do you suppose has come over Mrs. Halliday?" she questioned him as they came down the steps together.

"Perhaps she has been left a legacy," he suggested.

"I don't believe she'd want to spend it on us if that were true—would she?"

"Maybe," he replied. "Seems to me the only way you can get fun out of your money is by spending it on some one else."

"There's altruism for you!" she laughed. "Do you really believe it, Mr. Trent?"

"I certainly do," he answered heartily. "A man doesn't need very much for himself; so what else can he do?"

"Then you're the sort of a man who ought to have a fortune," she returned.

He looked uncomfortable.

"I shouldn't have any one to spend it on though," he said.

There the conversation stopped; but that morning he rode part way to the office with her.

If the breakfast had been a surprise to her guests Mrs. Halliday fairly astounded them with her dinner. Beginning with oysters on the half shell, it went down through a menu that would have done credit to a hotel. Hardleigh scarcely spoke a word as one surprise succeeded another, until at the end he couldn't speak a word! He was gorged as tight as any boa constrictor at the zoo. The food seemed to have its effect upon the general tone of what little conversation was indulged in. Not a single argument was started by Pop Watterson, while Mrs. Enderby's only reference to the news of the day was to the flattering review of a new musical comedy which had opened the night before. It had its effect, too, upon every one's table manners.

Hardleigh came into Trent's room that night before retiring early.

"Say," he puffed, "do you suppose there's any comeback to this?"

"Haven't heard of any," answered Nicholas.

"But she can't keep up this pace—can she?"

"We'll have to wait and see."

"Well, it's too many for me. Feel's though I'd inherited a million."

"So?"

"Sold forty dollars' worth of goods yesterday, and I'll bet I can sell a hundred tomorrow!"

"Hope you do!"

"Hope your hope makes good. Good night."

"Good night."

So far as Mrs. Halliday was concerned, this was as much a golden dream to her as to any of her boarders. She knew this much and only this much—that when her lease ran out and she went to renew it she was referred by the agent to a lawyer of whom she had never heard before. This man informed her that the house had been recently purchased by his client, name not mentioned, who, however, desired to retain her services as housekeeper on a salary that quite took away her breath.

The arrangement was conditional upon her agreement not to reveal the fact that any change had taken place and to carry out strictly all orders she might receive for the management of the house. All bills would be settled weekly by the lawyer.

Now if any one ever heard anything like that before Mrs. Halliday would like to know! She herself could make neither head nor tail of it. At the end of the first week she felt as though she had suddenly fallen heir to unlimited wealth. To all intents and purposes she had—so far, at least, as to realize her fondest ambition, which was to conduct a select boarding house.

Nicholas, meantime, had set himself to learn the commission business, root and branch; and he went about it in a spirit that brought him to the attention of Shipleigh a good deal that winter.

The latter relieved him little by little of the routine office duties and used him on more important matters. Shipleigh admitted frankly that he had been mistaken in his judgment of Nicholas.

"He's been different ever since he came back from his vacation," he informed Fordyce one day as the two were discussing the man. "It's the first time I ever knew a vacation to do any one any good."

"I suppose about the time he gets useful he'll want to leave," commented Fordyce.

"If he keeps on this way we can't afford to let him leave," replied Shipleigh.

It was not only in the matter of energy and hard work that Nicholas was making himself valuable, but he revealed himself to be a man of sound judgment and of considerable business acumen. He developed a breadth of vision that was very much needed. Instead of standing in the center of the office and looking out, he seemed to stand outside and look in. He grasped not only the established business of Shipleigh, Martin & Fordyce, but he understood it in connection with the whole market problem. He saw where the firm had fallen into a rut and where it was capable of development. He stood on his own two feet and thought things out for himself. Best of all, he wasn't afraid to express his convictions.

At first Shipleigh rather looked with suspicion upon this attitude of his employee; but the latter was always able to back up his opinions with sound argument and excellent judgment, and Shipleigh did not have the egotism of a fool.

Even when the business of the day was concluded Nicholas found at Mrs. Halliday's matters of no less importance, though of a wholly different nature, to occupy his attention. They were summarized in the thoughtful, dark eyes of Miss Weston. The latter had picked up wonderfully in the last few months, both in appearance and spirit. She had grown as plump as a partridge and her cheeks had taken on color. Nicholas could hear her through the partition singing in the morning as she dressed. He never told her, but this always set him, in his turn, to singing softly to himself—and sometimes it even started Hardleigh. Incidentally the latter was also waxing fat and prosperous. He confided to Nicholas that the boss had promised him something big in the spring. It was just before Christmas that Miss Weston appeared before Nicholas one morning at breakfast-time with an open letter in her hand. Her eyes were big in wonder and her breath came short. "Oh, Mr. Trent," she panted—"read this!"

He took the paper from her trembling fingers and read as follows:

SEATTLE, WASHINGTON,
December 15, 1911.

MISS ESTHER WESTON,
43 East —— Street, New York, N. Y.

Dear Madam: We inclose herewith a check for five thousand dollars, made payable to your order, and are instructed by the donor to say it is his desire that you should use this toward the completion of your art education.

Very respectfully yours,
HAMDEN & WINTHROP, Attorneys-at-Law.

Nicholas extended his hand.

"Bully!" he exclaimed.

"Do—do you suppose it's really true?"

"True? Of course it's true! Don't you deserve it?"

"I—I don't know. I—I think I'll have to go upstairs and—and cry a little."

"Don't do that!" he protested.

She smiled at him through eyes that were already moist, and then, turning on her heel, hurried to her room. This most paradoxical proceeding left Nicholas decidedly worried until she came down a few minutes later with her eyes a trifle red, but with her face beaming.

Anyhow, she resigned her position and entered the art school for the second half year.

IV

SPRING came to Mrs. Halliday's as to the rest of the world. Trent walked now in a world that had magic in it, and the heart within him sang. He was able sometimes to persuade Miss Weston to walk down the avenue with him on her way to the art school.

Miss Weston was not altogether comfortable. She felt somewhat conscience-striken at being so happy when she noted how thin and shabby Nicholas was. He looked as though he were working too hard—as though he were not

(Concluded on Page 42)

"There's No Fun in Your Having a New Hat Now!"

MY LADY'S GARTER

Perched Like a Crow on a Limb, Old Cap'n Barry Cackled Dryly

By Jacques Futrelle

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

VIII

WHILE The Hawk was catching up on his beauty sleep two mighty forces were actively, albeit unconsciously, at work, lightening the clouds that had curdled the happiness of Skeets Gaunt. They were the police and the press.

Brokaw Hamilton needed only one glimpse of the afternoon newspapers to convince him that he had set in motion an avalanche of notoriety about the ears of his daughter. He himself didn't mind an avalanche or two—he was used to them; but he was annoyed on her account. It may have been, too, that vague considerations growing out of his newborn wish to control the Gaunt millions influenced him when he withdrew the charge of theft he had made against Skeets.

"Why did you withdraw it?" demanded the ubiquitous newspaper reporter.

"The jewels have been found," was the reply.

"Where?"

"Really, it is of no consequence ——" and so forth.

"When?"

"The public naturally has no interest ——" and so forth.

"Who had 'em?"

"No good end will be served ——" and so forth.

"Let's see 'em."

"Really, I must decline ——" and so forth.

Even newspaper reporters don't believe all they hear. In the beginning they had been asked to swallow a yarn to the effect that S. Keats Gaunt, son of a millionaire, a semi-famous poet rich in his own right, had led Helen Hamilton, sole heiress of another millionaire, to think he was going to elope with her, all this with the one purpose of stealing her jewels worth a paltry fifty thousand dollars. Credulity balked at that. Now came Brokaw Hamilton's bald statement that the jewels had been found; and coupled therewith was a refusal to say when or where, also a refusal to produce them.

Mr. Hamilton was surprised, amazed! Why, gentlemen, did not the press believe his statement? Yes, the press did not. Pooh! Pooh! sneered the press. This last yarn was worse than the first. So the avalanche thundered on.

Possibly the crux of the thing lay in that jeweled garter! Investigation along this line brought the newspaper men up against a stone wall of reticence. Whose garter was it? No one would say. From whom had it been stolen? Same answer. When? Ditto. Where? Likewise. How? Also. Why had Skeets Gaunt been arrested for the theft? Detective Meredith, now in charge of the case, looked as wise as a dog who has just hidden a bone and said nothing. His assistants were equally voluble.

At just about this point the press discovered an English-looking person who seemed to be loitering round in the background of the mystery. Some one discovered that his name was Dexter. Who was he? How did he figure in it, if at all? Did he know anything about anything? Really, old chaps, he didn't have a blessed word to say, you know! A jolly inquisitive lot they were, to be sure! So these were American reporters! His word! He'd have to drop a line to The Times about it—eh, what?

There remained to the press one lonely crumb of consolation. When Skeets Gaunt came to be arraigned in police court for a preliminary hearing the charges against him would have to be made specific. All this secrecy and fiddle-faddle would have to make way for cold facts. Knowing this, the newspaper men possessed their souls in comparative patience. But Skeets Gaunt was not arraigned in police court. The charge of the theft of the garter was mysteriously withdrawn! The incident was closed. By the time the reporters discovered this Skeets had been released and had gone his way.

Such was the situation at three o'clock on the day following the poet's arrest. John Gaunt, in his office, was absorbing all these details from a very extra special extra midnight extra edition of an extra afternoon newspaper, when the door opened and Skeets himself strode in, his poetic eye rolling in fine frenzy—and it wasn't the frenzy of genius either! His father swung round in his chair.

"I've just had a conversation over the telephone with Brokaw Hamilton," John Gaunt began without preliminary.

"I don't care," Skeets raged. "That isn't what I want to talk about. You left me in that cell all last night and today, and ——"

"Now, Sammy, keep your shirt on. I ——"

"Not Sammy, please, father."

"Samuel, then." It was a concession. The poet was made to feel that it was. "Now don't disarrange your linen while I talk to you a minute. I've just had a conversation ——"

"You could have put up a cash bond and ——"

"I've just had a conversation over the telephone with Brokaw Hamilton," John Gaunt repeated doggedly. "He called me a coal-heaver. A coal-heaver! Do you understand that?"

"You could have put up a cash ——"

"He said he had objected to his daughter's marriage to you just as he would have objected to her marriage to the son of any other coal-heaver, meaning me."

"You could have put up ——"

"Now, Sammy ——"

"Not Sammy, please, father!"

"I beg your pardon—Samuel. He called you the son of a coal-heaver!"

"You could have put up ——"

"In other words, you're not good enough for that red-headed, turned-up-nosed daughter of his. You! Do you get that? Gaunt blood isn't good enough!"

"You could have put up ——" The phrase came monotonously, truculently, like the breaking of angry waves against rocks.

"Now it's up to us—me and you—it's a debt we owe ourselves to pay him for his insolence. Not good enough! Gaunt blood not good enough! Now, Sammy ——"

"Not Sammy, please, father!"

"Samuel!" John Gaunt corrected himself graciously. "Keats, my son," he flattered, "the Gaunts always pay their debts; we'll pay this." He tilted back in his swivel chair and regarded the poet shrewdly. "You know, some day, Sammy—Keats!—some day I'm going to die, and when I do there'll be several million dollars that I won't be able to take along with me. Would you like to have those millions?"

"You could have put up some of 'em ——"

"Or," John Gaunt pursued evenly—"or would you prefer that I give those millions to establish a fund for the purpose of buying pajamas and standing collars for the Fiji Islanders? I'm making a proposition. Do you get me?"

"You could have put up ——"

"Hamilton says Gaunt blood isn't good enough. You can get those millions in one way, and only one way! You can get them by marrying Helen Hamilton!"

For an instant the poet's angry heart was stilled with joy! Had he heard aright? Was his father now consenting to that alliance against which he had raised such thunderous objections?

"Father!" It was all he could say.

"Not a word! I won't listen! That's the proposition. Take it or leave it. If you marry Helen Hamilton you get my millions and perhaps some of his along with 'em; if you don't marry her then it's pajamas and high collars for the Fiji Islanders. Gaunt blood not good enough, eh? I'm a coal-heaver, am I? You're the son of a coal-heaver, are you? Well, we'll just introduce coal-heaver's blood into his family and see how he likes it!"

"Do I understand that, after all, I may marry Helen?" Skeets' voice was tremulous with emotion.

"May!" roared John Gaunt. "Why, dammit, you've got to! And not a word of objection out of you; no, not a word! I don't care how or where, but do it—and do it soon. I guess maybe that won't get the Hamilton goat!"

All the bitterness engendered by his recent misfortunes vanished then from the heart of Skeets.

"I—I don't know how to thank you!" he stammered; and after a little he went his way, treading on air.

. . . . . .

An English-looking person, Dexter by name, was in earnest conversation with two other men in the corridor of the great skyscraper as Skeets passed out into the street.

"That's the son," he told them. "Never mind him; it's the father we want. He must not move twenty feet unless one of you is along. It may come down to searching his home. He knows the answer to this riddle of the garter, and he's the only one who does. He knows where the garter's been and he knows where it is now. But we must catch him red-handed. Those are the orders from Scotland Yard."

. . . . . .

Half submerged in flaming-headed afternoon newspapers, Brokaw Hamilton sat at the big desk in his study, staring coldly into the rebellious eyes of his daughter. He had commanded her presence peremptorily.

"This has been a most unfortunate affair, Helen," he began at last gravely.

"Well, I should say as much," she assented hotly. "Did you see that snapshot of me in one of the papers, with a last year's hat on and my mouth open? It looked just like a fish!"

"Unfortunately you are involved in this mare's nest which some one has discovered. The notoriety"—and he waved a hand toward the newspapers—"is extremely distasteful to both your mother and myself. I'm afraid it's impossible to put an end to it, but we can do the next best thing and get you away from it."

"You mean go to Newport? So early?"

"Not Newport, nor Bar Harbor, nor Narragansett, nor Lenox—not even Europe. Tomorrow morning you and your mother will take one maid and disappear into some quiet little place that nobody ever heard of, and you will remain there, hidden as it were, until the hurrah has subsided."

Helen stared at him resignedly.

"I know the sort of place you mean," she said; "some poky little old hole! Oh, well, my heart is broken anyway. I don't suppose it matters; nothing matters much."

"You are to leave no address behind you with any one," her father continued, heedless of her tone. "Your identity, your name even, is to be different." Helen glanced up at him in bewilderment. "You understand? You are to take another name and use it until you come back to New York. It's the only way to get rid of the newspaper men."

Helen's heart may have been broken—I don't know, I'm sure; but I do know that her eyes sparkled suddenly, her rosy lips rippled into a smile, and she clasped her hands ecstatically. I say, her heart may have been broken; but she was an unconventional girl, and perhaps she expressed her emotions in unconventional ways.

"Oh, Pops, won't that be corking! I'll be Cicely—Cicely Somebody-or-Other. I just hate Helen anyway.

Helen! It always sounded to me like a long-legged, thin, slick-haired sort of person. Cicely! That sounds more like me, doesn't it?"

Brokaw Hamilton chose not to notice the ebullition.

"The ultimate consequences of this affair may be more serious than we now suppose," he went on. "At any rate it is better that you and your mother should be away from it all. And that covers that."

Idly he picked up the mummied foot of the Egyptian princess and scrutinized it much as if he had never seen it before. He had something else to say and he didn't know where to begin. Helen shuddered a little.

"Do put down that horrid thing!" she commanded. "It gives me the wiggles! The idea of handling dead people's feet like that!"

"You've seen the afternoon papers, of course?" Brokaw Hamilton queried irrelevantly.

"Yes, and they were horrid too. That snapshot of me with my mouth open ——"

"Therefore I don't have to tell you that I've withdrawn the charge I made against young Gaunt?"

"I noticed you had," disdainfully.

"Also the charge of stealing the jeweled garter has been withdrawn."

"Withdrawn, yes, but I wouldn't be a bit surprised if he did steal ——"

"It's absurd to suppose young Gaunt is a thief. Somebody else got your jewels when you dropped them. I have a private detective looking into that now." He paused and lifted his eyes curiously to Helen's face. "Now that you know young Gaunt is free of suspicion, I dare say you—you still love him?"

"I hate him!" promptly.

"Hate him? Why?"

"Oh, because."

"Because what?"

"Just because."

"But that's no reason." Brokaw Hamilton gazed at her in astonishment. He knew all about the railroad business too! "You know he's innocent."

"No reason! Huh! I'd like to hear a better one."

"Suppose"—and her father spoke slowly, measuredly—"suppose I should withdraw my opposition to your marriage with young Gaunt?"

"It wouldn't make the slightest difference in the world to me," Helen replied coolly. "I wouldn't marry him if he were the last man living. Horrid thing!"

"Suppose," her father insisted, "suppose I should want you to marry him?"

Helen's eyes opened wide. It didn't strike her as curious that her father should alter so completely his attitude toward young Gaunt; but it did seem to her strange that he might want her to do something she had said she didn't want to do.

"Why?" she asked in turn.

"Suppose," he went on, and his cold eyes were searching her face, "that I should insist that you marry him?"

"Why, Pops, I don't ——"

"Suppose I should say that you must marry him?"

"Must!" The word aroused every instinct of rebellion in her. She was not the sort of young person to whom one might say "must" and get away with it. "Why, I wouldn't marry him ——"

"He's innocent, understand," her father urged. "Last night you would have eloped with him; today your attitude is inconsistent. If you did love him you do still love him. If he should discover where you are to spend the summer and ——"

"I won't have him!" she declared hotly. "I won't! I won't! I won't! And I think you're a mean, horrid old thing—so there!" She left him there, a much bewildered man.

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One of Brokaw Hamilton's trains, propelled by a motive force generated by John Gaunt's coal, was at this psychological moment bearing a personal representative of the Secretary of State from the city of Washington to the city of New York. His errand in the metropolis was a curious one. It was to request the Associated Press and the newspapers to refrain from further mention of the jeweled garter. This unusual request followed closely upon a long interview between the British Ambassador and the President of the United States.

IX

THE clock struck nine. From a drawer of the big desk in his study Brokaw Hamilton took a revolver and, having

"Oh, Yes. It's About the Countess of Salisbury's Garter. I Have Seen the Afternoon Newspapers"

made sure it was loaded, thrust it into an outside pocket of the dustcoat he wore. He pulled an automobile cap down over his head and passed into the hall.

"I may not return until after midnight," he told the footman, Dawkins. "It won't be necessary for any one to wait up for me. I have a latchkey."

The footman nodded and the railroad magnate went on down the steps. His motor was waiting.

"Eighth Avenue and Thirtieth Street," he directed the chauffeur. "It's nine o'clock now. I must be there by half past nine."

He stepped inside and the car moved away silently into the night. It was thirty-two minutes past nine when it drew up beside a curb and Brokaw Hamilton alighted.

"That's all," he said. "I won't need you again tonight."

For a time, until the red tail-light of the automobile disappeared in the direction of uptown, he stood thoughtfully gazing after it, then abruptly he turned the corner and went along West Thirtieth Street.

Over near Sixth Avenue, where two great green lamps squatted on their supports, was the new Tenderloin Police Station. Brokaw Hamilton, apparently on familiar ground, inserted a curiously fashioned key into the lock of a door, and somewhere an electric buzz sounded. Along the hall he went, certain of his way, turning into a room at his left. It was bare, save for a decrepit chair or table here and there and a vividly green sofa in a corner.

A door opened and Daddy Heinz tottered in, peering about him curiously and rubbing his withered old hands together.

"Ah, Mr. Hamilton," he greeted obsequiously.

"I dare say you were not expecting me?" questioned the railroad magnate.

"Oh, yes," and the evil-eyed old man grinned cunningly. "It's about the Countess of Salisbury's garter. I have seen the afternoon newspapers."

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In a room directly above them The Hawk was spread out luxuriously all over his bed, engaged in the pleasing pastime of planning a rose-strewn future. On a table within easy reach still lay Daddy Heinz' revolver, cocked; and beside that glittering instrument of death was a neat stack of banknotes. The Hawk looked at them and yawned lazily. They represented only a paltry thousand dollars, a trifle of loose pocket change. Beneath his pillow was a jewel-case and alongside that the Countess of Salisbury's garter with one diamond gouged out. Here was a metamorphosis. Truly the lean days had gone. The Hawk could remember only dimly the time when he had been driven to filching pies from a kitchen window.

He was planning a rose-strewn future, but not at all that future he had looked forward to gloatingly as he plodded along through the rain the night before—or had that been a thousand years ago? A greater future it was, a future into which the fluffy red head and the alluring voice of Helen Hamilton intruded with charming persistence. For The Hawk, too, had read the afternoon papers, devoured every line in every one of them with an eagerness pardonable, perhaps, in view of his intimate connection with the events recited there.

It pleased The Hawk to know that her name was Helen Hamilton; it pleased him more to know that she was the daughter of Brokaw Hamilton, the railroad magnate—it pleased him and quickened his pulse. Light-heartedly he had laughed, as all of New York had, at the vicissitudes that had befallen poor Skeets; and he was honestly glad to know that the poet was free at last and clear of the odd entanglements. The Hawk smiled when he learned that Detective Meredith was "moving heaven and earth" to solve the mysteries of that Arabian Night. Also he was delighted with the information that the thing he had picked from the mantel in the vacant house was a lady's garter. He had examined it with a new interest.

After a while The Hawk drew the jewel-case from beneath his pillow and meditatively spilled its contents out on the bed in front of him. Piece by piece he handled the quaintly wrought articles which reflected the capricious taste of their rightful owner. These rings she had worn on her fingers; these bracelets had clasped the round, soft wrists; this brooch had nestled in the delicious curve of her neck! And a single coin—a half-dollar! She had given him that because she had thought he was starving! Shamelessly The Hawk pressed it to his lips. Love is universal.

For an hour or more The Hawk lay flat on his back, staring with blind eyes into nothingness and dreaming of Her Loveliness! It pleased him to recall that curious effulgence, that halo that had surrounded her as she leaned from her window and unwittingly placed her jewels in his keeping. He remembered every curve of the slender figure as she had stood on the station-house steps with her father and Meredith; the compassion in her face when he had asked for alms; and her eyes were blue! Suddenly The Hawk sat up straight in bed.

"Why not?" he demanded enigmatically of the bedpost "Why not?" he queried of the half-dollar which she had charmed with her touch; and "Why not?" he inquired of the world at large through the open window.

He arose and went to the mirror, where he stood for a long time staring into the scrubby-bearded face reflected there. The bland eyes were shallow no longer; some new quality had been born in them. In that brief instant The Hawk was above sordid things; love had exalted him—he almost had a soul. All at once he understood why Skeets, being in love with Helen, could write poetry. Why, hang it, he couldn't help but write poetry! He could have written poetry himself at that instant.

"Why not?" he asked anew of the scrubby-bearded reflection. And the answer came out of the void—Daddy Heinz! His face hardened, his eyes narrowed. To all intents and purposes The Hawk was dead to all men, to the world at large, to Meredith—to all save Daddy Heinz! He had made a mistake in arousing Daddy Heinz' sleeping memory of him; in coming here at all. If only he had stopped to think!

But Daddy Heinz knew him, and in that knowledge would lie his danger. He had deliberately placed himself in the old man's grip; and always he would be near, threatening, blackmailing, whining. If only some one would sink his fingers in that venerable throat! The Hawk's teeth were clenched; his own wiry hands worked nervously. Violence had always been distasteful to The Hawk; but now Daddy Heinz was in the way, now it was necessary to ——

"Except for Daddy Heinz there is no reason," he told himself at last; he didn't even pay Skeets the tribute of considering him at all. Again he

"And That Feller With All the Feller Whiskers and Hair—He's Your Husband Mebbe?"

studied his reflection in the mirror. "A barber could shape me up in half an hour. I want her—I'll win her!" He smiled charmingly at his reflection. "It would doubtless please Brokaw Hamilton to know my decision."

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Shortly after midnight a patrolman in West Thirtieth Street noticed that the door of a disreputable-looking old house was standing open, and he made an investigation. In one of the rooms on the ground floor he found old Daddy Heinz, dead. There were three bullet-holes in his body, one shot having entered the head from the back. On the floor beside the evil old man lay a revolver in which there were three exploded shells. There was no sign of any one else in the house, except in the room directly over that where the body was found. The bed there had been slept in. A vast quantity of jewels and art treasures, long stolen, were recovered; also a curious little leatherbound book. It seemed to be an account-book of some sort.

While the police from the Tenderloin Station were investigating the mystery, Brokaw Hamilton, pallid as death, staggered up the steps of his home in the Bronx and let himself in with his latchkey. He went straight to his study and, after locking the door, placed a single unset diamond in a secret drawer of one of his curio cabinets. It was the stone The Hawk had gouged out of the Countess of Salisbury's garter! There was a tiny fleck of blood on Brokaw Hamilton's hand. He stared at it, his eyes dilating with horror. "Good Lord!" he exclaimed.

X

"HOW," queried the stranger in the Garden of Eden—"how do you and Eve manage to pass your time?"

"Well," Adam replied as he thoughtfully ran his fingers through his chin-whiskers, "sometimes we sit and think, and other times we just sit."

Treading warily to avoid stepping on the family snake, the stranger went forth into the unknown world, bearing with him the original *bon mot*. It is next heard of as applied to the sprawly little village of Satuit, which cuddles in the majestic sweep of Massachusetts Bay, entrenched behind frowning battlements of graveled cliffs that rise sheerly from the spume of the sea. Like unto Adam and Eve in the Garden of Eden, its inhabitants manage to while away most of their waking hours sitting and thinking, principally just sitting.

In the old days when bold, bad pirates in long, low, rakish craft threaded the coastline, snooping in and out of the verdant coves, and smuggling was a recognized profession, Satuit's mirrorlike harbor was a famous rendezvous and fitting-out point. Even now there are grizzled, leather-colored, doddering old chaps there who could tell marvelous tales of blood and pillage and piracy; of ravaged galleons and the sacking of rich seaports in the West Indies—could tell marvelous tales and smack their lips in the telling.

Even now there may be found in some ancient, cobwebbed cellar a wee drop of golden rum carefully hoarded through the misty years that separate progressive today from that past when the sunshiny liquor of Jamaica was fair loot on the high seas. Even now an occasional quaint treasure of art which, perhaps, had place in a Spanish grandee's palace on the Caribbean may be found kicking round some curious old house of Satuit.

Today, almost in the suburbs of a great city, Satuit is an anachronism, a part of a past century with the romantic glamour of that past hanging over it. Captain Kidd's treasure is hidden under every gaunt, gray stone; and Puritans, in spirit at least, still stalk the evanescent deer, blunderbuss at shoulder; or shoot wild ducks from their front yards; or fish over their back fences, figuratively speaking, for luscious little smelt; or dig ditches as necessity may be. There is even an occasional Indian, remnant of his race, stoical as ever, but grown "heap much fat" on the white man's grub. It was out of consideration for him that the first law on the old town book was abrogated. This law said that no game should be shot on the Sabbath except wolves and Indians. To this extent Satuit has progressed.

A rifle-shot away, generally southward, is the old oaken bucket—yes, the long-suffering bucket, the moss-covered bucket, the iron-bound bucket, upon which musical youth has hung so many strange and weird inharmonies; and a rifle-shot beyond that is the little white church to which, tradition says, Daniel Webster used to go; and another rifle-shot away stands a fingerlike shaft to the great Miles Standish who, it will be remembered, incautiously sent John Alden to do his wooing. Still farther on is Plymouth—and Plymouth Rock, the hearthstone of American liberty.

It is very small for its age, is Plymouth Rock, of a size to have been laid by the original Plymouth hen—small for its age and far from the water. Tradition says the Pilgrims landed on this particular rock, and if we believe that thing about Daniel Webster going to church we might as well believe this along with it.

Off in the other direction, generally northward, on a sandy spit that thrusts its curve into the bay, is the identical lighthouse, fallen into ruin, behind which Abigail and Rebecca Bates hid in the twilight and sounded the call to arms, thus shooing off the British invaders in the War of 1812. Even now, the natives say, on stormy nights, white-clad, spooky, girlish figures move about the ruins, and the piping of a flute and the shrilling of a drum are heard high above the whistle of the wind and the lashing of the sea. On and on beyond is Merrymount. Some historically important thing happened there but it escapes me at the moment. And on still farther is the city of Quincy, home of the dead presidents.

In the midst of all this nestles the village of Satuit, scattering and long and lanky of street—quiet, restful and untouched of the world—an oasis of the past in the desert of the present. Echoes of the bustling world outside are heard there but faintly—a motor car that blunders in and goes screaming through; an occasional aeroplane that comes slithering out of the aviation field at Squantum; a fat real-estate man who would chop up the village into town lots and build monstrous houses upon them; an occasional touch of the vernacular of the day in the mouths of its inhabitants. Then, too, beyond Peggotty Beach, across Bass Cove, a wireless mast rises from Brant Rock, an exclamation point in the magical story of man's achievement.

Sentinel over all towers the minaret of Minot's Ledge lighthouse—a spindle against the glow of the aurora borealis. I see its flash from my window now as I write. One-four-three is the signal; sailor-men call it the "I-love-you" light. "I love you!" it flashes over the threshing waters to the incoming liner; "I love you!" it tells my true love in her bed-chamber; "I love you!" it blazes to the fisher-lad scudding into the sunset; "I love you!" it assures the doubting maid. So it stands, a beacon, a personal message out of the void of night. It is right and fit that it should be so.

And now the stage is set; on with the play!

The Hawk Drew the Jewel-Case From Beneath His Pillow and Spilled Its Contents Out on the Bed in Front of Him

XI

IT HAD never been given to Cap'n Barry to fathom the vagaries of city folk. Just why a girl, clad only in a bathing suit that revealed an astonishing length of silken hosiery—only in a bathing suit and a sensuous glory of brick-red hair that rippled down over her shoulders, half hiding the foam-white throat and arms—should sit for two mortal hours gazing out upon the incoming tide in Bass Cove with dreamy eyes that reflected the sapphire of the sea—just why she should sit there doing that and nothing but that was past his comprehension. And an east wind blowing too! He'd be dinged if he could see, anyhow, why anybody'd want to splash round in water that wasn't much warmer than the inside of an ice-cream freezer.

Upon the white expanse of Peggotty Beach the girl's was the only figure. From his sunny nook in the lee of a moss-shanty the captain had occasionally craned his neck round to squint at her over the shimmering sands. It wasn't that he was curious, as you might say, but he'd been noticing her for several days and she was a stranger, and it irritated him to know there was somebody in Satuit he wasn't acquainted with. For he knew everything about everybody, did the captain. He had a subtle way, all his own, of acquiring information.

He pondered the situation with increasing annoyance until finally he could stand it no longer. He arose, shook out his pipe and went over to the girl.

"Morning!" he greeted.

Stirred out of her dreaminess she glanced up at him quickly. The slight movement set the sunlight to playing strange pranks in the brick-red hair; the sapphire eyes took in the aged, weather-beaten figure and the wrinkled, leatherlike countenance at one sweep. She nodded and smiled brightly.

"Good morning!" she replied.

"Ain't you cold?" The captain appraised her scant costume uneasily.

"Cold?" She laughed and the silken limbs vanished sedately beneath her bathing skirt. "On a day like this? Why, it's glorious! I've been sitting here perfectly fascinated by the play of color on the rocks over there. Those big ones look like twin lions, don't they? And did you ever see so many shades of reds and blues and purples?"

Instantly the captain indexed her and filed her away—she was one of those artists. They all talked like that. He'd met them before—had even argued with them as to the color of those same rocks. He disdained to go into the matter again.

"One o' the new people, ain't you?" he began tactfully as he leaned back against a near-by dory.

"New people?" the girl repeated. "Oh, yes, yes. We've been here only a week. This is our first summer."

She braced herself on her outstretched arms, looking up into his face with a quizzical expression about her lips and a demure light in the depths of her blue eyes. Instinctively the captain recognized that here was opportunity for the display of all his mental adroitness, his diplomatic deftness.

"What might your name be?" he asked subtly.

"My name?" she repeated. "My name is Quain."

"Quain?"

"Quain, yes; Cicely Quain." She smiled. "Do you like it? I adore Cicely."

"Then you're one o' the folks that's moved into that writer feller's place on Second Cliff?"

"Stepping Stones—yes."

"Knowed when he built it he'd never be able to keep it up. That gray-haired old woman up there is your ma mebbe?"

"The middle-aged lady is my mother—yes."

"And that feller with all the yeller whiskers and hair—be's your husband mebbe?"

(Continued on Page 44)

The Rise of the Junior Partner

By Edward Mott Woolley

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

BEFORE I had finished high school, necessity compelled me to work for a living. My mother was a widow and I had younger brothers and sisters; thus my dream of a college education never came true. I have always regretted this; yet I am not sure I should have come off any better in business had I taken a university course. Broadness of vision is the chief advantage college gives a man destined for business – and somehow I came into that naturally. The main, underlying reason for commercial or individual failure is a narrow outlook upon the factors that make success. A man can't control those factors unless he sees them distinctly, and he can't see them when he's down in a mental hollow."

"My Mother Remarked That Perhaps I Was Losing My Mind—But I Wasn't"

The junior partner was speaking. Technically he is not a partner but a stockholder in a big department store that does a wholesale business as well and conducts a dozen manufacturing enterprises. He is one of the four controlling members of the corporation. Yet his associates speak of him familiarly as the "Junior Partner." Though not far advanced in his thirties he is worth—well, at a guess, perhaps a quarter of a million. For the last ten years he has been the executive in charge of the "organization." If you don't know what that means the narrative of the junior partner will open up for you a veritable fairyland in the business field. The man who plays skillfully on the keys of an organization can work astonishing magic in the profit and loss account.

"I was about sixteen," he went on, "when I entered the employ of our establishment. The store then had less than one-tenth of the floor-space we now occupy. Since that time the city has doubled in population, while our volume of sales has grown eight hundred per cent. You see, therefore, we have gained more than a mere natural increment. Moreover, our business has been severely competitive; we haven't walked up by violating any equity that the people at large have in life. I hold this to be a test of true success.

"It was several years, however, before I began to see things as I do now. I was really in a mental hole up to the time I was twenty-three. It's singular that so many men stay in an intellectual swamp all their lives when—if they took the trouble to look closely at the things about them—they couldn't fail to see why their business concerns were butting them into the ditch."

Birdie McNulty's Business Methods

"I'D LIKE to say, in the first place, that a business organization, as we understand it here in our own undertakings, is not a mere list of officials. I'm going to tell you briefly what it is. Nor is it necessary to have a big store or huge factory in order to have an organization. One of the best organizations I know is in a little retail store that has five clerks. Since the store was acquired by a man with a vision, the business has got out of the mire and is tackling the mountainside. I expect to see a hundred clerks in that business some day.

"When I had been a stockboy perhaps a month a new youth was taken into my department and I was told to instruct him in his duties. This I proceeded to do; but that night I received a profane lecture from an older stockboy, whom we knew disrespectfully as 'Freckled Squint.' He was a coarse, illiterate lad, of a class that I refuse at the present time to have in the store; but in those days he was a fair type. If you were sailing a ship you wouldn't throw out a lot of little anchors to drag on the bottom and impede your progress; but every employee of this sort drags on the business.

"'I seen you showin' that new kid how to do things,' said Freckled Squint threateningly. 'Don't you know you're cuttin' your own throat? If you learn the new kid he'll get your job away from you. Never learn nobody nothin'! That ain't the way to play the game. Just learn yourself. Then the old man can't fire you, 'cause there won't be nobody 'cept you to handle stock. See?'

"Since I lacked the broader vision, this argument had some effect on me. For a time I let the newcomers alone as much as I could. You know this is the spirit that pervades many a business house today; it is one of those vicious undercurrents that often get into an organization. The man who refuses to train an understudy for fear of losing his own job is the kind who stays in one job until his shoulders hump up and his chin sinks in. On the other hand, the modern successful business tells its men that they can't expect advancement until they have trained others to do their work. The very foundation of a successful organization lies in the training of competent workers.

"I was knocked round the various stockrooms for two or three years, earning six or eight dollars a week, and finally landed down in the basement, in the delivery department. Here I stayed two years longer. I still lacked the ability to break through the brainfog that shut me in closely. I was surrounded by narrow-minded men, who influenced me the wrong way. I was as ignorant of the eternal truths of business as a child is of economics. Economics, by the way, makes up the broad science of business. The universities are teaching this science now; and the men who come forth thus fortified—if they don't have their heads too high in the air—are the ones who have the mental attitude to succeed.

"In a few minutes I'll try to make this perfectly concrete to you; but for the moment I want to go along with my story. In the delivery department my foggy outlook began to clear away slowly. A delivery department is the one place in a store where the condition of the whole organization is best reflected. Here all the incompetence and unwillingness of our force was strongly felt. We were constantly in hot water over the mistakes upstairs—misdirected parcels, illegible handwriting, mixed purchases, and so on. In addition, the blunders and indifference of the delivery department itself added to our woes. I began to see that something was vitally wrong with the management or these things would not happen.

"Up to that point our business had grown chiefly because the opportunity forced it. The markets crowded upon us; the city was obliged to have goods. Opportunity will build a business sometimes up to a certain point; then the trade will stop crowding and seek other channels of outlet. Our store had reached that point, as I learned afterward. The business had stood still for a year, and was now sliding backward. The weight of an incompetent organization—one that almost wholly lacked the selling uplift—was swamping it.

"A temporary emergency in the notion department resulted in my going there as a clerk. This advancement, however, was not the result of any plan, but was mere chance. You see, chance plays something of a part in these things; but too often chance operates the wrong way—the incapable men are advanced, while the good ones remain submerged.

"Adjacent to the counter where I worked was a section of the toilet-goods division. The girls there were much overworked and underpaid, and the things they said about the management—when the management wasn't within hearing—were at least picturesque. If employers could always know what the workers are saying about them, and doing, an illuminating ray would be thrown on a most important problem of organization—the handling of employees.

"The head of stock in the toilet goods was a girl whose name, if I recollect right, was Birdie McNulty. She was a fair sample of an employee advanced without logical cause. She was sugar-coated, but bitter within. When any one with authority approached, Birdie assumed an ethereal sweetness; but, in truth, she was a most pernicious talker and very active in setting harmful currents in motion. Yet she had ample cause for her grouch. It was the most natural thing in the world, and Birdie was human. You can't build an organization and overlook human nature.

"One day a morning newspaper had an article in its beauty column advocating the use of a facebrush with bristles of a certain material. A brisk demand sprang up that day for brushes of this sort, but there wasn't one in stock. 'If the old man was wise to it,' remarked Birdie to me with a wink, 'he'd get in a lot of these brushes on the double-quick! I could have sold a hundred of them today—but you can bet your last cent I'll never tell him.'

"It was evident, you see, that the toilet-goods section wasn't paying as well as it might, and never would so long as Birdie McNulty and her satellites were there—and so long as the 'old man' was in charge of it. This old man was the department manager; in reality he was a young snip of a chap who clapped his hands loudly at the girls and went about like a peacock. Everybody hated him and he hated everybody. You see, he was getting only a hundred and twenty-five dollars a month and was always looking for a better job, which he couldn't find.

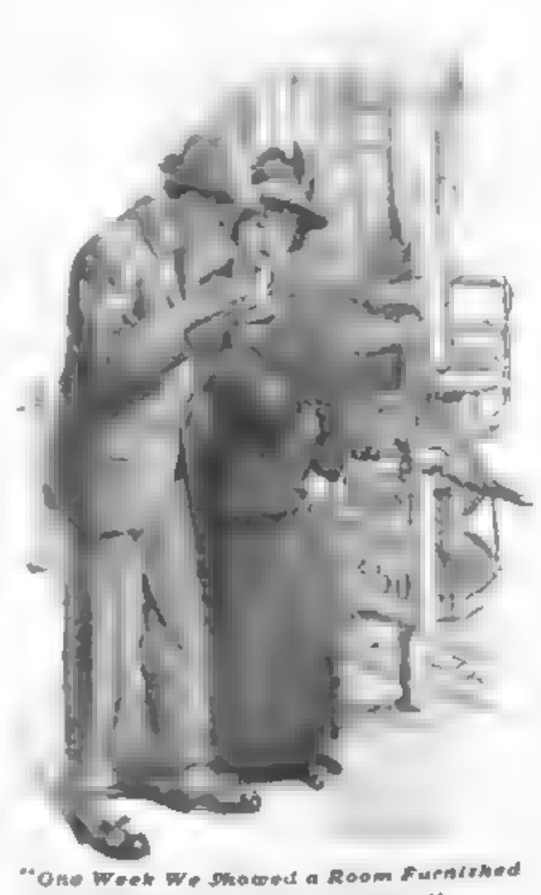
"Well, I've told you this incident of the facebrushes merely because it was a typical one. Birdie McNulty, you see, had a concrete selling idea, but she kept it carefully concealed. She knew how the store might sell a certain lot of goods, but the store never had the advantage of her knowledge. This was happening right along all through the establishment. Every day a thousand forces were operating within our own organization to hold the business down and counteract a thousand outside forces that were struggling to make it grow.

"The singular part of this situation, as I look back upon it, lay in the fact that it existed without the proprietors of the business knowing it. However, the same situation exists today in many a business. The poor organization is the one that doesn't get the knowledge and ability of the men and women who compose it. The greatest thing in business, as I look at it, is the organization that works shoulder to shoulder to boost things along."

Rags and a Rocking-Chair

"FROM the notion department I was shifted to the groceries, then to the dressgoods, then to the furniture. All these changes were made on the mere exigencies of the moment. My special qualifications for these jobs were never considered. Throughout the store the clerks were being sent here and there aimlessly, without ever a thought that the changes might or might not develop them and help the business accordingly.

"One day, in the furniture department, a clerk nicknamed 'Rags' set me thinking seriously. A customer asked him for a highbacked rocking-chair, such as he knew very well we had in stock; but he'd just had a rumpus with another customer and was in a disagreeable mood. 'We're out of them sort o' rockers,' he said, and turned away. The customer departed and, no doubt, bought the chair elsewhere. Eight dollars had walked into the store and walked out again, but the highbacked chair remained; it represented a profit that the store might have had very easily—but didn't.



"One Week We Showed a Room Furnished Complete for Fifty Dollars"

"Rags was getting a salary of twelve dollars a week; this, too, was my own salary. That evening, at home, I tried some original calculations; and these really formed the basis of a sweeping revolution in our organization. It didn't come, however, until quite a while afterward.

"My daily sales were not averaging more than fifty dollars. I had heard that the firm expected a net profit of twenty per cent, at least, on the goods in my department; so, if I sold fifty dollars' worth of goods in a day the net profit was ten dollars. Part of the selling expense, of course, was my wages of two dollars for the day.

"Then I assumed a hypothetical case. Suppose, I reasoned, that I should sell one hundred dollars' worth of furniture a day—how much could the store afford to pay me and still retain a reasonable increase of profit from my greater sales?

"This problem, you see, was a highly technical one, involving a lot of cost figures that I didn't possess. I'm not going into it here, except to state results. Every evening for a week I floundered in a maze of figures, filling

all the loose paper I could find at my home. My mother remarked that perhaps I was losing my mind—but I wasn't. On the contrary, I was just coming into that wide, keen vision that was destined to show the way to success. Sometimes an employee becomes broader than his boss; that's the best time to hunt a new job.

"Unable to reach a definite answer I took my puzzle to the chief accountant at the store, with whom I had a slight acquaintance. He laughed at first; but, as he glanced through my crude calculations, he caught a glimmer himself of the light that was trying to penetrate the cracks in my skull. He promised to solve the problem for me.

"The next day I was called to the office of the senior partner. He was a nervous, worried man at that time—Heaven knows he had enough to disturb his repose! He told me afterward that he used to get up in the middle of the night and go downstairs to let in the cat, wind the clock and do anything to keep himself from thinking. He didn't really know what it was that made him think all night long. Well, I'll tell you what it was. It was a whole aggregation of people like Freckled Squint, Birdie McNulty and Rags. They were bleeding his business to death.

"The senior partner looked at me curiously and invited me to sit down. Though I'd been in his store for years he didn't know me. Now that's a situation fit for a play! Introductions are very good things in business, even for senior partners.

"'What made you assume,' he asked, 'that a clerk now selling fifty dollars' worth of furniture a day could be expected in reason to sell one hundred dollars' worth?'

"Here was an opportunity to unburden myself of ideas that had been accumulating in my brain a long time.

"'Because,' I answered with some diffidence, 'I believe that most of the clerks in this store could sell a far greater volume if they worked under different conditions; many of them, I am sure, could sell double the volume.'

"'That is a broad assertion,' said the senior partner incredulously. 'Still, if you could demonstrate it to be true it would mean a great deal of money to us.' Here he picked up a sheet of paper on which the chief accountant had worked out my problem. 'I'm afraid,' he continued, 'these calculations are quite theoretical, however interesting.'

"Then he showed me the figures. On the assumed basis of sales at one hundred dollars a day the house could afford to pay me twenty dollars a week. Even though it paid me this additional wage of a dollar thirty-three and a third cents a day, it would earn for itself an increased net profit of eight dollars a day."

The Furniture Department Put on Oxygen

"'WELL,' said I, 'the figures may be theoretical at present, but I'm willing to demonstrate their practicability if I can. If the house will pay me a salary based on these calculations I'll do my best to sell a hundred dollars' worth of furniture a day.'

"We had a long talk—the senior partner and I—during which I told him some of the things that had happened in the store. If the average proprietor could get his employees to talk to him frankly many a business would take a new spurt. I mentioned no names, but I gave the senior partner a rare glimpse back of the scenes. The result was an agreement whereby my salary was readjusted on the basis I had suggested.

"It is wonderful what a definite incentive will do to the right sort of man. From that day I became alert for selling ideas and keen for customers. I improved my personal appearance and atmosphere. I reached out for the dollars and dragged them into the store.

"Almost Everywhere I Go I See Men and Women Out of Place in Their Jobs"

"I'll be brief, for I'm not talking on the art of selling goods, but on that bigger thing—organization. I wish merely to touch on some of the things I did, for they led to important organization policies. Our furniture department had been something of a dead proposition. We had a good stock, but we lacked the quality I call 'punch.' We had row after row of polished chairs, long lines of shining tables, aisles bordered by stiff chiffoniers, and the like. To a certain extent this was unavoidable; still, when a merchant has a stock that lacks life of itself, he should use the oxygen treatment upon it. If necessary, he must use artificial respiration until it breathes. A successful business, like a successful book, must have a peculiar faculty of gripping the human mind. If you punch a man in the side when you pass him on the street he'll stop short; so, if you punch a customer with a selling idea he'll slow down in his race for your competitor's store and shy round into yours.

"I was engaged to a college girl, and the first thing I did was to enlist her help. She came down to the store and together we fitted up a college girl's room as a floor display. When we were through with it the thing was worth coming miles to see. Then our advertising man came up and talked with me, and the next day our 'ad' in the morning papers had a new flavor. Instead of inviting the public to come in and inspect cheerless rows of lifeless furniture it had an air of mystery and motion about it.

"Well, we had model living rooms, efficiency kitchens, bachelor dens and drawing rooms; one week we showed a room furnished complete for fifty dollars; the next week one that would cost a hundred; then one requiring two hundred. We had a 'Blue Room,' modeled after the one at the White House, and a reproduction of the circular office of the nation's president. You see, it's possible to do a lot of things to sell goods if the men who sell them will unlock their ideas. I've just given you a glimpse, however, of the way we punched up the people and got them coming. There wasn't a week that I didn't originate at least one selling idea—and the senior partner backed me up all through.

"For two or three weeks I fell short of my hundred dollars; then on several days I scored. Suddenly I went over a hundred. Our furniture sales picked up in a remarkable manner. For a month I averaged a hundred and fifty dollars a day. During the whole year I sold over forty thousand dollars' worth, or a daily average of about a hundred and thirty-three dollars. This was a third more than my agreement required, and the firm paid me twenty-five dollars a week for the entire year.

"Well, Sir, He Woke Up"

"Meanwhile the other furniture clerks had been taken into the game—all except Rags. You'll always find a few men in every organization who'll fail to respond to the hypodermic needle. The senior partner didn't like to fire Rags, because he had been there a long time and had twin babies at home; but there was a job vacant down in the sub-basement.

"My experiment had been the subject of a great deal of discussion among the higher executives. On numerous occasions I was called to the office during these talks and given an opportunity to take part. One day the senior partner said to me:

"'You have opened up extraordinary possibilities, young man; and, since you have demonstrated these possibilities in the furniture department, we are going to give you a broader field. We have created a new executive job, and hereafter your title will be Organization Manager. Your duties, in short, will be to get better results from the human material in this business. In order to do that, you are to work out your own ideas.'

"So, at twenty-four, I was given a desk and a salary of a hundred and fifty dollars a month. It was a huge and endless task I began—but it meant the redemption of the business.

"At first I hadn't much of a plan. It is easy to talk grandiloquently about one's organization, but to make that organization stand for anything definite is a different proposition. Once I spent half a day with a friend who was stage manager for a forthcoming spectacular musical show. I stood in the empty pit of the theater and watched the first rehearsals. The thing was all a jumble. Afterward I saw the finished production, in which each person knew his or her part; and the whole moved like an automatic machine. I know a great many business houses today that are only rehearsing. Their organizations are mere jumbles, in which few of the actors know the right steps or figures. Worst of all, their stage managers don't know the turkey-trot from the manual of arms.

"I Was Surrounded by Narrow-Minded Men, Who Influenced Me the Wrong Way"

"You see, I was the stage manager of our business. It wasn't up to me to advertise the show, or take in the money, or look after the properties. My part was to see that the actors performed their evolutions properly. So, instead of beginning with the whole big mixup, I resolved to start with one department. I selected the notions.

"First, I secured a list of all clerks at the notion counters; and then, one by one, I sent for them and had a five minutes' talk with each at my desk. My purpose was twofold—I wanted to study the clerks at first hand and I wanted to get all the ideas they could give me."

When the System Began to Work

"A FEW of them, I discovered, were not made of the material I wanted. A good stage manager picks his graceful dancers and retires the awkward squad. In the badly managed business the awkward squad is often the larger element. Almost everywhere I go I see men and women out of place in their jobs. Once a young man applied to me for a position as elevator conductor in our store. He had worked three years in that capacity in a large wholesale establishment. I was struck with his pleasant atmosphere, and his clear, convincing manner of talking. 'You don't belong in an elevator,' I told him, and gave him a salesman's job in the shoe department. Today he is the manager there. The wholesale house might have made a high-class salesman of him, but it kept him out of the running and, I have no doubt, sent out more than one road man who ought to have been in an elevator. In building an organization the thing to do first is to pick your raw material intelligently and put that material where it can do its best work. I recall one young woman, in particular, whom I discovered through my talks with the clerks in the notions. Her atmosphere was particularly agreeable and she had qualities, it seemed to me, that fitted her for work that was more productive. So I transferred her to the infant-wear section, where she was called on to meet a high-class trade. Before long she was made head of stock and raised that section to a plane never before attained.

"I'm talking just now about the notions however. I picked a new manager for that department and spent a day or two talking to him. I showed him in detail what I had done in the furniture and I told him we could accomplish as much in the notions. I put the thing up to him absolutely, and promised him a bonus that amounted to an increase of a hundred per cent in his salary if he brought the volume of sales up to the standard I fixed. All the clerks in the notion section, also, were put on a premium system.

"I haven't time to tell you in detail what this young chap did. By simplifying his arrangement of stock and making it follow an invariable rule, he did away with a tremendous loss of selling time; he made it possible for the same number of clerks to wait on seventy-five per cent more customers. He and the advertising man, together, put over all kinds of selling ideas; and we sold that year sixty per cent more notions than ever before.

"Next I took hold of the white goods; then groceries; then the stationery; then domestics—one by one I took up each of the separate activities of the store and made it dance gracefully. In charge of each I put a competent dancing-master, and I quickened the music of the whole production. I made each department head responsible for the men and women under him; showed him how to develop them, and mapped out a system by which every employee had definite and ironclad duties. You know how a flagman automatically drops off the rear of a train when it is blocked. Well, my idea was to have a railroad's scheme of organization all through.

"In the course of time I extended my work to our wholesale establishment and to our manufacturing enterprises.

(Continued on Page 34)

THE JINGO

By George Randolph Chester

ILLUSTRATED BY F. VAUX WILSON

XXXII

WHILE the gardeners and the men of Department G were picking little Keezap out of the tree with pruning knives and saws and pliers and wire-snippers, and the frightened servants were bearing the still unconscious Jimmy to the palace, attended by the Princess Bezzanna, who insisted on carrying one hand, Prince Onalyon was indulging in several varieties of a malady which has never been so well described as by the phrase "conniption fits." He had been declaring, with vehement gestures and in vociferous tones to all who might listen, and to the world in general, that he had been tricked, humiliated and disgraced; and that his revenge, when he took it, would be something so dire that the foul fiends would be glad to sit round humbly and take lessons.

It was Teddy who, abating his initial agonized anxiety about Jimmy, first became aware of the prince's active demonstration, and his first thoughtless action was to stride hastily over and clutch Onalyon securely with both hands just underneath the black beard and shake him until his tongue stuck out.

"If you use any more hasty language of that sort I'll simply scramble you!" he threatened with a tone and a look that no human being could mistake for exaggeration; and then, obeying the commands of stern inward necessity, he choked the prince again.

Onalyon accepted Teddy's earnest attentions with a much better grace than might have been imagined. He did, indeed, make a foolish demonstration with a bright and shining knife; but after Teddy had taken it away from him and politely handed it back, and slapped his face for not concealing it sooner, the prince concluded that he was too much of a gentleman to engage in public rowdyism. It occurred to him, also, that he really ought to explain his attitude in the matter.

"Did you see what she did?" demanded the prince.

"Of course I did," returned Teddy. "What of it?"

"But did you hear her?" insisted the prince. "She not only kissed him—before my very eyes and before everybody—but she called him her lover, and her sweetheart, and her husband!"

"It's a lie!" And Teddy nailed him. He was on top when they hit the ground, and he bumped the prince's head several times to obtain a solid and secure resting-place for it. "Did you hear her say it?" he demanded.

"Yes," wheezed Onalyon. "Let me up!"

"After a while," promised Teddy. "I'm not tired yet." And he took some more exercise. "Did you hear her say it?" he demanded.

"Yes!" And Onalyon made a sudden flop.

Teddy was beginning to be out of breath.

"Did you hear her say it?" he demanded later, pausing to wipe the perspiration from his brow.

"No," acknowledged Onalyon, finally convinced that he had been mistaken.

The king, who had been directing the retreating forces, returned just as Teddy was brushing off his palms.

"What's the fuss?" he inquired. "If there hadn't been so many rival attractions you two would have been making a disgraceful spectacle of yourselves."

"You won't believe it when I tell you," explained Teddy, so angry he almost frothed at the eyeballs. "Onalyon has been daring to criticise Bezzanna."

"He has?" protested the king incredulously, and he bent on Onalyon brows which were darkly knotted. "What did he say?"

"Nothing," hastily swore the prince.

Teddy, at last able to grin, looked at Onalyon in mock amazement.

"Didn't you criticise our sister?" he courteously asked.

The prince studied his reply very carefully. It was a delicate matter to decide whether to repudiate his criticism or to deny Teddy's assertion that he had made it.

"Well, no," he finally faltered—"that is, I don't think I did."

"Then I apologize," granted Teddy with great politeness, and Onalyon breathed a sigh of relief. He had answered correctly.

"He did not criticise her," Teddy informed the king.

"I'm glad it's all a mistake," returned the king; "but I am afraid, Teddy, that under the circumstances you must have been hasty." And he surveyed with interest the prince's rapidly swelling nose. "We must remember that the prince until now has been our guest." He put his hand on Teddy's shoulder.

Teddy's eyes snapped as they sought those of the king.

"Is Onalyon about to leave us?" he asked in a tone of splendidly assumed regret.

"He is going home," the king informed them both. "I have a little parting gift for him." And he handed Onalyon a plain gold bracelet clasped with a goat's head.

The prince threw the bracelet on the ground, stamped on it and strode off, cursing, in the direction of the palace. The king and Teddy breathed sighs of relief, then looked at each other doubtfully as they turned to follow him.

"Well, we're up against it," observed Teddy soberly. "What are we going to do?"

"I don't know," answered the king, sadly puzzled. "As our friend Jimmy would say, Bezzanna has spilled the beans."

"I'm for it!" maintained Teddy stoutly. "The only thing I could be sore about is that she didn't let us in on it."

"I don't believe you quite appreciate the full extent of the disaster however," worried the king.

"I don't see any disaster," objected Teddy. "Onalyon has no ammunition, no arms and no army. He's the grand giggle of Isola right this minute; and he couldn't get following enough to make a track in the snow."

"No," considered the king. "We have nothing to fear from Onalyon. He will never be able to bother us again."

"Then where's the disaster?" persisted Teddy. "It looks to me like the grand tableau! I'm glad it all happened, because, between you and me, I had intended to snake Onalyon outside and drop him off the cliff the night before the wedding."

"You have a hasty temper," chided the king. "Remember that self-control is the first mark of a gentleman. I don't mind confessing, however, that I had figured on something of the sort myself. I hadn't thought of the cliff though. I'll have to hand it to you for having a superior idea. I had thought some of tying him to an airship."

"How wasteful!" reproached Teddy; and suddenly the brothers stopped and shook hands solemnly, then came as near to a giggle as real men can. "Let's hurry," urged Teddy. "I want to see how Jimmy is."

"He's still alive and that's enough for me," responded the king. "All he needs is one breath to start on."

"He's a star!" enthusiastically commended Teddy. "You know, I'm tickled stiff that Bezzanna picked him! I wonder when they found it out?"

"The night Bezzanna was lost," answered the king gently. "They told me about it—both together—that night in my sitting room; and I gave him our sister. They were to have flown away forever as soon as Jimmy returned from this trial."

"She's a sneak!" declared Teddy indignantly. "I never gave her away in my life!"

"I forbade her to tell you." The king defended her against Teddy's righteous wrath. "If too many of us knew, even a glance might betray us, and the atmosphere of the whole house would be suspicious; but, through this accident, all my desires for Bezzanna's happiness have miscarried and I do not know now how we shall protect her and Jimmy."

"Great Scott!" suddenly exploded Teddy, and he stopped and turned pale. "They can't marry! It would mean death to both of them. By George! We'll set that absurd law aside."

"It is impossible," replied his brother sadly. "There are some things which even kings cannot do. That provision is in the ancient charter to which royalty owes its very existence; and every noble, as he comes of age, is required to sign it and to swear to uphold it with his life. When any provision of that charter fails royalty fails."

"It ought to if it upholds such fool things as that," declared Teddy. "I won't sign it."

"I Told You That Job Was Too Much For You"

"You probably will," returned the king, smiling dully; "but that does not help us out of our present dilemma."

Teddy was soberly silent for a moment and then a happy idea struck him.

"I know!" he said joyfully. "We can let them marry secretly. They'll both stay right on at the palace—and we won't ever have to lose either our Betsy or our Jimmy."

"It won't do," replied the king. "I had thought of that myself; but it would be impossible to keep the matter a secret very long nor would Jimmy sanction it. One day I should be called before the council of nobles."

"I know the rest of it!" Teddy quickly stopped him, and he trudged on silently for a while. "I don't see any way out of it, then, but for them just to keep on being sweethearts," he decided. "It's lots of fun just to be sweethearts."

The king laughed.

"It seems so to you now," he said; "but the time will come when that won't be enough. When a strong man becomes thoroughly in love, that passion becomes the center round which his entire universe revolves and to which every other consideration in life must irresistibly gravitate. It is in exactly this way that Jimmy and Bezzanna love—and they cannot be kept apart. I don't think you quite comprehend yet how large such a love can be."

"Why not?" demanded Teddy indignantly. "Haven't I Toopy?"

"I apologize," laughed the king. "Meantime, Teddy, we still have our dilemma; and it is a tragedy to which there is no end—for I shall never again consent to let Bezzanna take a seat in an airship."

"Keezap says it was his fault," defended Teddy. "He sneezed."

"And Bezzanna might forget and wave us another goodby," the king reminded him. "No, Teddy; there is no way out of our difficulty. Jimmy and Bezzanna cannot marry—nor can they live without."

"Poor Betsy!" sighed Teddy.

They stopped suddenly as they rounded the corner of the palace. Onalyon's coach of state, his liveried attendants replaced by a dozen stalwart khakied and rifled men of Department G, stood in front of the terrace. Onalyon, with his hat in his hand, was waiting by the steps to help his mother in, his usual suavity overshadowed by nervous haste. She was on the top step, bidding goodby to Aunt Gee-gee, and the two worthy ladies were conducting a stubborn contest in chin tilting.

"The Tower of Wahanita Has Been Blown Up! Five Thousand People Were Concerned in It"

XXXIII

JIMMY opened his eyes to find sitting beside him a uniquely designed patchwork of courtplaster, which bore a certain vague resemblance to a human countenance.

"Hello, sport!" hailed the apparition cheerfully, talking out of the limberest corner of its mouth.

Jimmy stared at the weird visitor in astonishment for a moment, and then he grinned.

"Why, it's Keezap, the sneezing demon of the clouds!" he laughed. "I thought they were still gathering you up!"

A swift, light step had swept across the room, to the accompaniment of a silken swish. A cool little hand was laid on Jimmy's brow and another one patted his pillow.

"You must lie quiet, Jimmy, and not talk very much," ordered the anxious voice of Bezzanna.

"Why not?" demanded Jimmy. "Is anybody sick?" Looking up into the depths of her brown eyes and smiling fondly into them, he reached for the hand on his forehead and drew it slowly down over his face.

It hurt little Keezap's neck to do it, but he turned away his head; and in that moment Jimmy deposited a rapturous kiss in the exact center of the pink little palm. Watching Keezap, she quickly pressed the other one to his lips; then dropped velvety kisses on his forehead, and eyes, and chin, and the tip of his nose—and planted a final warm one upon his mouth.

"You're to be quiet for another day," she told him with the religious adherence to schedule so annoying in conscientious nurses.

"If he isn't out mighty soon the boys of Department G will come and get him," represented Private Keezap, deeming it time to turn round again. "They're wild to see you, Jimmy; and they have a lot of schemes to get you two away from here."

"We two?" repeated Jimmy, glancing at Bezzanna; and they both blushed.

"Sure!" declared little Keezap. "We know all about it. All the men in the shops know and they are tickled crazy. There isn't a man among us wouldn't set off fireworks in the nitro factory if the princess thought it would be fun; and you know what we'd do for you, Jimmy! So, if you and the princess want to be married, you just go ahead and the Department G boys will go out and exterminate the entire nobility. They're none too popular, anyhow, if you'll believe the Daily Isolian."

"I'm afraid your plan is a trifle radical," objected Jimmy with a smile. "There are a hundred of the nobles—and some of them have large families."

"And some of them are regular fellows," added Keezap, hunting a spot in the crisscrossed bandages where he might stir up his intellect by scratching his head. "There are other ways though. The boys are figuring they might blast a passage out through the reefs."

"It would take all the resources of Isola and five years of time to do it!" replied Jimmy.

"We might tunnel under the mountains," suggested Keezap hopefully.

"Same answer," smiled Jimmy. "I'd have started on that six months ago if there had been a chance."

"We'll build a bigger airship," offered little Keezap desperately. "If that won't do you, Jimmy, I'm afraid we're at the end of our string, for we've covered earth, water and air."

"We're at the end of our string then," Jimmy sadly assured him; "for an airship won't do until we invent some way of hitting the ground easier. I've promised the king never to try that method again, and I'm not so keen about it myself. When I left America the aviators in the cemetery outnumbered those in the air about four to one. I don't mind taking a chance myself, but for Bezzanna——" He stopped and softly patted the hand which lay in his own.

Keezap had been looking out of the window in distressed speculation, but suddenly his unbandaged eye took on a look of keen amazement; and rising painfully but hurriedly to his feet he hobbled over to the window on one crutch, Bezzanna hurrying after him and propping the other one under his arm.

"What is it?" demanded Jimmy, rising to his elbow.

"Jimmy!" screamed Bezzanna. "Lie down!" And she hurried to make him do so.

"Airships!" gasped Keezap. "Three—no, four!"

"Coming this way?" asked Jimmy, who did not know that Bezzanna was pushing him. He put his arm round her shoulders, though, and patted her for being there.

"Lickety-split!" replied Keezap, his voice thrilling with excitement.

"The prince couldn't have secured airships," mused Jimmy; and even Bezzanna straightened up at that horrible suggestion.

"No!" returned Keezap scornfully. "He couldn't secure anything any more. These airships have strange flags painted on their wings, and one of them is American."

Jimmy lay down, very much exhausted.

"Get me a fresh drink, won't you, Bezzanna, please?" he begged.

"Tell me the truth," she demanded, looking him in the eye. "You're going to get up!"

"I was going to fight it off; but, since you mention it, I think I'll have to," he told her.

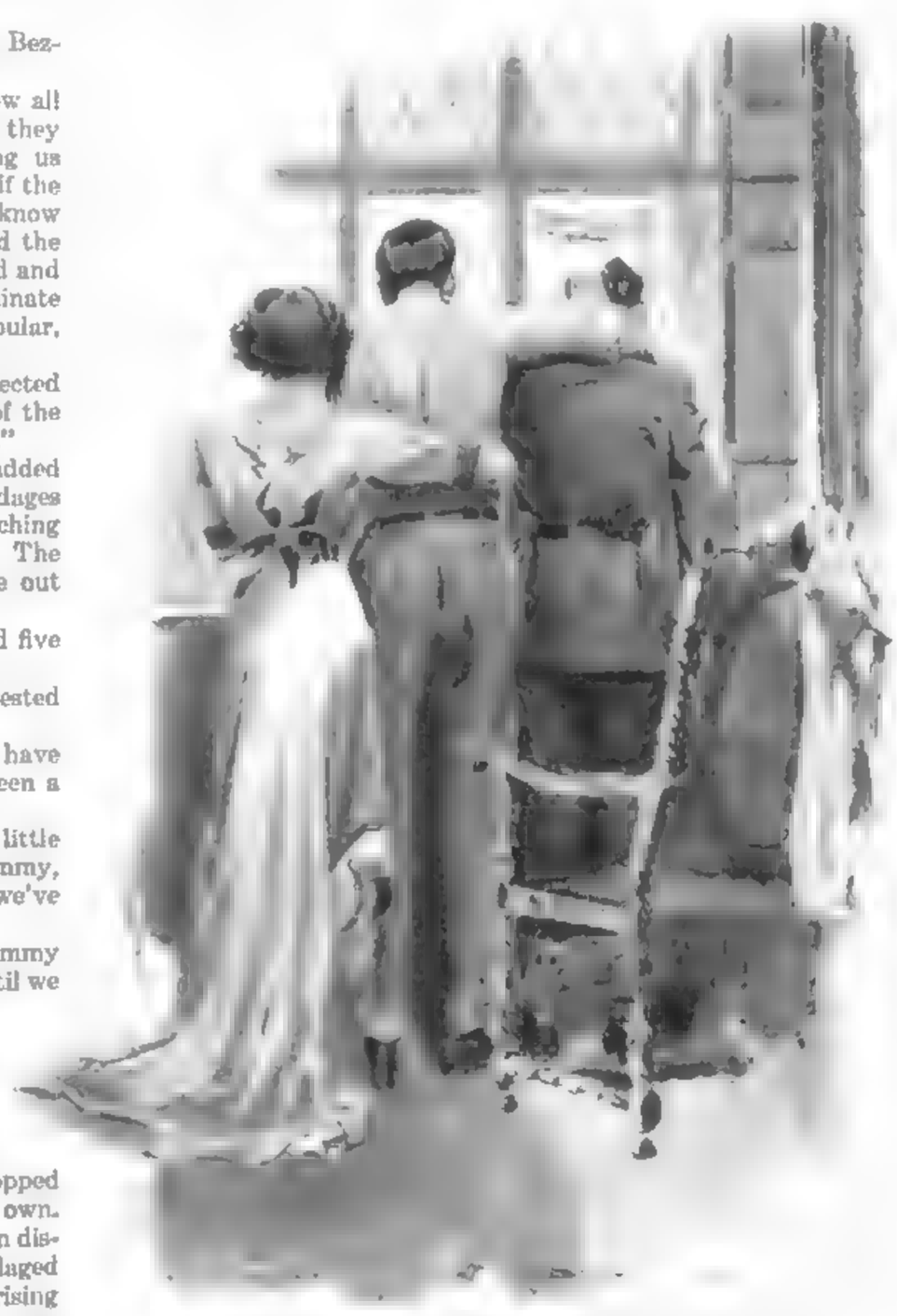
"I'm so afraid you'll hurt yourself," she worried, and ran to the window. She suddenly clapped her hands. "It's a race, Jimmy, and the American ship's in the lead!" she cried. "I'll get you that drink right away." Before she went, however, she laid his clothes on the chair beside his bed and kissed him and rumpled his hair. "I'd have to get up myself if I was dying!" she said, and ran off.

Jimmy was leaning against one embrasure of the window and Keezap against another, and they were holding to each other for support when Bezzanna came in without the water.

"It's glorious!" she exulted, standing beside Jimmy and putting her arm round him to hold him up. "They're coming right over the palace. Oh, look! One is having an accident."

The rear one had suddenly tilted sidewise, and now it dropped straight down toward the earth. Bezzanna uttered a scream of horror. Before it reached the ground, however, the machine righted itself and descended in a long, low sweep, apparently into the river. The others came swiftly on, passing the palace so near that the whir of their motors could be heard.

The trio watched for a long time, and finally the missing machine rose into the air and resumed its journey. The telephone bell rang and Dymp Haplee was overjoyed to hear Jimmy's voice.



"It's Glorious! They're Coming Right Over the Palace. Oh, Look! One is Having an Accident"

"Why, old Yankee Doodle!" yelled Dymp, "I heard you were laid away in camphor for a month to come; but I might have guessed better. What do you know about these airships?"

"It's an international race," explained Jimmy; "and the American's machine is in the lead."

"Of course it would be!" agreed Dymp; "but what about the others?"

"The second one was French, the third English—I'm not able yet to make out the one which dropped and is now coming toward us."

Dymp laughed.

"The aviator was a puffy-faced fellow with yellow hair and a yellow mustache which stuck straight up; and he talked a language at first that sounded like a saxophone gargling its throat."

"German," guessed Jimmy with a chuckle. "Could you make out what he wanted?"

"Oh, yes, he spoke a little American too. He asked for gasoline and beer, and he went away angry."

"That's because he didn't get the beer," decided Jimmy. "Is that all he had to say?"

"He asked a lot of questions," responded Dymp. "He wanted to know the name of the place and the name of its ruler, its religion, population, resources—and why we had never heard of beer. Say, Jimmy, are you strong enough to hold the 'phone and give me an interview? I want to know where all these countries probably are in their relation to the location of Isola, their rulers, population and resources."

"I'll write the interview myself," offered Jimmy, "and send it down to you with a photograph of an airship."

"Good boy!" applauded Dymp. "By-the-way, Jimmy, you want to see my slashing editorials this afternoon on the selfishness of the nobility and the fool laws in the royal charter."

"Stop it, you anarchist!" ordered Jimmy. "We've had distraction enough for the week before the opening of the second baseball season. Your editorials, in the last three days, along that line have been too dangerous to strike a match near them."

"The mission of the Daily Isolian is to protect the oppressed," declared Dymp solemnly. "If we get the oppressed stirred up enough I ought to get some good news out of it."

The king walked in as Jimmy was hanging up the receiver.

"It seems that you've started an airship craze all over the world, Jimmy," he remarked pleasantly as he shook hands with Keezap and slipped his arm about Bezzanna's waist.

"There isn't a joke in me," declared Jimmy. "Your peaceful isolation is gone. A man out of the world which is greedy for territory and which recognizes no law but strength has gone away to say that you are here—and rich! I wouldn't give a canceled postage stamp for your kingdom!"

XXXIV

AT TWO o'clock in the morning old Amyah pounded on the king's door and heard the almost simultaneous thump of feet on the floor.

"Fire?" demanded the king, appearing in the doorway with a chemical extinguisher in each hand.

"No, sir," replied Amyah. "Mr. Jimmy wants to see you. I tried to get you on the telephone, but when I am first awakened I always have trouble with the switchboard."

"Is anything wrong?" asked the king, setting down his fire extinguishers and grabbing an armful of clothes.

"No, sir," returned Amyah, rubbing his gray head in perplexity. "He was laughing when I left him. Lord Haplee had been talking with him over the telephone about half an hour before, and I had dropped asleep again by Mr. Jimmy's bedside."

"I told you that job was too much for you," chided the king kindly as he followed Amyah down the hall; "but you would insist on having it."

"Mr. Jimmy has been very good to me," mumbled Amyah apologetically, and returned to the king's room to straighten up his bed so that it would be fresh when he came back to it.

Jimmy was still laughing when the king arrived; and with a sublime disregard of his still aching bruises he had pushed under the light the library table, which had been shoved aside during his illness, and was spreading upon it writing materials.

"I have some startling news for you," he stated. "Wahanita's Tower has just been blown up. Dymp Haplee tells me you couldn't find enough of it to sand the floor of a birdcage! Do you mind if I dress?"

"Certainly not," assented the king, with mechanical graciousness, but he plumped into a chair, still hugging his armful of clothes, and batted his eyes while he thought over this act of vandalism.

"Does he know who did it?"

"A mob, estimated at from one to five thousand," stated Jimmy, pulling on his socks. "Dymp says it's the power of the press. He's tickled stiff!"

"I don't understand it," puzzled the king, rising and pulling on a pair of trousers he had found in the tangle of clothing. "It is an act of public defiance!"

"Well, it seems to be a little touch of sentiment on the part of the people," asserted Jimmy diffidently, dragging his own trousers on over his pajamas and stepping neatly into his slippers with the same motion, which betrayed him as a man who had reduced conservation of energy to a fine art. "It appears that your devoted subjects obtained the idea, somehow, through the Daily Isolian, that the princess was in danger; so they just got up a little impromptu demonstration to show her popularity."

A lanky figure in gray trousers and blue pajama waist, and wearing one black and one brown slipper, bounded in at the door.

"What's the trouble?" he demanded, trying to scramble into a coat which had one sleeve turned inside out. "My telephone bell rang."

Old Amyah pulled his beard.

"The Tower of Wahanita has been blown up!" stated the king, as one still unable to comprehend his own news.

(Continued on Page 35)

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PHILADELPHIA, JUNE 29, 1912

The Work of Congress

WHEN Congress assembled in December the general expectation was that it would do nothing, as a presidential campaign was pending and the two houses were of different parties. This expectation has not been wholly justified. Surveying the Record with care, we descry here and there in the limitless welter of words—like coral reefs that just thrust their crests above the vast bosom of the Pacific—a little something actually done: Abrogation of the Russian treaty, the Children's Bureau Bill, the Pensions Bill. And away along in May the Senate considered the case of William Lorimer—against the earnest advice of its ablest members.

The national conventions and summer were nigh, they argued; the baseball season had opened promisingly; the winter and spring had been mostly spent in amiable dalliance, without a word of protest from the public—now that the people had so much else to occupy their minds, why recklessly invite attention to Washington by debating a case that everybody was interested in?

There was no end of such reliable subjects as Incroachments Upon the Legislative Branch of the Government by the Executive Branch; or How Initiative, Referendum and Recall are Destroying Liberty. Why not fill up the interval to adjournment by enriching the Record with a few additional tons of debate on those subjects? They pointed out that for a month the existence of Congress had been so completely forgotten that scarcely ten lines concerning its proceedings had appeared in the newspapers. Why not talk in our sleep a while longer?—they reasoned. What Congress did could have been done in six weeks. What it did not do required six months.

Prices Still Go Upward

IN MAY commodity prices in the United States reached the highest level ever recorded, and the tendency was toward yet grander heights. A graphic chart that shows the course of prices, as compiled by the Bureau of Labor, during the last fifteen years looks like the profile of "some tall cliff that . . . midway leaves the storm." There is a dent near the top, made by the panic of 1907. Every grocer's bill today, however, mocks the view then commonly expressed that prices would decline permanently; in fact, the steep upslant began again with the very opening of 1908 and continued into 1911. Last year the anxious housewife was once more momentarily cheered by a down grade. Food was higher than ever; but Chairman Gary's famous dinners had lost their charm and there was wholesale price-cutting in the metals schedule. This year that temporary lapse has been practically overcome. Prices of the leading metals have been quite steadily advancing, while there has been enough actual and prospective crop damage to keep the chief cereals on a price level higher than that of a year ago.

Taking commodity prices as a whole, all previous records have already been broken; and it looks decidedly as though still more dazzling summits would be attained before Christmas.

About the beginning of 1907, when the tremendous advance in prices and consequent increase in cost of living first attracted very widespread attention, there was a common conviction that a permanent decline would shortly come. It was demonstrated, in fact, that, with prices at such a height, there was not money enough to go round; liquidation and reaction would follow automatically. No thoughtful observer nowadays can console himself with any such opinion. High prices promise to continue indefinitely. Instead of scanning the horizon for something that will rescue us from High Cost of Living, it is the part of wisdom to accept him as a permanent guest and adjust the household accordingly.

Master and Servant

MR. THOMAS, whose initials have escaped us, belongs to the Foremen's Union. Having no employment as a foreman, he was put to work as a lighterman, but refused to join the Lightermen's Union. Whereupon six thousand union lightermen employed in the port of London went on strike. The second day following, the Transport Workers' Federation, which embraces the Lightermen's Union, the Carmen's Union, the Sailors and Firemen's Union and some others, declared a strike in support of the lightermen. Thus at the beginning of June more than a hundred and twenty thousand men, upon whose labor London is partly dependent for her daily food, were idle. Ships laden with fruit, butter, eggs and other perishable edibles lay untouched at the docks.

Two thousand policemen were detailed to guard transportation of dietary articles, and the British government issued a solemn warning that it would, "if necessary, use all the resources at its disposal to insure a continued food supply."

This is a British example, but strictly applicable to the United States. Meanwhile, as Ethelbert Stewart lately pointed out, our whole legislative machinery, in the main, regards labor from the master-and-servant point of view of Blackstone and Coke—as though a labor dispute could hardly be anything more serious to society than a quarrel between a master carpenter and one of his four apprentices. Somebody, like Mr. Thomas, touches the wrong button and a huge federation, with power to starve a city, or to stop numberless factories by withholding the coal supply, goes out of gear.

What sort of "servant" is that? And the "master" has become a corporation with a hundred thousand stockholders, operating in forty states!

We question the prevalent theory that nothing can be done about the capital-and-labor problem except to stand aside and let them fight it out. True, not much has been done; but a theory that man could not cross the Atlantic was plausible enough until Columbus sailed.

China and Gotham

MONTHS of careful negotiating culminated in May when financiers of Great Britain, Germany, France, Russia, Japan and the United States, meeting in London, arranged the terms for financing China. The bankers—this country being represented by J. P. Morgan & Co. and Kuhn, Loeb & Co.—are to lend the Oriental republic three hundred million dollars, in installments extending over several years, to build railroads, make other improvements and in general set the Celestial nation on its feet in the fiscal way. Shortly after the London meeting, negotiations between the city of New York and the Interborough Rapid Transit Company ended in an agreement whereby Gotham will get a much-needed extension of subway and surface transportation facilities. The agreement will involve an outlay of approximately three hundred and twenty-five million dollars, and the firm of J. P. Morgan & Co. has given the undertaking a start by purchasing a hundred and seventy million first-mortgage transit bonds. Thus it takes more capital to get the inhabitants of Gotham from Flatbush to the Bronx than it does to run China, with some four hundred millions of population. Imperial Rome got on very handily with a revenue rather smaller than that enjoyed by the gas company in a first-class American city. Twenty-five million pounds was considered a staggering annual disbursement for Great Britain at the time of the American Revolution. The city of New York alone now thinks little of spending more than that by about half.

As civilization advances, the employment of money progresses in geometrical ratio. By the time Russia becomes a republic an investment of a thousand million dollars will be required to provide St. Petersburg with ice. If Socialists are to dig the grave of capital they should hasten—otherwise the bed of the Atlantic will be too small for the corpse.

Crazy Government Statistics

ONE department at Washington solemnly assures you—at the public's expense—that the number of swine in the United States increased during the last census period by ten million head, or nearly thirty per cent. Another department tells you that the number of swine, in the same period, decreased by nearly five million head, or seven and seven-tenths per cent. In the official Statistical Abstract—repeating the figures of the Department of Agriculture—you will find that the number of cattle on farms made the prodigious increase of twenty-five million head, or more than fifty per cent, and you probably will entertain pleasing illusions about a coming drop in the price of beefsteak.

If you go up the Avenue to the Census Bureau of the Department of Commerce and Labor, however, you will be told that the number of cattle decreased six and one-half million head, or over nine per cent. One set of Government figures gives an increase of fifteen million head in the number of sheep; the other gives a decrease of ten million head.

After 1900, it is true, the Department of Agriculture made an attempt to bring its figures within hailing distance of those of the census; but the old figures for that year are carried forward, and the ridiculous contradiction certainly lessens the usefulness to the country of both sets of figures.

The statistical situation at Washington, as between the Bureau of the Census and the Department of Agriculture, is boneheaded in the highest degree. These two offices are compiling figures on the same subjects and publishing them under the seal of the Government. The figures conflict all along the line and no attempt worth mentioning is made to reconcile them.

What private concern would pay two sets of men to contradict each other?

Violence and Reaction

A LEARNED Southerner has written a book intended to prove that an extensive and growing sentiment was carrying the South toward voluntary abolition of slavery, but bitter denunciation by Northern abolitionists provoked bitter resentment until Southern feeling became so inflamed that peaceful emancipation was impossible. No doubt there was a violence in the abolition movement that did the cause no good, for violence always tends to provoke reaction and defeat itself. After the executions that resulted from the Haymarket bomb-throwing, Chicago congratulated herself and was generally congratulated upon having signally discouraged anarchism. However, a university professor who can speak with authority on the subject has recently said:

"A pamphlet issued by the anarchists, containing the speeches of the condemned men and some documents issued later on by Governor Altgeld, has been translated into nearly every civilized tongue, and is the chief anarchist propaganda document. I am reasonably sure that this pamphlet played no small rôle in the mental development of Czolgosz."

When the Lawrence police, in subservience to highly conservative opinion, forcibly prevented strikers from sending their children out of town they were really insuring victory for the strikers.

From time to time some American community—San Diego being the latest example—resorts to violence, with a mistaken notion that social order is somehow to be preserved thereby. In every case this is a play into the hands of the enemies of social order.

The English View of Libel

IN A SOMEWHAT diluted form we could use the English law of libel in this country to immense advantage. Broadly speaking, the law is that you have great latitude of statement in discussing a man's public character; but if you touch his private character, look out! The other day, for example, the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council delivered judgment in an appealed libel case.

A newspaper had published a cartoon of an eminent colonial politician surrounded by such amiable mottoes as Ananias, Tammany, Dead Men's Characters. The trial jury held that this cartoon was of a strictly political character, hence not libelous. The highest appellate tribunal upheld this view, dismissing the appeal and assessing costs against the appellant. An English magazine, however, recently printed a string of satirical verses about Clodius—the last lines running:

"How cleverly he homeward stole and broke his prison and parole." Winston Churchill, First Lord of the Admiralty, promptly sued for libel, alleging that Clodius meant himself and the verses falsely charged him with having broken his parole during the Boer War. As the magazine at once printed an ample apology he did not ask for money damages. Justice Darling held that the verses were libelous, constituting not only a civil but a criminal offense, and pointedly suggested that any one who repeated the libel would get into jail.

The English hold that an unconvicted man's private character belongs to himself. The American view is that the newspapers may say whatever they please about the private character and personal affairs of people who are not in public life at all.

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

The Man Behind Clark

IT MAKES no difference whether Mr. Champ Clark champs or is champed at the Baltimore convention. That event is in the dim distance as these thoughts are unleashed. The fact of importance, at the moment, is not what Mr. Clark's fate shall be, but that Mr. Clark will have a fate.

Whatever the outcome, all will admit that as an ante-convention candidate Mr. Clark created considerable of a stir. Granting this, we come inevitably to the inquiry: Who stirred the stir? The answer is the plot of this narrative; also the moral. Likewise it is big with the reply to the thrilling question: Can an ex-politician come back? Reverting to the gold convention of 1896, where they nominated Palmer and Buckner, I use for a response those immortal words of the Indiana statesman who charged down the center aisle shouting: "Mr. Chairman, the time and the hour and the man has came."

It's true. A politician who disappeared into the murk some eleven years ago has come back, come back with even less noise than he made when he vanished—which is practically no noise at all—and played the Clark shoestring up to the shoe store that will be either enlarged or dismantled at Baltimore, as the case may be. Not overlooking Fred Dubois or Senator Bill Stone, of Missouri, who have noiseless attributes not to be despised, I call your attention to R. F. Pettigrew, of South Dakota, the lean, cadaverous, whiskered, saturnine R. F. Pettigrew, who was one time frequent in the dispatches, who has been in the high grass for eleven years, and who is the astute person who caused most of this Champ Clark commotion before the convention.

You had forgotten Pettigrew? Surely! Nearly everybody had forgotten Pettigrew, but Pettigrew hadn't forgotten anybody. You observed the progress of the Clark campaign? You saw how the Speaker grubbed delegates hither and yon, to the intense disgust of many other candidates whether to his ultimate success or not? You saw Clark carrying a good many states? You wondered why? Well, cease to wonder. One of the principal reasons was Pettigrew, of South Dakota.

Every Time He Flitted Something Happened

Along in ninety-nine and early in nineteen hundred most of the newspapers carried headlines once or twice a week: "Pettigrew Assails McKinley"; "Pettigrew Denounces Imperialism"; "Pettigrew Attacks Hanna." That was when Pettigrew was a United States senator, and the headlines conveyed a conservative intimation of the truth. Whenever nothing else was stirring, Senator Pettigrew could be relied upon to arise in his place and, after stroking his whiskers a few times the right way, begin to stroke the Philippine policy of the Administration the wrong way. Rarely gifted with a supply of objurgation, animadversion, deprecation, condemnation, rebuke and censure, he displayed all his wares each time he rose to speak. He was bitter, oh, bitter as all get out! Then he got out himself, owing to circumstances back home over which he had no control, and the expression "to pettigrew" became obsolete, and everybody thought he had become so too.

Flitting and Gliding Through Political Mazes

YOU see, Pettigrew was one of that intense but in-bad band of patriots who walked dramatically out of the convention in St. Louis, in 1896, when Mr. Hanna and Mr. Platt and a few others refused to declare for the free and unlimited coinage of silver, at the ratio of sixteen to one, without the aid or consent of any other nation, falling in on that celebrated occasion with Senator Teller, of Colorado, Fred Dubois, Frank Cannon, Charley Towne and some others, who decided it was free silver or bust with them, and all of whom busted in the natural course of events.

Pettigrew had been a Republican senator but this was too much. He could not stand the ignominy of a gold platform or a gold standard or a gold anything. The whole situation was argentiferous to him. So he became a Silver Republican and oozed gradually into the Democratic party, playing a short engagement as a Populist while on the way. He concluded his senatorial term as a Democrat, and his Democracy concluded him. However, as his term did not expire until 1901, he had plenty of opportunity to tell Mark Hanna just what kind of a hairpin he considered him, and he did, to the great discomfort of Mr. Hanna but to the delight of the galleries and some people on the floor whose names need not be mentioned at this writing.

Then, as has been mentioned, he effaced himself. But when the campaign of Champ Clark began, a tall thin man, wearing scraggly whiskers slightly streaked with gray, and a square-topped hat, might have been observed flitting back and forth, hither and thither, hence and thence. That was Pettigrew. And about every time he flitted something happened that gave the Clark press-agents exceeding cheer. Also, each time he glode unostentatiously into the Ebbitt House, he brought with him a few prime samples of politics that were used to advantage by the Clark outfit. Nobody paid much attention to him. He let the other boys have the publicity, but he delivered the goods. Let "yea verily" be recorded as the answer to the query, Can an ex-politician come back? Pettigrew came back and made the other Democratic politicians engaged in supplying strategy for other Democrats look like strangers in the congressional poker game.

Pettigrew went to Dakota in 1869 and worked as a laborer on the Government survey. He became a surveyor himself and worked at that, with real estate as a sideline in Sioux Falls, until he began to practice law. He was a member of the territorial legislature for a few terms and represented the territory as a delegate and a Republican in the Forty-seventh Congress. All this time he was playing politics—getting his hand in, so to speak. He was in the territorial council in 1884 and 1885, and during the seesawing at the time of the division of the territory into the present states of North and South Dakota he was active in South Dakota affairs.

It was then he really showed how much of a politician he is, and how effectively he can keep things to himself. Details are not important, but in one of the fights Pettigrew held a caucus of one hundred and forty-five delegates in a church, decided on a course of action, and kept the whole affair secret for two days when everybody was trying to find out what he had in mind. Then he voted his one hundred and forty-five delegates as he saw fit, and ultimately gathered in the United States senatorship. He took his seat in December, 1889, and served two full terms—or twelve years—retiring as a Democrat after his free silver experiences.

He wasn't popular in the Senate in the later days of his term. The Republicans were in full power, and the Aldrich-Allison-Hale-Spooner machine was working without a slip. Pettigrew rasped that band of patriots, rasped and raked them, sneered at them, flayed them, satirized them—he certainly was very mean to them. Not many of them tried to come back at him, for Pettigrew could be meaner than any of them when he wanted to, which was about every time he felt called upon to speak. Besides, he was usually well fortified with facts, and when a man has facts and is mean with them, what recourse has a patriot except silent contempt? So they resorted to silent contempt, and Pettigrew went along and his contempt was not of the silent kind.

When he first went into the Senate he was reasonably regular in his Republicanism, but he had an independent streak in him and gave the old leaders some uncomfortable hours. They all recognized his ability and they all feared his tongue. He was—and is—a quiet, unobtrusive sort of a person, but shrewd. Still, when he had anything to say he said it. There was that time when he wanted to go away for a few weeks. He looked the Senate over and settled on Senator Wilkinson Call, of Florida.

"Call," he said, "I've got to go away for a time. I want to pair with you."

"Why with me?" asked Call.

"Oh," retorted Pettigrew, "you are more likely to be wrong on every question than any man I know of."

Pettigrew is a Westerner, and he lived out yonder for more than thirty years; but he looks like a Yankee, talks like a Yankee, thinks like a Yankee, and has every bit of the shrewdness they tell us the real Yankees have. Still, that isn't to be wondered at. You see, he was born in Vermont, which explains some things. Also, if the Democrats are successful in his state, kindly observe the name and address of the senator who succeeds one or the other of the present incumbents. Said name and address are likely to be R. F. Pettigrew, of Sioux Falls; the same being the object of the come-back.

A Successful Interview

THE late Arthur McEwan, when he was working on a San Francisco newspaper, was attracted by the activities of a politician who was vulgar, illiterate and hideously ungrammatical in his method of expression. McEwan looked up this man and had a talk with him. Then he went back to the office and wrote the interview in the most perfect English, brilliant, polished, and crammed the story full of classical allusions, quotations and big words. It was a most scholarly production and McEwan considered the satire great. Next day McEwan had a call from the politician. "I wanter thank yez for that interview," he said. "It's bully. Just what I said. You must be a grand shorthand reporter."

A Plain Give-Away

TWO Taft men were discussing the political attitude of a well-known Republican National Committeeman a fortnight before the Chicago convention.

"How does he stand?" asked one.

"Oh, I guess he's switched to Roosevelt!"

"What makes you think that?"

"Well, I heard him talking about deciding the contests for delegates on their merits, and a lot of other blamed treachery like that."

A Mighty Good Horse

COL. AMOS McCAMPBELL, of Harrodsburg, Kentucky, while at a race track, was approached by a negro tout who strongly urged a horse to win the next race.

The colonel is short and very stout. The tout was enthusiastic, but the colonel did not appear to be impressed.

Finally, in desperation, the tout said: "Why, Cunnel Amos, look hyah. Dis hoss is so good today yo' yo'self could ride him an' win wif him."

And the colonel put down a bet.

His Choice of Weapons

JOHN P. IRISH, of San Francisco, was counsel before the State Department in the matter of a claim of an American client against one of the Latin-American republics.

The Latin republic didn't want to pay, and there was a long dispute, during which the representative of the southern country claimed Irish had put a stain on his honor and said he intended to challenge Irish to a duel.

John Hay, then Secretary of State, told Irish about the affair and asked: "What will you do, Irish?"

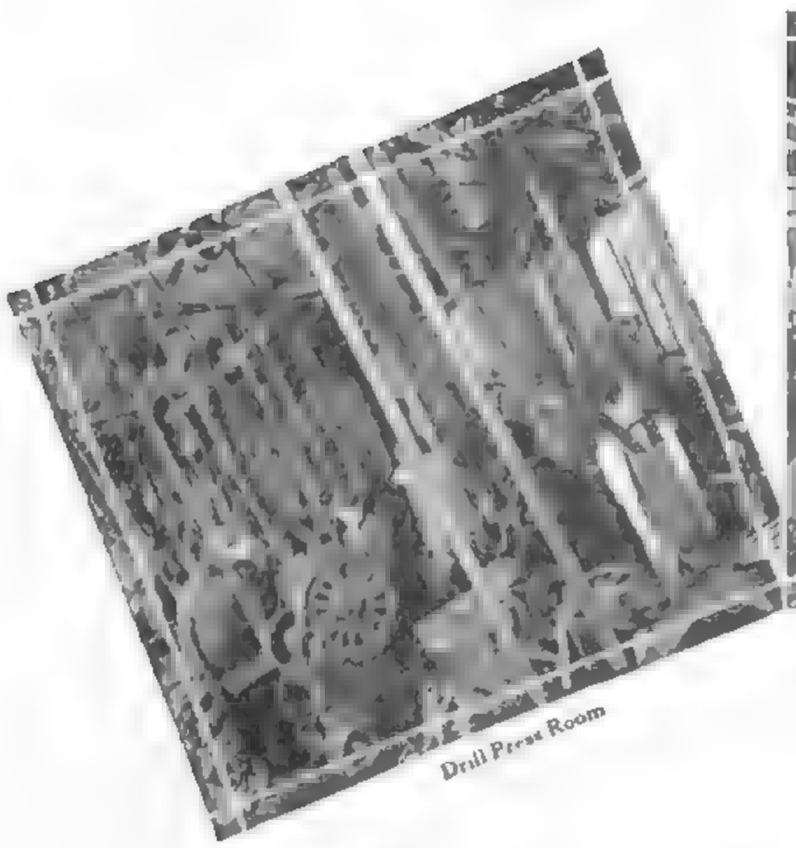
"Accept it, of course."

"Accept it?"

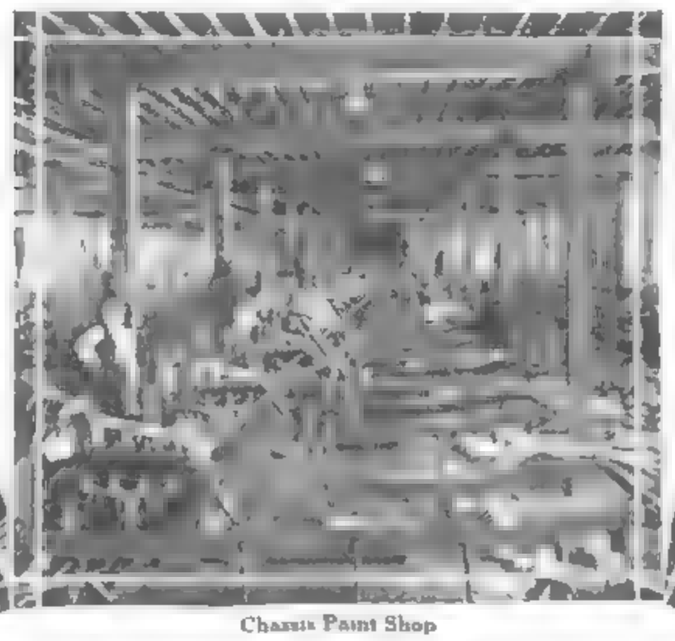
"Certainly, and I shall name the weapons."

"What weapons shall you choose."

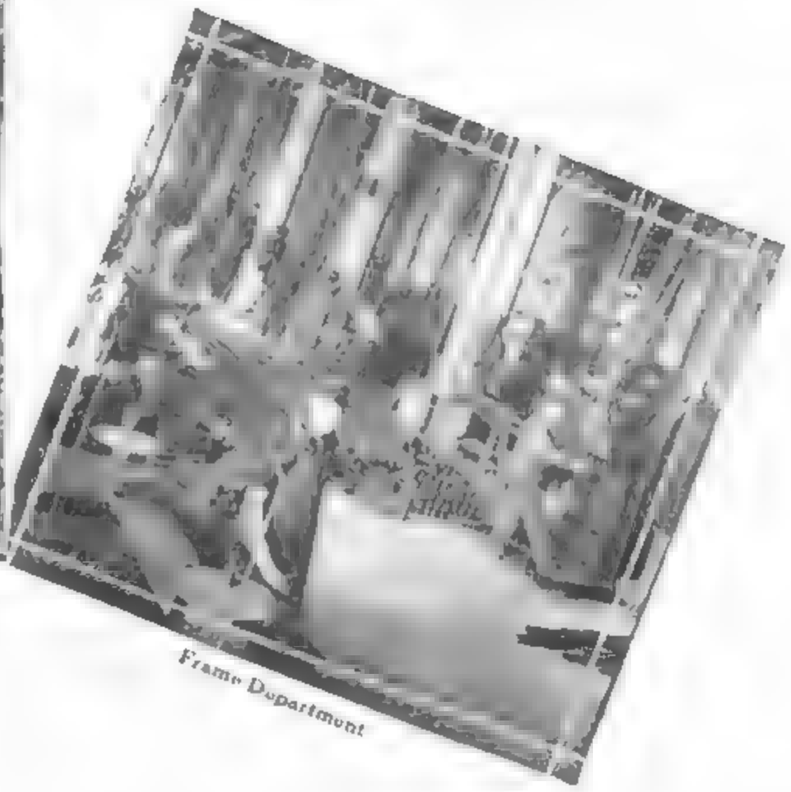
"Feet," exclaimed Irish. "Good Iowa feet, the kind I was born with; and I'll kick that diplomatist down the street until the police interfere with the proceedings."



Drill Press Room



Chassis Paint Shop



Frame Department

Overland

What Is Meant by Production Efficiency

YOU have often watched a gang of men at work on some small job, and wondered why it was necessary for so many men to accomplish such a small task. It wasn't. But, lacking proper direction, they did the best they could, which is generally very costly.

Just as it has been proven that bricks can be laid with five motions per brick instead of eighteen; that one man can handle seventeen tons of pig iron in a day instead of thirteen; that five locomotives can be built where three were built before—so can the great Overland plants produce an automobile of equal or better quality and more of them, at less cost per car, than factories not so well equipped.

Economy is efficiency. That which is most efficient is most economical for the consumer and most productive for the worker. We claim to have perfected not only the greatest organization in the business, but by simplifying ways and means, by cutting out all lost motion and wasted time, and by minimizing working space, we believe we have actually placed the entire production end of our business on a more economical, effective and efficient basis than any other plant in the industry.

Three things are necessary to make the big output prove a success. Efficiency is gained by effective methods—not just by big operations which are permitted to go astray. First, there must be an unrestricted output; second, a simple set of standard shop methods for every man in the plant; and third, harmony and co-operation throughout the entire organization.

On these pages are a few interior views of our plants. We show these to picture and prove our great equipment. Study them a moment. They illustrate the best in the industry—everything that is modern and economical. No small plant can afford a like equipment. It would be impractical.

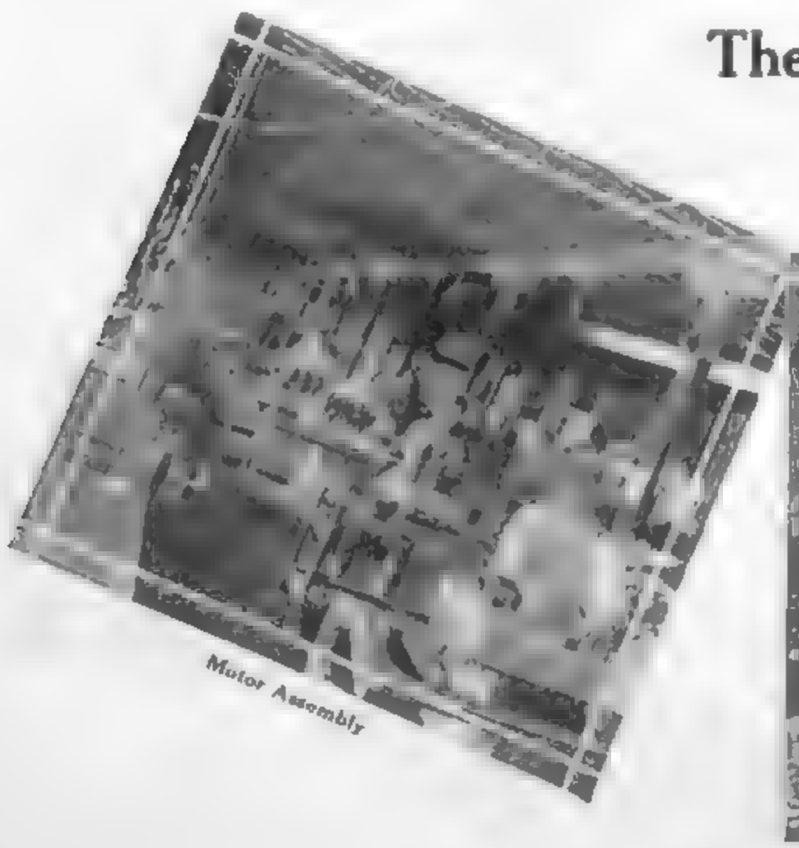
All this is due to a huge production. Making over 25,000 cars a year (the greatest production of its kind in the world) we can buy, produce and market at the least possible expense. The Willys-Overland Company has no long list of directors. Every share of stock is owned by the President—John N. Willys. He controls and directs.

The few following facts show what is possible in an automobile plant of great production, where efficient methods of manufacturing are highly developed:

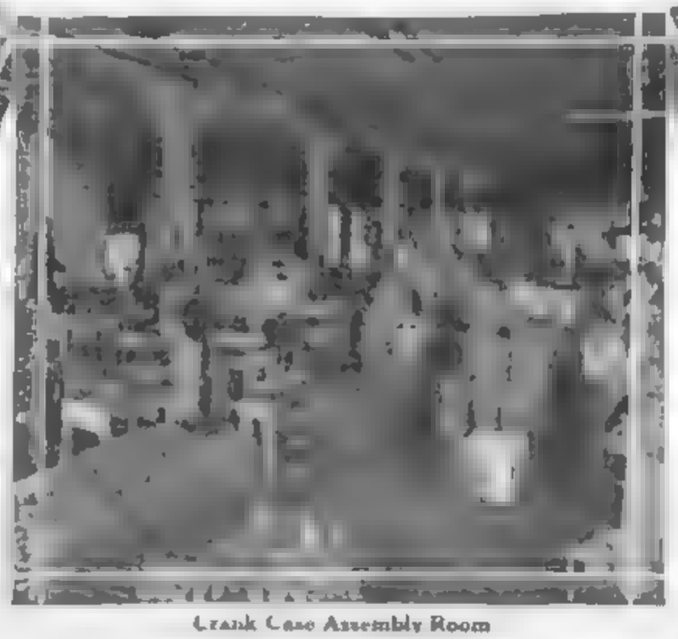
We employ over 5000 men. The plants cover eighty acres of floor space. Our drop forge plant and machine shops are the largest in the industry. Millions of dollars are invested in automatic machinery alone—the greatest time and money savers ever invented.

The Willys-Overland Company

Toledo, Ohio



Motor Assembly

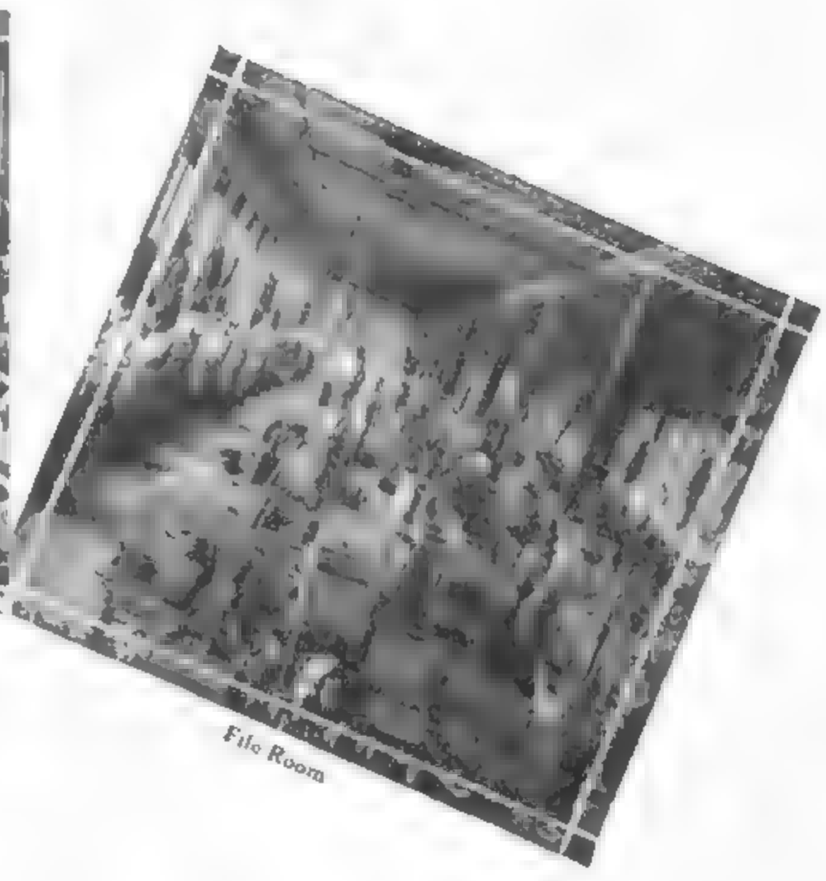


Crank Case Assembly Room

Drop Forge

Motor Assembly

Chassis Drying Room



File Room

Overland

as Applied to a Huge Automobile Plant

FOR examples of special equipment, only practical in a plant of large size, there is—an Olsen tensile strength testing machine of 100,000 lbs. capacity; one of the latest improved White-Souther endurance testing machines; an Olsen spring testing machine having a capacity of 6000 lbs. In the drilling department there is automatic machinery which drills 32 bores at one time. In many plants these holes are drilled in separately, so that in the time a less finely equipped plant turns out one drilled piece the Overland turns out thirty-two. This is efficiency.

In the sheet metal department you will find huge automatic punch presses, which stand 23 feet high. Here, also, you will find giant presses, which, at one swoop, transform a flat piece of sheet metal into an accurately and properly shaped frame side member. The machine used for pressing out the cross members of the frame, and also for punching the hole in the brake drums, weighs 49,000 lbs., almost 25 tons.

The machine which is used for drawing out the brake drums is still larger, weighing 42½ tons. This machine exerts 2,000,000 lbs. pressure and turns out 2000 brake drums a day. You will find a dry kiln capable of storing a million and a quarter feet of lumber.

And all of this gives you but a faint idea of the huge proportions and broad scale on which we manufacture.

As we have so many times pointed out, a car is known and judged by the factory that produces it—so do the fitness and economy of a car measure up with the efficiency and size of the plant at which it is made.

Our Models 60 and 61 are sold at $1200 and $1500. In Model 60 will be found practically every important part, point and feature of any $1500 car made. It seats five passengers; has a 35 horsepower motor; pressed steel frame, with a single drop; selective transmission, three speeds and reverse, fitted with the best bearings; a drop forged I-section front axle, fitted with the famous Timken bearings; lamps, tools and everything complete. This, according to current market value, is a $1500 car. Our price—$1200.

Model 61 at $1500 is an $1800 value. It has a 45 horsepower motor; seats five people; wheel base 115 inches; selective transmission, fitted with the fine F. & S. annular bearings; Bosch magneto; full floating rear axle, fitted with Timkens; pressed steel frame, double drop; 34x4 Q. D. tires; and is finished in dark Brewster green with all bright parts heavily nickel plated. Will you find this car under $1800? Our price—$1500. And this is only possible for the detailed reasons given above. The Overland is the most finely finished and most economically produced, popular priced car in America.

There is an Overland dealer in your city. Look him up and see the full line.

Handsome catalogue A 26 on request.

The Willys-Overland Company

Toledo, Ohio

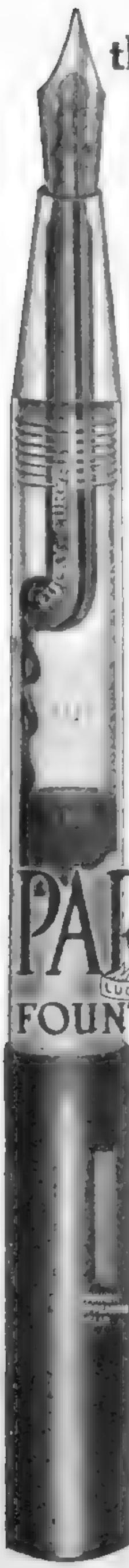
Body Department

Body Frame Department

Final Assembly Room

Capillary Attraction

Keeps the Parker from Leaking



WHEN you set your fountain pen in your vest pocket, point up, Gravity pulls most of the ink down into the reservoir. But *Capillary Attraction* holds some ink in the feed tube.

When your body heat—98 degrees—gets to the air in the pen, that air expands and belches up through that inky feed tube; blows ink out under the pen point; musses the writing end of the pen, and your fingers when you remove the cap.

Do you see why ordinary fountain pens are *compelled* to leak and smear?

But the Parker Pen is compelled to *not leak*.

The Parker, you see, has a *curved* feed tube, the tip of which touches the barrel. Note X-ray photo on left. That touch starts a *downward* Capillary Attraction which pulls all the ink down out of the feed tube the instant you set the pen in your pocket, point up. This feed tube is the famous Lucky Curve.

Thus Capillary Attraction, which makes other pens leak, keeps the Parker *from* leaking.

Parker Pens write smooth and easy. Spear Head Ink Controller regulates a blotless flow. 14k gold pens tipped with polished iridium never scratch or bitch.

Standard style Parker Lucky Curve Pens $1.50 to $250.00, according to size and ornamentation.

PARKER
LUCKY CURVE
FOUNTAIN PEN

New Parker Jack Knife Safety Pen

couldn't leak if you begged it to. Carry it upside down in any pocket and see. Also small size for ladies. Prices $3.50 up

New Parker Disappearing Clip

grips like steel, but steals out of the way when you write.

Get a Parker Pen on trial. If not satisfactory in any way, return it within ten days to dealer and dealer will promptly refund your money. We protect him from loss.

If your dealer doesn't keep Parker Pens send us his name for complete catalogue, and we'll deal with you direct.

Don't put it off till tomorrow.

Parker Pen Company
90 Mill St., Janesville, Wis.
New York Representative
11 Park Row, Opposite Post Office

The Senator's Secretary

ONCE the most conclusive, the Senate of the United States has become the most inconclusive body of legislators on earth. A short time ago the statesmen spent an hour trying to adjourn from Saturday to Monday, and there was nothing before the house to keep the statesmen in session a minute—no fight, or question of policy, or debate, or strategy. What it was, was simply a lack of finality. Why adjourn? Or, on the other hand, why not adjourn? Nobody had a reason for taking either step; and they fiddled round, twenty-three to twenty-three, until the sergeant-at-arms dug Senator Bankhead out of his committee room; and then they decided they might as well quit for Sunday. That greatest legislative forum in the universe is in such sad case that it cannot even get rid of itself.

It is the same on every other proposition. There isn't a leader or a director, an expeditor or a manager, a maneuverer or a strategist, a politician or a statesman on the job. There are a few men who might do things if they cared to take hold; but they are afflicted with acute attacks of what's-the-useitis—and, when you come right down to it, what is the use? The Senate is so split that no faction or party has a majority. It is an inchoate affair, composed of ninety-odd men who are all trying to be leaders. There are good followers in the Senate, but there is nobody to follow. It is a scrambled, disgusted, discouraged, despondent, careless affair—the present Senate of the United States—and it is rapidly getting no better.

Uncle Murray Crane saw it a long time ago—and he quit. Uncle Murray is a conscientious little worker. With the powerful Aldrich in command he was a useful lieutenant; but that is all he ever was—a lieutenant. When Aldrich left Crane soon found that a lieutenant cannot be in command of a lot of people who think they are major-generals and a lot of people who do not care whether they stay in the ranks or not, even as privates. He took brave hold, but he could do nothing. The situation was against him. His party was divided and his wing of it was distrusted, and still is. He hasn't force enough to be a real leader, and his suavity and gumshoeing didn't help any.

The Valedictory of the Glooms

Moreover, Crane was uneasy and uncomfortable. He had hoped there would be a turn in the tide that would bring back the old, orderly, effective days; but this was not to be. Instead, there was an increased demand for popular issues, and an increased number of new senators who came more or less directly from the people. Aldrich saw what was coming and got out. Hale saw it too. It was more imperative with Hale than with Aldrich, for Aldrich might have been reelected; but Hale could not have been. Still, the effect was the same; but Crane hung on.

Then the Congress passed the constitutional amendment providing for the election of senators by popular vote; the Massachusetts legislature, then in session, immediately adopted it and Crane said he would have no more of it. Nor is it fair to Crane to say, as has been said, that he quit because he knew he couldn't be elected by a popular vote. He did not quit for that reason. He withdrew from public life because he was disgusted with the present trend of politics; because he did not know how to stop it and because he thought himself far better out of the Senate than in it. Other conservative Republicans are soon to follow his example—some voluntarily, and some because they must.

"If the legislature in my state adopts the constitutional amendment providing for the direct election of the senators by the people that legislature will have my resignation as senator five minutes after it has passed the amendment," said one Republican senator the other day. "I have sat up there on the hill and watched that Senate deteriorate for the past five years, and it is now simply impossible to do anything or to get anything done. I do not intend to talk about the men in the Senate; but if any person who is interested will take the trouble to contrast the present Senate, where many members were in effect elected by the popular vote, with the Senate as it was five or ten years ago, what I mean will be understood easily. And, with a direct popular vote for senators, the body will lose its effectiveness, because no senator will be able to serve more than one term—unless under the most exceptional circumstances. It will get to be even a more inconclusive affair than it is now, and as it is now it is hopeless."

These men who make these protests are conservatives, members of the old machine; men who took orders and obeyed them; men who were accustomed to seeing a policy mapped out and put through; followers of, first, the Aldrich-Spooner—Platt-of-Connecticut—Allison oligarchy, and then of Boss Aldrich himself. The old order has passed, and they can think of nothing to do but make their protest by retiring. They see no ray of light ahead. The country is a total loss, with no insurance.

The Passing of the Pessimists

Spooner sensed this some years ago. Aldrich and Hale followed him. Bailey, on the Democratic side, saw the handwriting on the wall. Now Crane has gone; and Crane will be followed by others of the Old Guard, some of whom will retire before they are retired, and some will be retired whether they want to retire or not. They do not understand what is going on. They say the present system of senatorial checks and balances is the safeguard of the country with the House of Representatives a popular body, dependent on the whim of the people and elected every two years. They believe in the power of the organization and of its supremacy. They think the machine is the thing. They distrust the people and scoff at the products of popular elections and selection. They cannot change—so they quit. Every last one of them seems to be convinced the country is on the verge of a revolution; that our institutions are tottering; that we are lost.

At that, the men in the Senate who are discouraged have some grounds for that feeling. There is more piffling done up there than ever before in the history of this country. Nobody cares. The usual program is about like this: The Senate is called to order. The morning hour is opened. Then Senator Heyburn gets up and talks for one or two or three or four hours, as the case may be, and the rest of the senators go to their rooms or downtown or to any other agreeable place, and adjournment is taken without advance. Some wanted to get through in time to adjourn without date before the national conventions. There was much opposition to this. So long as there seemed to be a chance that Mr. Taft would be renominated, a certain set of the senators insisted on staying in session indefinitely, in order to do things to embarrass Mr. Taft. When the shift came and Colonel Roosevelt's chances grew brighter this certain set was willing to adjourn, but the others thought it might be just as well to stay and complete the work of the session.

Who and What is Being Done

It goes like that on about every proposition. They shift and trim, jig and amble, fuss and back and fill—and nobody knows what anybody wants to do; nor does any senator know himself. The Old Guard is disgusted; the new element is suspicious—and between the two nothing is done; nor is anything more than half done. Then the Senate has a Democratic House, shooting all sorts of propositions at it; and between its own inertness and the radicalness of the House everybody is unhappy and very few senators care whether school keeps or not.

Reed Smoot, the Mormon apostle, who is a senator from Utah, is a tall, thin, industrious man who thinks he owes it to his party to try to lead his Republican brethren out of the morass. Smoot is about as well qualified to be a senate leader as he is to be a matinée idol—almost, but not quite. He has been useful because he was so intensely industrious that the other senators piled work on him that would have broken down a man of a less serious turn of mind than Smoot. During each of the two tariff sessions "Let Smoot do it!" was heard every time there was a task nobody else cared to tackle. Smoot has tried, but he couldn't make it. He was willing enough to be the leader, but he could not put into operation the little formality of getting men to follow him. Nobody cares to try to take the initiative. If anybody ever becomes ambitious and endeavors to get something done all the rest of the senators laugh at him; and a dozen or so of them object because they do not think it is worth while. They think nothing is worth while.

The Progressives, having a right from previous experiences to be suspicious, are always looking for ulterior motives. The regulars are harassed by their inability to work in the old, methodical, machine way. The Democrats have their differences. A dozen or so men are distributed on the floor who are not of senatorial caliber or anywhere near it. These pettifoggers buzz and wrangle and fuss and stew. There is a growing disposition to outradical anything this country has ever seen in the way of restrictive legislation. The conservatives cannot understand what has happened. All in all, it is a fearful mess—that Senate; and it is getting messier every minute.

It has been in session since last December, and it has done practically nothing. It is away behind on the money bills and has accomplished very little in the way of general legislation. The months have been devoted to talk—to inconsequential, rambling, unilluminating, non-informative talk. It is a rare occasion when there are as many as thirty senators on the floor. Nobody knows what is happening or what is going to happen; and nobody seems to care. There isn't a real leader on either side. "It is impossible to get anything done," wails every senator. Still, that isn't quite true. Some things are being done, but those things are the senators themselves, if it be not treason to refer to a senator as a thing, which I trust it is not—but suppose it is! And when the Senate does adjourn it will have accomplished very little.

Ham, Sweet Ham

Those persons who are wondering what sort of a president Champ Clark will make—provided he is in position to make any sort of a president at all after March fourth next—are hereby informed he will make just the same kind of a president everybody expects him to make; but those who have not attended any of Mrs. Clark's Wednesday afternoons may not know she is likely to introduce some very popular features into the White House if she gets a chance.

One of these features will be ham—Missouri ham. Mrs. Clark keeps open house on Wednesday afternoons. She lives in a big apartment up on Sixteenth Street, and the word has been passed that everybody who is anybody is expected to call round on those afternoons and get some ham. The ham is always there and so are the people, for Washington is densely populated with folks who will go long distances to get ham—or anything else that is free.

Mrs. Clark brings her hams from Bowling Green, Missouri. They are big, sweet, home-smoked hams, and she knows how such hams should be cooked. The ham is placed on a table in the parlor and Miss Genevieve Clark, who is a very pretty girl, presides with the carving knife. When the visitors arrive, and as soon as they have greeted the hostess, they sit down and Mrs. Clark says: "Ham, Genevieve." Whereupon Miss Clark cuts a slice of ham—she can carve very skillfully—and places it on a slice of home-made bread. She covers the ham with another slice of bread and serves a sandwich that is delicious.

No limit is placed on the number of slices of ham for each guest. You are welcome to call for ham until you are full of it—which is often done, by-the-way. When Miss Clark has exhausted the resources of one ham another is brought in, and she carves until everybody is satisfied.

Imagine the crush at future White House receptions if the word is passed that real Missouri ham will be served instead of sticky punch and lettuce sandwiches. Mrs. Clark says that is what will happen. Whereupon Washingtonians are for Mrs. Clark for next mistress of the White House—especially those Washingtonians who like ham.

AND THE FLOODS CAME

IT IS only within the last few years that levees in this country have been scientifically planned and constructed.

First, the grade must be determined—how high shall it be built? For a century, more or less, high-water marks have been preserved. It would, therefore, seem easy to fix a grade—say, five feet above the highest known water—and build to that, but those learned in Mississippi lore understand that it is not always the greatest water that leaves the highest mark. Several floods have gone higher on the gauges than that of 1882, when, in fact, they carried far less water; but in 1882 there were two hundred and eighty-four crevasses, and possibly half the river escaped over the banks. Other floods registered a higher gauge on less actual water, because the levees held intact.

The crown of a levee must be built above the maximum to which the flood will probably rise with the river closely confined from Cairo to the Gulf. Having fixed this grade, the work is begun by taking off the surface earth, which is generally full of twigs and vegetable matter inviting percolation. This is used for a supporting banquette behind the levee. Then the main embankment is thrown up, generally by wheeled scrapers. The engineer cannot select his material; he must take whatever the river has put there. This may be sandy, loamy, or "buckshot"—a bluish clay, so called because when dry it breaks into pellets the size of buckshot. When wet the buckshot becomes plastic and gummy, does not dissolve and wash away. It is considered the best material obtainable. The light loamy soil brought down by the Missouri River is the worst. When water stands long against such a levee it becomes saturated, almost like gelatine, and trembles beneath the tread of a man. People behind these embankments always feel scary when they see the water piling up twenty feet higher than their lands. If water gets started through the levee the earth crumbles away like brown sugar. Yet, when well sodded with Bermuda grass these levees hold surprisingly.

One of the greatest difficulties is to get a secure foundation. The river is continually changing its course, leaving innumerable sloughs on each side—lopped-off lakes which at one time formed part of the main channel. Many of these ancient sloughs are now completely filled by recent deposits. They must be crossed by heavy dikes of earth; and it often happens that the mucky foundation is insufficient to sustain the embankment. Such a levee may sink during construction—two feet, four feet, six feet. Whisky Chute promptly sank eighteen feet when the water came against it—an army of laborers toiled night and day to keep its crest above the flood.

A big levee, when completed, may have a base of from one hundred and twenty to two hundred feet—even more. Two wagons may drive abreast upon its twenty-foot crown. When Bermuda grass welds this into a compact mass it seems as solid as the eternal rocks.

When the River Breaks Bounds

What makes it break? In 1882 the water rose gradually until it stood level with the crown. People turned out and fought. They topped the crown with sacks full of earth, raising their embankments as the river rose. Sacks laid in tiers defended the fresh earth; planks set on edge revetted it. By every frantic means a desperate people could contrive they kept their heads a few inches above those angry waters. On the twenty-eighth of February the winds joined forces with the river and furiously lashed the banks. Next morning there were forty crevasses—fifty-six miles of puny barriers swept away! "You can't fence in a bull with potato ridges!" remarked a disgusted engineer.

At Baton Rouge the same struggle has been going on day and night—white people and black people, governor and huckster, convicts and cadets, splashing side by side in the water, trying to save their town!

When the levees were practically destroyed in 1882 it was like kicking down an ants' nest—the people swarmed out and built them up again. Down they went again in 1883 and 1884. "Higher! Higher!" the people cried, as if salvation lay in height alone. Under the tremendous impulse given to levee building, by 1890 the entire system towered three feet higher than ever. Then another flood came, and crevasses occurred before the water reached the crowns. The dazed people could not understand. "Lordy, boss, I seen dat levee when she busted. De top wuz all right. She wuz solid up one side and down de udder; but de groun' behine her riz up—den it all fell in."

Hidden weakness caused these breaks—perhaps a rotten stump had left a cavity that was searched out by tremendous pressure. Maybe it was a sandboil. Sandboils often occur many feet behind the base of a levee that is apparently—and really—solid; but the levee had been constructed over one of those forgotten sloughs or sandbars. Resistless pressure forces water from the river underneath the levee and it spurts up inside, forming a sand crater—like a volcano. When discovered in time the sandboil is hooped; a semicircular dam is built round it with sacks full of earth. The water running through the outer levee is dammed up in the hoop—creating an inner pressure that prevents such rapid rush as would tear out the levee.

The Effect of Changing Channels

The enterprising crayfish keeps busy making holes just where they will do the most harm. He has caused many a muddy seep. So long as water trickles clear this seepage frightens nobody; it is bringing no dirt and causing no cavity inside. Crayfish holes are credited with so many breaks that the Irish levee laborer would never kill a crayfish: "Faith! an' ain't 'e the poor man's fri'nd?"—tearing down levees and making more work.

Once a kingfisher was caught industriously digging a hole already eight feet deep. In lower Louisiana the beaver, muskrat and fiddler crab have all taken their turns at showing prejudice against the levee system.

These seepage holes, from whatever cause, may do great damage without actually breaking a levee, for seepage water is exceedingly detrimental to crops. It seems to have been filtered of all its rich fertilizing properties and to have absorbed a poisonous alkali. All Egypt knows that ditch water must never be used for irrigation.

Suppose the levee holds its crown above the overflow, keeps its middle puncture-proof and conceals no defect in foundation. What can break it? A caving bank.

With a consciousness of all he has destroyed, old Father Mesaseba is a mighty restless sleeper and never lies quietly in bed. Forever turning and twisting, he shifts from side to side, tearing down and building up again. In March, 1912, a shoreline survey at Fitler Landing, just above Vicksburg, showed a channel five hundred feet from the base of the levee. Perfectly safe? Apparently. On Tuesday, April thirtieth, this channel was two hundred feet from the levee. Within twenty-four hours that two hundred feet had caved away and the river was actually gnawing at the embankment.

If Father Mesaseba took a notion to tote that levee off there was no use trying to hinder him—not from the river side. The best that could be done was to build a loop within, so that when the old levee crumbled away there would be a new one behind it.

Some theorists maintain, in opposition to a levee system, that the river should be straightened, so that the water might flow off more rapidly. Water loses a lot of time in turning corners—that's a fact. They suggest outlets and reservoirs to hold the excess, which sounds mighty nice. If the river could be straightened and would stay straight—if the water could be induced to run off like a good little boy and not overflow the land—that would be an ideal condition. But—Mississippi River water breeds a swarm of ifs and buts—here is the answer: Take the stretch from Cairo to New Orleans—a given distance, a given fall, with a given velocity. The trouble right now with the Mississippi River is that its mushy banks can scarcely stand the present velocity. If by some omnipotent hand the river were set absolutely straight this velocity would be greatly increased and ravenous currents hurled from bank to bank. A granite channel may stand this, but a brown-sugar channel will not!

If that meddlesome person were to grab old Father Mesaseba, fold him in his arms, tuck his legs together and command, "Now shorten yourself! Lie straight in bed!" what would the old fellow do? He's been used to having his own way for a powerful long time. He might very well say, "I gathered this bed and brought it here—leafmold from York state, boulder dust from the Rockies, glacier washings and loess from the cold North. This is my bed, and I'll lie in it like I darn please!"—or words to that effect. Father Mesaseba gets sort of fretful when poor white trash meddle with him. There'd be such a scuffling and cavorting as was never before in the history of rivers.

This turning and twisting process would probably continue until the river had regained its old length, restored its old pitch and velocity. Meanwhile the geographers would have to make a new map of the valley, resurvey the boundaries of states and note that a number of cities had "become one with Nineveh and Tyre." Their sites would have been washed away and lakes would be in their stead.

An outlet has a tendency to halt the velocity of the stream. Whenever the Mississippi begins to stop hurrying it begins to drop gravel, and a great deal of etcetera.

This question is frequently asked: "Does levee building tend to raise the bottom of the channel? Or does the river, by confinement, scour out and deepen?" For a long while levee opponents asserted that the river would have a tendency to fill up; in other words, that the river would build its bottom higher and higher just so long as men continued to build their ridges higher and higher. "After a while," they insisted, "you'll have an elevated river—you'll have to climb upstairs when you want to get on a steamboat."

Mississippi River engineers agree that there is not the slightest evidence of levee building having a tendency to raise the low-water level. Of course, by confining a flood they make it higher, just as the same amount of water would naturally rise to a greater height in a goblet than it would in a foot-tub.

Aside from theories, here's a hopeful tale of progress:

	CREVASSES	MILES OF LEVEE DESTROYED
1882	284	56
1883	124	34
1884	204	10
1890	24	4 25
1891	5	1.10
1892	10	2 10
1893	5	2
1897	7	8 70
1903	7	2 25

This shows a diminishing number of crevasses, with less and less destruction of levees and farther apart in point of time. During the years not mentioned the levees held intact.

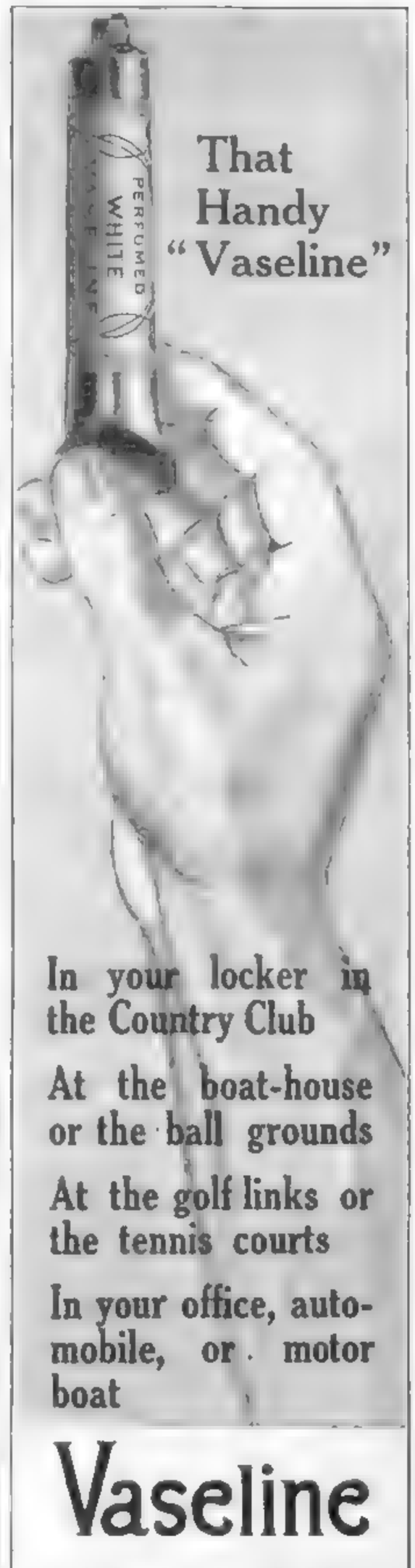
A National Highway

Since 1884 there has been a phenomenal development of alluvial lands; cities have sprung up; manufacturing industries and railroads—all utterly impossible without a levee system. No railroad could continue in business through a land where it must lie under water for two months and then rebuild itself when the flood went down.

The money lost by a single overflow would much more than pay for an efficient levee system. One lineal mile of levee protects twenty square miles of country. The people living in that country are not able to keep their neighbor's water from overwhelming them, and they ask their neighbor's aid.

The Mississippi River is the great national highway; it is also the great national drain. The people of that country are free buyers and good spenders. Much of their product goes abroad for cash and the cash is spent at home. That part of their crop which stays at home feeds the spindles and the mouths, and forms the greatest industry of New England.

When these levees are made secure by the nation—as they should be—then will the Mississippi Valley become the most bountiful producer of national wealth; but if the nation should abandon them the country would revert to a wilderness—the home of deer and bear and panther.


That Handy "Vaseline"
PERFUMED WHITE
In your locker in the Country Club
At the boat-house or the ball grounds
At the golf links or the tennis courts
In your office, automobile, or motor boat

Vaseline

A handy tube of "Vaseline" is something you ought always to have within reach.

It has so many uses you can never tell when you may want it.

There is nothing better than "Vaseline" for the skin—nothing on earth that is purer. It is sterilized in the process of manufacture and never turns rancid.

"Vaseline" is just what the outdoor man or woman needs to keep face and hands in good condition.

There are twelve different "Vaselines," for particular tastes and particular needs.

Write for descriptive booklet to-day.

Chesebrough Mfg. Company
(Consolidated)
15 State Street, New York City
Branch Offices: London—Montreal

A plain talk on Carbon Deposit

There are three mistaken ideas on carbon deposit.

(1) Light colored oil is commonly supposed to leave the least carbon deposit. (2) Heavy-bodied oils are often avoided through fear of excessive carbon deposit. (3) Claims that some lubricating oils are "non-carbon" are often accepted as sound.

Our experience has clearly shown that:

(1) Color is an unsafe guide in determining the amount of carbon in an oil.

(2) The body of the oil does not determine the amount of carbon deposit. The heaviest oil that can be properly used gives the most efficient automobile lubrication.

(3) "Non-carbon" oils do not exist. Lubricating oils are a hydro-carbon product. Were all carbon eliminated, *the oil could not lubricate.* The *free* carbon is the only carbon that can be safely removed.

The amount of carbon deposited in the cylinders depends partly on the carburetion and gasoline combustion, partly on the oil, partly on its fitness for the car.

Unfortunately, the more the layman tries to comprehend carbon deposit, the more he is bewildered. He needs authoritative guidance.

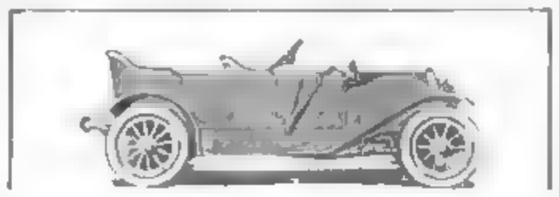
Equipped with the experience gained from our authoritative position in lubrication, we studied every make of American automobile and many foreign makes.

We found that no one grade of lubricating oil would suit all cars. We produced our Gargoyle Mobiloils in several grades, and prepared a schedule showing the correct grade for each make of car.

The complete schedule (printed in part on the right) will be mailed you on request.

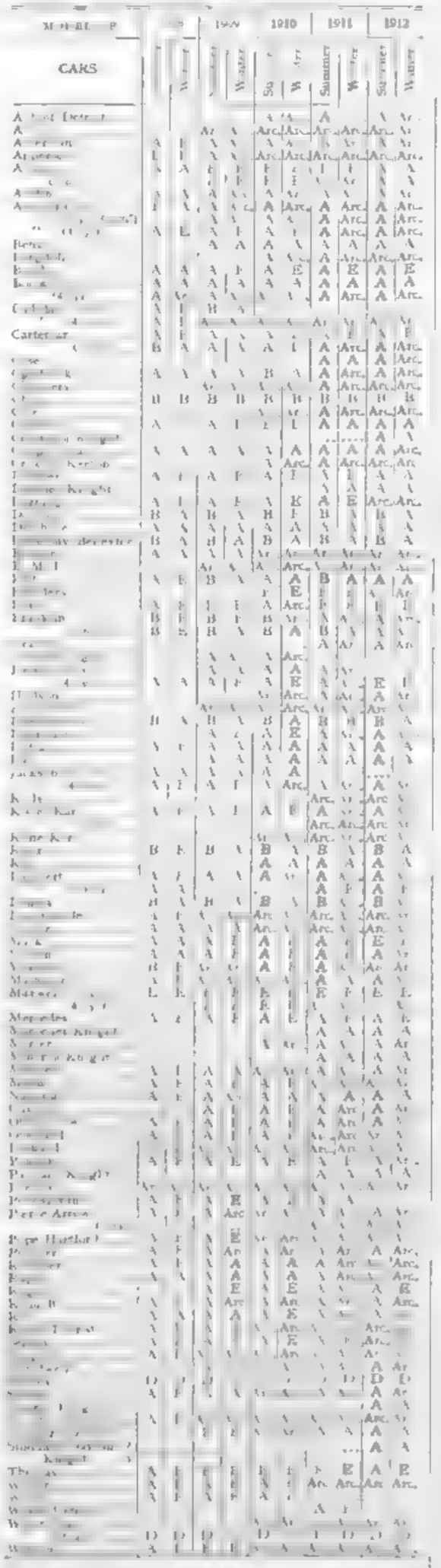
We refined and filtered these oils to remove free carbon. Aside from furnishing the correct oil for each car, that is the most that any producer can do toward eliminating carbon deposit.

We can say without fear of successful contradiction, that these oils establish a world standard for automobile lubrication.



A guide to correct Automobile lubrication

Explanation: In the schedule the letter opposite the car indicates the grade of Gargoyle Mobiloil recommended. For example, "A" means Gargoyle Mobiloil "A." "Arc" means Gargoyle Mobiloil "Arctic." Unless otherwise noted, the recommendations are for pleasure and commercial vehicles.



GARGOYLE

Mobiloil

A grade for each type of motor

Gargoyle Mobiloils are put up in barrels, half-barrels, in 5 and 1 gallon sealed white cans. They are named:

Gargoyle Mobiloil "A"
Gargoyle Mobiloil "B"
Gargoyle Mobiloil "D"
Gargoyle Mobiloil "E"
Gargoyle Mobiloil "Arctic"

All are branded with the Gargoyle, which is our mark of manufacture. They are handled by the higher class garages, auto-supply stores and others who supply lubricants.

VACUUM OIL CO., Rochester, U. S. A.

General Sales Offices, 29 Broadway, New York City.

Distributing warehouses in the principal cities of the world.

THE PERFECT THIRTY-SIX

(Concluded from Page 7)

from a vine; to dip their fingers in the fountain, or to eat an ice at one of the little tables. The place was packed with people every day the show lasted. Women? Not all of them. In fact, the men came in large bunches, and some brought opera-glasses.

"And now you've asked the inevitable question. No, I'm not a single bit offended. I expected it. All I can say is that it depends entirely—or almost entirely—on the way the girl was brought up and on what kind of a home she had when she was little. If her mother was able to give her character and common-sense, and some knowledge of the world as it really is, the chances are that the cloak model will remain in the same state of angelic purity that you and your friends occupy. The working girl, if you want the truth, tends to prudishness—and no wonder.

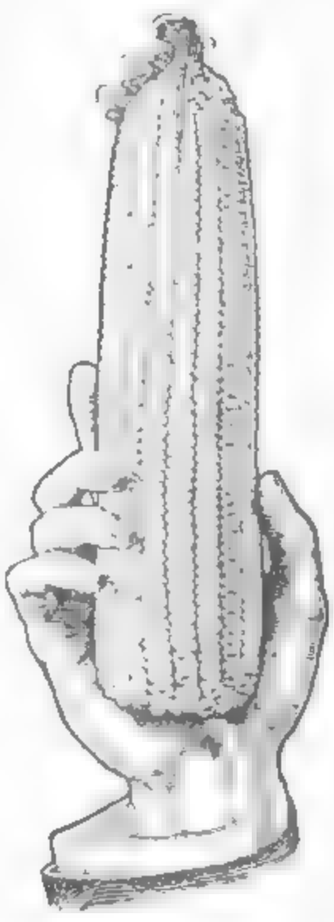
"We had a girl in our place two years ago, a girl from the West, who simply bubbled over with the joy of life. M'ree was an orphan, and the only relative she had in the world was an older sister who came to New York to study for grand opera. I suppose the family spent all its savings on her music, but after all she never got as far as the Metropolitan. When the old folks died and M'ree came on to be with her sister, Sister was earning twenty-five dollars a week, singing the Ragtime Violin in a Forty-second Street cabaret. M'ree got a job as model."

Back to Beatrice

"One of the buyers, a nice old gentleman from somewhere in Maryland, took a fancy to M'ree, and once when he was on he asked her to go to dinner with him. M'ree was wild to go, and finally I told her I thought it would be all right. Well, she flew out at noon and bought new pumps and silk stockings and a pair of long white gloves and a gold band for her hair. The child spent almost a week's salary on that spree. But it was her first, and you couldn't blame her. Her sister loaned her an evening gown, and M'ree went blissfully downtown to the hotel where she was to meet the buyer. But, do you know, the man never turned up at all! Probably some business acquaintance met him and they went off together. Perhaps he was detained somewhere. Perhaps he just forgot all about it. Anyhow, poor little M'ree in her new finery she couldn't afford to buy sat in the reception room until she wanted to die of humiliation and disappointment. Twice she had him paged, but he plainly wasn't there, and when nine o'clock came M'ree knew that he wouldn't turn up. The poor girl began to cry a little, and the first thing she knew a young man was standing close to her, looking straight at her and smiling. M'ree smiled back ever so faintly, and the young man said: 'Little girl, what do you say to taking a ride in a taxi and telling me all about it?'

"Of course M'ree knew she had no business doing it, but she felt that she couldn't go home to get the laugh, so she went with the young man. They drove up the Avenue and through the park, and they had something to eat and then he took her home. M'ree said she talked to him and made him laugh, and told him some of the stories she had told us about the West, and I know he must have despised himself for dreaming that he could hurt her. Because when he parted with her, she said, he held her hand and said: 'Little girl, you've given me a delightful evening and a good lesson too.'

"M'ree wasn't in New York a great while after that. An old uncle out West died and left her a thousand dollars, on condition that she come back and live with her aunt. M'ree didn't want to go. She confided in me that there was a man back there who wanted to marry her. He was a nice enough chap, but she didn't like his business. He was an undertaker, and that appealed a little too strongly to M'ree's sense of humor. But I settled her. 'See here,' said I, 'you don't know when you're in luck. A thousand dollars and a good man waiting for you! Say, you go back to Beatrice, Nebraska, and marry the undertaker and thank your stars.' And she went, and pretty soon we got her wedding cards. And that was the last we heard of M'ree, but I know she's happy. Anyhow, she's safe."



This Kind of Corn

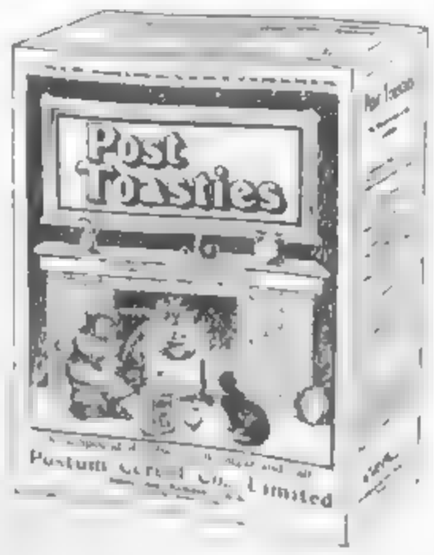
Cooked, sweetened, rolled into thin fluffy bits and toasted to a crisp, appetizing brown, becomes

Post Toasties

A tempting, wholesome food for the whole family.

It is fine served right from the package with cream and sugar or fruit.

"The Memory Lingers"



Postum Cereal Company, Limited,
Battle Creek, Mich., U. S. A.

Canadian Postum Cereal Co., Limited,
Windsor, Ontario, Canada

Plant of the U. S. Light & Heating Co., at Niagara Falls, completed eighteen months ago. Contracts have been let to double its capacity.

ANNOUNCEMENT

To every automobile or truck owner or manufacturer—to everyone who uses a storage battery for any purpose whatever—to anyone who rides on a railroad train.

Within the great **U-S-L** plant, pictured above, the world's largest in the field of specialized electrical manufacture, are centered the facilities and skill growing out of fourteen years' pioneer experience in perfecting storage batteries of all classes and making dynamos and electric regulating devices for the most exacting uses.

In this typically modern factory, every detail that has a bearing on quality and uniformity of output has been developed to a degree of perfection which could be reached only by engineers who have concentrated for years to make their product excel.

Exhaustive research work, most accurate expert inspection at every stage, and absolute standardization of parts, are factors which contribute to establish the unusual character of a product bearing the **U-S-L** trademark.

Rigid testing of both raw materials and finished product, conducted in completely equipped individual testing laboratories for each product, guarantees the efficiency and service-value of every piece of **U-S-L** equipment.

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U-S-L Storage Batteries (formerly National)

For Electric Vehicles—In rigorous commercial and pleasure car service, this battery has established a high standard of efficiency, because of its great power and sustained voltage dependability.

U-S-L Sparkers and Auto Lighters—Have earned leadership in maintaining high capacity for Ignition of automobile and motor boat engines, electric light for automobiles, etc.

U-S-L Stationary Batteries—Of proved superiority for the many uses where a battery of this type is employed. Economical and convenient for electric lighting country homes remote from power circuits.

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The "Fly-Wheel Starter" that has taken automobile engineers by storm. It is a special combination motor and generator installed in place of the usual engine fly wheel. Watch for it on leading 1913 cars.

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The pioneer in the field; now standard. Six thousand of these wonderful equipments supply electric light for the best type of railway cars from Maine to California.

Strong Service Co-Operation

Service to customers along lines of active co-operation is another feature in the **U-S-L** policy as typically modern as **U-S-L** manufacture. The **U-S-L** Service Corps is composed of men trained in the handling of **U-S-L** products. These men operate from the **U-S-L** Service Stations maintained in eight of the largest cities. They keep in touch with the every day performance of **U-S-L** products and co-operate toward the end of continuously maximum efficiency. At all **U-S-L** Service Stations a stock of spare parts is kept—an obvious advantage to both owner and manufacturer.

Write for Information. Don't buy an automobile or truck, gasolene or electric, or install a storage battery for any use, until you learn about **U-S-L**. Correspondence is solicited.

The **U. S. Light & Heating Co.**—*General Offices:* **30 Church St., New York**—*Factory:* **Niagara Falls, N. Y.**

Branch Offices and Service Stations: Chicago, New York, Boston, Cleveland, Buffalo, San Francisco, Detroit, St. Louis

Nature's Storehouse of Health

IF YOU knew the wonderful blood building, energy yielding qualities which Nature has stored away in old-fashioned purple Concord Grapes, you would drink more grape juice.

—With meals and between meals, at home and whenever you stop at a fountain to quench hot weather thirst—

—always ordering

Armour's Grape Juice

The Family Drink

Bottled Where the Best Grapes Grow

to insure the richest, finest, purest, most delicious grape juice it is possible to produce.

For all this magic grape chemistry comes to you, undiluted and unsweetened, in all its natural richness, in *Armour's Grape Juice*.

The Armour Grape Juice Plants, situated in the heart of the famous Concord Grape growing sections, command the cream of each season's crop.

Each day's picking goes to the press *that day*—grapes are never held over to wilt and wither.

All the original freshness and flavor is retained by sterilization and air tight bottling.

Armour's Grape Juice is *pure grape essence*—the most delicious, refreshing and beneficial of all beverages.

Armour's Grape Juice is sold by grocers and druggists, at fountains, buffets and clubs. It will help you resist the enervation of long sultry summer days.

If your dealer cannot supply you, we will send you a trial dozen pints for $3, express prepaid. Address Armour and Company, Dept. 160, Chicago.

ARMOUR AND COMPANY

A DILEMMA AND THE DECALOGUE

(Continued from Page 9)

"I could line right along and plug every inch till I got him," Rickey soliloquized. "But if he ain't a lulu bird!"

To test the justice of his boast he drew a bead on the E in the maker's name on the wagon and pulled the trigger. A faint blot instantly appeared above the middle bar of the letter—a center shot, almost to a hair's breadth.

A low whistling sounded behind him, and he turned and saw Simmons with a bloody rag wrapped round his left hand.

"He must have gophered down behind that critter!" said Simmons. "He's clipped a end off my finger for me—dern him! Well, he can't get away; and the Don's started off with his horse to circle round and take him in the rear."

"I'm sorry for the Don," said Rickey. "He was sure a nice old man; but as for —— See there! Good boy, Tempe!"

Gamm had left his cover, leaped across to the wagon and was at the head of the plunging chestnut stallion. Rickey joined in the fusillade that followed; but there was a delighted grin on his face as he did so and he made four bad misses consecutively. Simmons was already running back to where the horses had been left and called to Rickey to follow him; but Rickey waited long enough to see Gamm spring into the saddle and set off at a mad run, whooping defiance.

He had a start that made him a mere speck in the distance before his pursuers could get their horses out of the draws and on level ground; but, once there, the ranchmen rode at a pace that kept Gamm's lead from increasing.

"And there's no place for him to go," Shorty jerked out as Rickey came alongside. "The Don's got him—headed off from the pass—and he'll hit Cañon Diablo long afore dark."

Rickey nodded. He had foreseen that. It might be a long chase; but with six to follow and keep the quarry in a straight line they must come up with him at last. Most likely it would not take long, for the horses that the six rode were picked for speed and endurance; and the chestnut ——

"No bottom to him," said Shorty. "Showy devil!—but he can't touch—worst we've got. I know him."

Nothing more was said as they raced on; but within a few miles it became apparent that the cowman had been right. The speck was growing larger; and soon it was no longer a speck but a distinguishable man, lashing a flagging horse with a swinging lariat-end. Still, it was long before they came so close that their triumphant yell reached the ears of the fugitive. Then he turned and, without checking his speed perceptibly, fired three shots in rapid succession. Bergstrom's horse stumbled, recovered itself, then stumbled again and fell, pitching his rider over his head.

Bergstrom was up in an instant, his face crimson and his eyes bulging with rage.

"Go on!" he roared, as the others drew rein. "Go on and get him!" And they went on. Rickey, for the first time, loosened and shook his rein; and Nigger-horse bounded forward and stretched out to do his best, his hoofs thudding the ground like muffled beats of a snaredrum. Gamm turned and fired again, and the bullet splintered Rickey's stirrup, jarring his leg to the hip.

"You've got to have it, haven't you?"

Rickey raised his own weapon and with absolute certainty covered the blue-shirted back that bobbed before him. There would be no missing now. He could shoot from horseback and at a moving object with a more deadly accuracy than many good marksmen show on a measured range—with a ringed target in staring black and white. Pistol or rifle, it was all one to him; antelope, road-runner, rabbit or wolf. Here was a wolf, a rabid beast of prey; and to kill him appeared to be a good deed. Then, as his finger tightened on the trigger, Rickey lowered his rifle.

"It sounds like a fool commandment, but I'll take a chance on it," he said; but almost as he spoke there was the sound of a shot from behind him and this time it was the chestnut stallion that stumbled and fell headlong. Tempe Gamm was struggling to his feet when Rickey spurred up and threw himself upon the cattle thief with such quickness and violence that Gamm had no time to use the pistol he had half drawn from its sheath, and was borne backward and down. Down he had no intention of staying, however, but arched his wiry body and threw himself from side to side with a desperate energy that all Rickey's weight, strength and agility found hard to subdue. At last, however, the ever-tightening clutch of the young man's sinewy fingers on the rustler's hairy throat gradually choked him into submission.

"Well, you're a right inconsiderate sort of a person, seems like to me," remarked Rickey as he possessed himself of the rustler's gun and rose to his feet. "Don't care how much trouble you give folks, do you?" Rickey untied the wisp of torn bandanna from his neck and wiped the sweat and sand from his streaming face.

Gamm raised himself and leaned on a ragged elbow.

"You've tore the shirt mighty nigh off my back if you come to that," he retorted grimly. "Here's your friends. I reckon they'll have some kick to register too."

They came in with a rush and dismounted—except Briggs, who sat with one leg thrown over the horn of his saddle. Gamm nodded to them in the most casual sort of way and Simmons and Briggs nodded in return. Briggs said, "Hello, Tempe!"—knowing him of old. Ackerman, after a malevolent stare, went to his saddlebow and jerked his lariat loose; then advanced and, stirring the reclining man with his boot, cursed him and bade him get up; but here Rickey interposed, laying a gently restraining hand on the ranchman's arm.

"That ain't no pretty way to do, Mr. Ackerman," he said mildly. "He ain't in no position to kick back the way he is, you see."

"Ain't we going to tie him?" Ackerman blustered. "What are we going to do? Give him a gun and a horse and turn him loose? Stand out of my way, Rickey! I don't want no fuss with you; but ——"

"Let him alone," sneered Gamm. "It's the chance of his life. He might like to spit on me too! Let him enjoy himself. I can't hurt him none."

Then Briggs swung himself from his saddle.

"We'll tie him when we start, Phil," he said with finality in his voice. "I reckon he'll stay good till then. Here's Nels and the Don a-coming. I'm in favor of eating a bite before we move on."

"Me too," agreed Simmons; and when the other two members of the party arrived they all sat in a circle and ate while the horses cropped the scanty herbage round them. They offered food to their captive, which he accepted and devoured greedily and in silence. There was general silence, for that matter. Once Ackerman broke it to wonder if he would get back in time to save his beef from the coyotes.

"If the wagon's there I can haul it in," he said. "I hate like thunder to see it go to waste."

Then Bergstrom spoke.

"One of you fellows' horses'll have to carry double going back," he grumbled. "My mare got a clip on her knee that will put her dead lame before she goes much farther."

A flask went round the circle. Tempe Gamm's turn came last, and he swallowed what was left and tossed the bottle aside.

"What are you-all going to do with me?" he asked. "Prosecute me for grand larceny?"

Ackerman broke out savagely:

"We're going to stretch your neck for you, you ——"

The rustler looked at him through half-closed eyes for a moment and then laughed.

"You'll have to plant a tree and wait for it to grow," he said. "Better shoot me, boys. I reckon you might hit me if you get close enough to me and I keep right still."

There was no answer to the taunt. Every face was grave and expressive of unalterable resolution—every face but Rickey's, who looked curiously round the circle and read the fatal verdict.

"We done caught you red-handed, Tempe," said Briggs quietly.

Rickey looked at the rustler's hands. It was no figure of speech that Briggs had used. They were crimson from his butchery. Half mechanically the young man raised one of his own hands and looked at it: and remembrance of the kiss Maggie had pressed upon it came to him.

"Just for the sake of argument, as it might be in a manner of speaking, as it were, and s'posing," said Rickey, clearing his throat with a judicial air, "let's play that Mr. Gamm here is right sorry for what he's done. We'll put the case that he sheds tears of repentance a-plenty and gives us to understand that he's a-going to lead an average honest and blameless life. Me, I'd take his word for it. There's good in a man as well as bad; and so long as there's life, there's hope. I take off my hat to Mr. Gamm as a right good scrapper, for one thing," which he did with grave ceremony. "Well," he resumed, "putting the case thataway, how would it strike you-all to turn Mr. Gamm loose—just for the sake of argument?"

Ackerman snorted his utter contempt for the proposal; Bergstrom shook his massive head implacably, and Simmons did the same without stopping his soft whistle. The Don spoke one word with sober dignity: "Impossible!"

"Rickey," said Briggs in his even, unemotional tones, "there ain't no argument about this. We're a-going to hang him."

"Oh, certainly," Rickey acquiesced cheerfully. "That's all right. Sure! I just thought I'd get the sense of the meeting. Hang him, friends! I know where there's an awful good tree; so that ain't a-going to stand in the way."

Briggs gave him a suspicious glance, which Rickey met with his ingenuous, disarming smile.

"Four miles this side of Prouty's, on the ridge of the cañon," the young man went on. "It's in sight of the wagon road; so there won't none of the good example be lost. Looks like that tree was just naturally waiting for something of this sort to happen along. Let's get it over with." He jumped up as he spoke and the others followed his example with alacrity—Gamm being on his feet as quickly as any of them; seeing which, Rickey caught him roughly by the arms and twisted them behind him. "Don't you be in no rush!" he said gruffly. In a lower tone he murmured: "Would you go straight if you got a chance?"

"I might," replied Gamm, and the "might" pleased Rickey. Simmons and Briggs coming up—the latter with a length of tough cord—the rustler's wrists were tied and he was hoisted on the lamed horse.

Rickey led the way and it was not until the tree was in sight that he stopped behind and began to talk in a friendly way with Ackerman, who rode at Gamm's side, holding the halter of the led horse. Suddenly Ackerman's horse began to plunge furiously; and in the half minute that it took to control him Rickey found an opportunity to whisper a dozen words to the doomed man, and Gamm gave him a quick, understanding look.

Cañon Diablo is thirty miles long as the crow flies and a hundred and thirty in its convolutions. It heads in the Escobedo, burrows through the foothills and into the mesas, and flattens out in a valley of the Guadalupe range. It is a devil of a cañon certainly—unbridged, with few outlets from end to end and profound in its depths—an *impasse* cursed by four counties. Where the lone tree stood, reaching gnarled roots back into the soil like desperately clutching fingers, the descent was, as elsewhere, abrupt and precipitous. It was a stunted tree—a cedar—and, as Rickey had observed, it seemed, with its one long forked arm stretching dizzily outward, to be waiting for the sinister use to which it was about to be put.

They led the captive beneath it; and Ackerman took the coil of new grass rope from his saddle and began with infinite gusto to knot and loop it. Gamm watched the process unflinchingly, though his cheek seemed paler beneath its tan and he breathed quickly.

"Have you anything to say?" Briggs asked the question.

"I reckon not," Gamm replied, his keen, bold eyes fixing each in turn with insolent regard. "You're a sickening bunch—the whole six of you; and I'm only getting what's coming to me for letting you chase me. Go right ahead."

Simmons threw one end of the rope over the forked limb and Rickey helpfully caught it as it swung inward.

"Let's see if there's room for my feet to hang down," said the rustler coolly; and before they could prevent him, if they had intended to do so, he walked with an unconcerned air to the edge of the precipice and looked down.

The next moment he stepped out into the abyss and disappeared.

There was a crash; then another, fainter and from farther below—then silence.

. . . . . .

It was late when Rickey got back to the ranch—past midnight, in fact—and he had been foolish enough to imagine that Maggie would go to bed and to sleep, like a sensible girl, instead of waiting, with the roses paled out of her cheeks and her eyes swollen with the tears she had shed, to fly down the garden path to meet him. There she clung to him in an agony of relief that moved him to the soul, and would not leave him even while he stabled Nigger-horse.

"Oh, honey, honey!" cried Rickey as they returned to the house, "you've got a right cur'ous husband—you sure have! There won't be no next time, though, little girl; and—everything come out all right."

It was some time before she asked him how, and then it was with a tremulous hesitation that showed her fear of what his reply might be; but Rickey began to chuckle with intense enjoyment and her anxiety was instantly relieved. Then he told her briefly of the ride and its ending, suppressing details judiciously. She listened with dilated eyes.

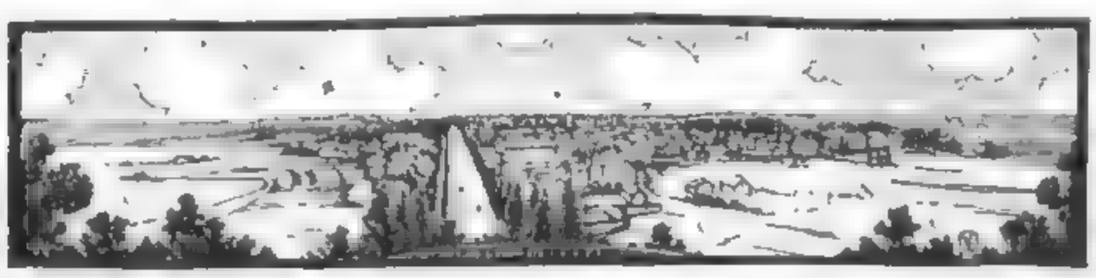
"The Don looked over first," Rickey went on. "'*Dios!*' says he. 'I see hees boot. There is hees boot—and then nothing!' So we all went down on our bellies; and there, sure enough, was a boot on a broken ledge about thirty foot down. Think of that ledge happening to be there right below the tree, honey! Wasn't that right funny? And, as we looked, that boot drawed in plumb out of sight. What do you think of that? There must have been some sort of a cave back of the ledge; and when Tempe struck he must have gone through a tangle of bush that was above it. I reckon he was jarred a right smart though; he'd kicked about a ton off the ledge. It was a foolish thing to do, because he might have broke a leg!"

"Oh, go on!" cried Maggie. "What then?"

"Then Shorty Briggs allowed he'd go down and get him. He's a considerable stubborn and sot, Shorty is; so we let him down with a rope just to please him—and then we pulled him up again to please him a heap more. You see the wind took him and spun him round like a top, and Tempe was just mean and ugly enough to take advantage and pelt him with rocks. It beats the Dutch how Tempe got his hands loose, because I had noticed particular how they was tied fast just after we got to the tree. Anyway, some of them rocks took Shorty in the ribs; and one caught him such a belt he nearly lost his holt and dropped his gun on the ledge. That was when he wanted up. Then we noticed there was a sort of a goat trail from below that looked as if it might strike the ledge. Come to think of it, I noticed that goat trail about five years ago; but of course it had slipped my mind. Anyway, the sun was going down and there didn't seem much chance of Tempe coming up; so we concluded we'd have to leave him. It's mighty strange, though, how Tempe got his hands loose!"

Maggie caught the hand of the narrator to her bosom.

"Oh, I will be knowing!" she said in her odd little way. "Indeed, I will be knowing, my dear, my dear!"



"My! how good it tastes!"

AND how good it really *is*. How delicate and at the same time nourishing.

After the breezy sail, the bracing plunge, or a morning on the links or tennis-court—what is more delicious than a steaming cup of

Campbell's

CONSOMMÉ

Made from prime beef, and daintily flavored with selected vegetables, fine herbs, and spices, this perfect consommé is a dainty stimulus to any appetite at any time; suited as well to all sorts of summer occasions as to the ceremonious affairs of the winter season; easy to prepare cold if you prefer; and in fact so altogether useful that you ought to order it by the half-dozen at least, and have it always on hand.

Try it *today*; and see how good it is.

21 kinds
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Asparagus	Julienne
Beef	Mock Turtle
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Chicken	Ox Tail
Chicken Gumbo (Okra)	Pea
	Pepper Pot
Clam Bouillon	Printanier
Clam Chowder	Tomato
Consommé	Tomato-Okra
Vegetable	
Vermicelli-Tomato	

Look for the red-and-white label

1913

Warner AUTO-METER

Model R-2
Price Complete
$50

Warner AUTO-METER

Why Many of the World's Largest Motor Car Manufacturers Will Equip Their 1913 Cars With Warner Auto-Meters

FOR the first time in the history of the industry some of our biggest manufacturers of popular priced cars have collectively and individually acknowledged the importance of equipping their product with a high grade speed indicator.

This coming season more than 100,000 new cars will be equipped with Warners. And this in addition to all those that were equipped with Warners during 1912, all of which will again equip with Warners for 1913.

For years we have pointed out the expense and danger of an inaccurate speed indicator. We have educated both the public and the producer. We have constantly and consistently explained the advantages and value of a really high grade speedometer.

Therefore, it is with great pleasure that we announce that these prominent and shrewd manufacturers have been convinced of, and are willing to concede, the superiority of the Warner. And the proof of this conviction lies in the fact that for the coming season an additional 100,000 cars will carry Warner Auto-Meters as regular equipment. And this in spite of the fact that the Warner is the highest priced instrument in the world. The Warner costs the manufacturer a much higher price than any other instrument made. But he is willing to pay the additional cost, for he knows the additional value.

This has been a great triumph. Stop for a minute and consider what it means.

After a test covering a period of over eight years, the Warner will now be found on the majority of high grade American made motor cars.

All of this 1913 business is already placed. The contracts are all signed and sealed. For the coming year we have more than trebled our business. We are already oversold for 1913.

The Supreme Court of the American automobile industry — composed of some of the biggest manufacturers, whose council is the world's leading and most talented engineers — have handed down the decision for the coming season. The Warner is today recognized, by many big producers, as the highest grade and most highly developed speed and mileage indicator the world has yet produced.

An accurate speed indicator is harder to make than a fine watch. No other part of a motor car must be so light, delicate and sensitive as the speed indicator. No other is subject to such constant wear and tear. It must be built as delicately as the finest and most expensive watch, yet as true and as indestructible as the rear system of an automobile. It must stand the daily grind without the slightest variation. This the Warner has done. It is scientifically correct.

When you come to select your car see what speed indicator it carries. Ask about it. This is very important. Also it denotes the character of the car. A car can generally be judged by the equipment it carries. Look to the speed indicator! If it's a Warner you can bank on the car being worth your money.

THE WARNER INSTRUMENT COMPANY, Beloit, Wisconsin

BRANCH HOUSES:

Atlanta, Boston, Buffalo, Chicago, Cincinnati, Cleveland, Denver, Detroit, Indianapolis, Kansas City, Los Angeles, New York, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, Portland, Ore., San Francisco, Seattle, St. Louis

Canadian Branch: 559 Yonge Street, Toronto, Ontario

1913

Warner AUTO-METER

Model K2
Price Complete
$75

Warner AUTO-METER

A Few Construction Facts Which Have Made The Warner America's Foremost Instrument

FOR several years a quiet process of elimination has been gradually going on in the automobile business. This is not only so with speed indicators, but with tires, magnetos, carburetors, starters, etc., as well. Gradually, the weak ones have become weaker—the strong ones stronger. This is as it should be.

Each year our business has met with a greater increase. And this in the face of competing prices that were much lower. We have grown solely on our merits. This year's tremendous advance of over 100,000 instruments is but further proof of how the industry regard and respect superiority.

We, in claiming and charging more for the Warner, must have more to offer. We have. No other instrument on the market has the exclusive patented features. And right here we wish to state that no instrument, unless built on the Warner principles and patents, can be as fine or as finished as the Warner. It would surprise you if we were to name the manufacturers who have infringed on our many exclusive patents.

The mechanism of the Warner is very simple, and, as usual, the simpler anything is the better it is. It is built on the induction principle. A permanent magnet, which revolves when the car is in motion, spins in exact ratio with the revolving wheel to which the instrument is attached. The magnetic "lines of force" creating a pull, pass through an aluminum disc and are concentrated by a stationary "keeper" of soft steel. The aluminum disc carries the speed figure in miles per hour and gives mileage registration and speed that are absolutely accurate. It is the most delicate and most sensitive instrument made. At the same time it is the most durable. The first Warners put into service—eight years ago—are still working perfectly.

The Warner is the only speed instrument made with a compensating device. This is an exclusive Warner feature. Under any climatic condition a Warner will give absolutely accurate service. It is not affected by atmospheric changes. Severe cold or extreme heat can not throw it out of whack. This compensating device has been carefully worked out on the expansion and contraction principle and by every known test has proven its practicability.

Every Warner is perfectly balanced for life, before it leaves the factory. Remove the speed indicating disc from any Warner, no matter how old — spin it — and you will find it to revolve absolutely true. Spin the indicating disc of the average instrument and you will be surprised at the "wabble." This is but one of the many little Warner perfections that complete a thoroughly reliable and dependable speed indicator.

The very choicest jewels are used in Warner interior construction. The speed disc is mounted on four sapphire jewels. Pivot rests on a perfect cap jewel.

Warner instruments register 100,000 and repeat, and 1000 miles and repeat. By means of our special reset you can adjust to any trip or any route whenever you please.

Each Warner is neat, simple and handsome. They are built to weather the worst and will never vary a particle in recording your daily rides or yearly tours.

Priced at from $50 to $125. For sale by reliable dealers all over the world and at our own branches. Warner service stations in all of the principal cities — listed below.

We will be glad to mail you a handsome catalogue which fully describes our line, and its thorough and excellent construction.

THE WARNER INSTRUMENT COMPANY, Beloit, Wisconsin

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Atlanta, Boston, Buffalo, Chicago, Cincinnati, Cleveland, Denver, Detroit, Indianapolis, Kansas City, Los Angeles, New York, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, Portland, Ore., San Francisco, Seattle, St. Louis

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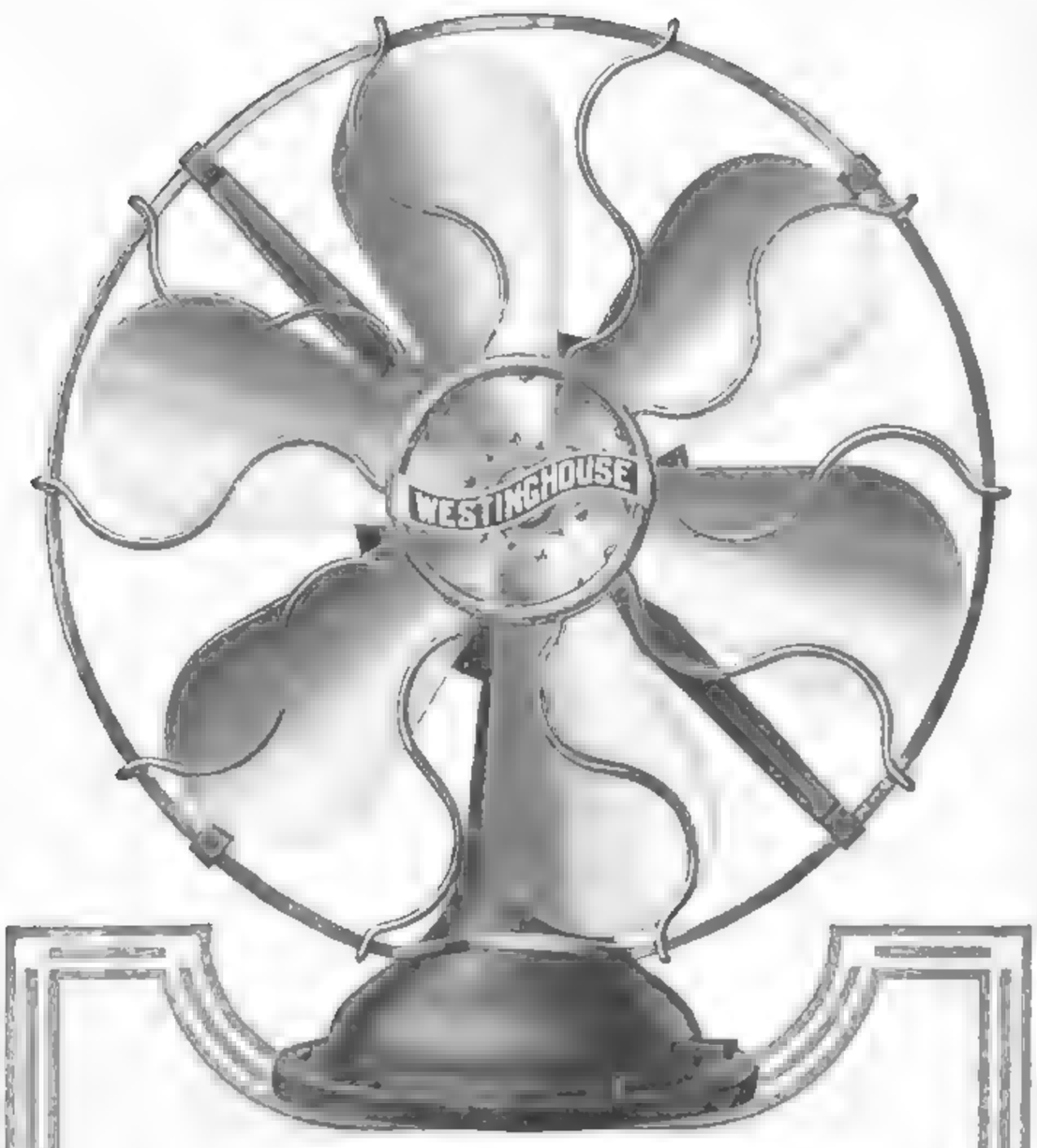


WESTINGHOUSE Electric Fan

(Residence Type)

The Whisper of Its Breeze the Only Sound

THE silent electric fan for your home, the library, church, or theatre. The new model, drawn-steel frame, slow-speed Westinghouse Residence Fan has six blades and moves a large volume of air with no distracting indication of the process.

The use of the drawn-steel frame makes this fan extremely light and much stronger than the old style fan. The design is very symmetrical and the steel takes any one of many beautiful finishes, making possible a perfect harmony with the richest surroundings.

In ordering ask for the Westinghouse Residence Fan. It comes in the 12-inch size, desk and bracket, and oscillating.

Put It On the Floor In the Corner If the Direct Breeze Is Too Strong

Then all the air in the room is in circulation with no direct draught. You can perfectly regulate the strength of breeze with the switch on every fan.

Send for handsome illustrated catalog showing full line of Westinghouse Fans for every purpose. Desk and bracket fans in all sizes. Mechanical and air oscillating fans, 12 and 16 inch. Column and ceiling fans, including the new "Baby" ceiling fan, spread 32 inches. Write to "Westinghouse Fan Dept. P, East Pittsburgh, Pa."

All good electrical dealers and many lighting companies will sell you Westinghouse Fans. If you have trouble obtaining one, let us know and we will see that you are supplied without delay.

Westinghouse Electric & Manufacturing Co.
Pittsburgh

Sales Offices in 45 American Cities Representatives all over the World

THE RISE OF THE JUNIOR PARTNER

(Continued from Page 19)

In the latter I found just as many opportunities for betterment as in the selling branches of the business. The right organization in a factory will quicken production immediately and cut down expenses and costs. For example, I said to one superintendent: 'You must cut the unit cost of this number nine piece from eleven to six cents.' That was a radical order. On the face of it, it seemed impossible; but the superintendent had developed an organization under him, and when the problem was studied by intelligent men a machine was perfected by which the cost of making this piece of apparel was reduced to five cents, and subsequently to three. On another occasion, when a similar order was given, a folding machine was invented almost immediately that accomplished the necessary result. If you have the right men in your organization and develop them properly they'll work magic for you when you wave your wand.

"At the beginning, however, I found the same story all through our business—no well-defined policies; lack of the right human material; want of incentive, and a woful need of initiative. In the wholesale house, for instance, the manager of the garment department belonged to a school of business twenty years out of date. He hadn't got the modern viewpoint—the 'furniture viewpoint,' as our senior partner expressed it. I tried faithfully to make him see things as I saw them; but for a week I made no impression. Then I said to him: 'If you get the spirit of winning into your men you can easily sell thirty per cent more stuff than you sold last year. We'll give you what new blood you need and we'll pay you and your men what you earn; but if you fail to sell the extra thirty per cent—well, in that event you automatically fire yourself.' In his case I put the proposition unusually strong.

"Well, sir, he woke up; his coattails did some lively stunts about our mercantile stage. He acquired the mental attitude, forgot his traditions and went over the mark I set for him; but he didn't do it alone—if he hadn't organized his men for the effort he wouldn't have done it. It's the men who work for you that do the thing very often."

Organization—A Fine Art

"In the flannels we had been disgracefully deep in the mire of incompetence. I put in a new manager because there was no hope for the old one. There isn't any use trying to make a clubfooted man toe out. The new manager demonstrated my theory that if you set a reasonable goal for a man to attain, and set the right man at the task, he will achieve it nine times out of ten, no matter if he sells only batts, waddings and burlap. One thing this new manager did was to sell four times as many steamer rugs as we'd ever sold. He did this by clever ideas in featuring.

"It was really astonishing how the different departments responded as I touched the keys of organization. The silks, laces, cloths, prints, carpets, hosiery, books—all the departments, in fact—got into line; so each of them began to show results from ten to a hundred per cent better than formerly. Yet, in reality, it was a logical result. When you improve the ingredients that go into the soup you make better soup!

"The actual improvement of the ingredients of our organization, however, was a patient, laborious process. As I have shown you, I first surrounded myself with a lot of department heads whom I imbued with the broader vision. I gave each the incentive to originate selling ideas and short cuts in expense. Each had his goal set for him—his expected volume of sales. Its attainment meant a much larger individual bonus than if he fell short. And in order to knit all the departments together, and make each manager interested in the welfare of all the departments as well as of his own, we offered in addition a general bonus. This we divided equally among all the department heads. It was based on the total net profits of the house.

"Thus each of these managers became the head of a little world of his own. He was, in effect, the organization manager of that minor world. It was his duty to make detailed reports to me concerning each worker. In my office we kept a card-index system, showing the monthly sales, clerk by clerk; but that wasn't all. Each department had a suggestion box, into which any employee could drop a written slip, bearing a definite idea by means of which more goods might be sold or methods improved. Every idea accepted was credited to the employee furnishing it; and not only was a cash payment made in return, but the number of ideas supplied by each clerk became a matter of record. Advancements were made for cause, not through personal favoritism. Please observe that this plan was designed to give us human material vastly more profitable than Birdie McNulty!

"The ideas that remain on ice in the brains of the average business will surprise you if you get the sawdust cleared away. Some business men try to club out the ideas with a bludgeon, but the modern organization manager gets them coming naturally."

A Member of the Firm

"Of course we extended our premium or bonus system down through the ranks. When you go to a store to buy butter you have to pay for quality; but a lot of business men think they can get creamery-brand labor on a butterine basis. You can make a horse pull by sitting behind him and swearing, and you can make a dog crawl to you on his belly; but the men who can sell the most goods for you are not built that way.

"In order to train our people in the broader habits of thinking and doing we established a school on an upper floor of our store where we had graded lectures on management; here, too, we taught our clerks the essential things about goods. You know that in many business establishments the chief weakness lies in the sales force. The goods may have all sorts of fine qualities, but if the salesman isn't able to talk intelligently the initiative of the factory is largely wasted. So, too, is the splendid selling machinery one often sees in establishments where the human element is 'way below par. I often think of this when I go into business houses and see the fine buildings, the attractive fixtures, the smooth-running elevators—and the human organization that isn't half organized.

"One of my greatest troubles lay in the difficulty I found in recruiting department heads who were broad enough to see all these things. So I adopted what I called the 'travel plan.' Men who travel much—provided they have the right foundation—get above the common level; but the sort of travel I gave these young chaps required no railroad fare. Whenever any department developed a man to the point where he promised well as an executive I started him going. I gave him a month, say, in the linens; then another month in the curtains; then two or three weeks in the washgoods; then a week in the sporting goods. I fixed up several courses that covered periods ranging up to two years, finishing with the different departments of the office. Wherever the future executives were sent they did plebeian work alongside the regular workers. They understood what the scheme was, and almost without exception they took hold vigorously. One of those chaps today frequently goes into a department that is utterly strange to him and within a week recommends improvements that mean larger sales or reduction of cost. It's the travel viewpoint, you see. If only you have a definite policy of developing men it'll work out every time.

"Thus we always had ample material from which to draw our department heads; and from our department heads we now draw the men we take into the business.

"As for myself, I was taken into the corporation the year after I became organization manager. On the eve of my wedding the senior partner called me to his office and gave me a check for a thousand dollars. 'This,' he said, 'is a gift from the house.' Then he handed me a hundred shares of stock. 'But these,' he went on, 'you'll have to pay for. We are going to charge you with ten thousand dollars and interest on that sum at six per cent. Then we'll credit you with the profits on your stock, and you can settle the debt in that way. The bigger you make the profits the sooner

the indebtedness will be canceled. If at any time you should wish to dispose of the stock you must sell it back to us.'

"In less than three years I had cleaned up my block of stock and was charged with another block—this time forty thousand! Our remodeled organization was now piling up astounding results; we were making money so fast that it dazed us. Expansion was imperative and we put up a new building. In our greater business I was allowed a liberal share. My partners advanced the cash and I gave them my note. This note is now paid in full. In a way, my interest in the business was given to me; but in reality I earned it.

"About twenty men have followed in my footsteps, though some of them are small holders of stock. Every one we take in is a picked man. Nor is there any element of mere friendship in this policy of giving our best executives an interest in the business. We do it because it pays big dividends. It brings out the merchandising and manufacturing genius of the organization. The average partnership, you know, is a wretched aggregation of men drawn together through chance or acquaintance. In our establishment no man is ever admitted who hasn't proved himself in advance—after we have applied our own particular brand of development.

"Our latest arrival is a young man who started ten years ago as an umbrella checker in the main vestibule. One day, through the suggestion box, I received a selling idea from this boy. He proposed that on rainy days we have a special window display, devoted to wet-weather goods. Thereafter we kept a section of a window that could be transformed quickly to meet weather conditions. We materially helped our sales of umbrellas, raincoats, and the like.

"This boy we promoted for his alertness. It wasn't long before we heard from him again. We kept on hearing and he kept on going up. We've had hundreds of such instances. You see now what I mean by the term "organization." It's the organized effort of the best men and women we can get hold of. It's the effort they put forth—not for the store primarily, but for themselves.

"There's no way to get this organized effort except to go after it. The nation is full of ten-dollar clerks who offer splendid material for business organizations. There is an amazing opportunity for ten-dollar clerks who will get hold of a mental scaling-ladder and climb on top of the wall—where they can see over!"

Editor's Note—This is the last of this series of articles by Edward Mott Woolley.

THE JINGO

(Continued from Page 21)

"Five thousand people were concerned in it. It's a public protest against any interference with the marriage of Bezzanna to Jimmy."

"Shake!" shouted Teddy, gripping Jimmy's hand heartily, after which he made another frantic attempt to find the missing sleevehole. "They're becoming civilized. I'll have to tell Bezzanna this right away!" And he started for the door.

He was met on the way by the young lady in question who, hurried as she was, had on an exquisite morning robe of bewildering pink, which rippled with lace so flimsy that it seemed to flash back and forth, and there was a perfectly tied ribbon bow in her hair; a frill of dainty white peeped from beneath the hem of her robe.

"Jimmy!" she cried, rushing up to that young man as he struggled with a collar-button. "Are you ill? My telephone rang."

Old Amyah wrung his hands.

"Only overcome by the great news, Betsy," gleefully chortled Teddy. "The Tower of Wahanita has been blown up. Over five thousand people took part in its destruction."

"Glorious!" ejaculated the princess, clasping her fingers behind Jimmy's neck and beaming up at him with seraphic eyes. "I hated that thing!"

"Wait a minute," pleaded Jimmy. "You people travel so fast that you make a subway express look like a Central Park victoria! You don't give me a chance to tell the news," and, bundling Bezzanna into a big chair as if she had been an armful of feathers, he sat on the arm of it, after slipping on his lounging robe. "The rest of it is serious. The people are pouring into the town, armed with their pikes and spears and crossbows, and have declared that they intend to wipe out the entire nobility. They are forming themselves into a huge army and intend to clean up Onalyon's side of the river first. The people have been figuring. Onalyon poisoned their minds against us in the first place and a large majority of the nobles brought them out here to unseat the king. They saw how easily they could have been killed. Onalyon planned another war; and a number of the nobles, still remaining true to their hereditary traditions, joined him in that. Onalyon came over here and sent for all his guns and ammunition. They figured two things: first, that the prince had seen something about a hundred degrees more destructive than they had been shown; and, second, that the nobles had been willing to sacrifice a few thousand of them to pass the time away. Moreover, they got the idea that the princess had been about to sacrifice herself to save them—and they've gone Bezzanna-mad! They're wearing pink ribbons for a badge. They intend to wipe out the entire nobility system, with the exception of the princess, whom they intend to make a queen—with me as a sort of side partner, I believe."

The king was much distressed. He paced agitatedly up and down the room, unconscious of the fact that his movements were seriously hampered by his having straddled one suspender.

"We shall have a worse slaughter than that with which Onalyon threatened us," he worried. "We shall be compelled to kill thousands of them in spite of ourselves."

"You don't need to lose a man!" announced Jimmy exultantly, taking the head of the table and resting his knuckles upon it in the argumentative, oratorical fashion of a statesman who is sure of his ground. "Dymp Haplee is calling up the nobles as fast as he can get their numbers, and warning them to get some bricks and mortar themselves up in the northeast corner of the cellar. They're so scared by this time that none of them has called you up yet. They'll begin inside of half an hour—and by that time you can tell them exactly what to say."

A plump lady in a lavender kimono but wearing a green sash, which betokened extreme agitation in one so particular about colors, bustled into the room and blinked. Old Amyah, who had so far stood his ground and endured his humiliation, shriveled and broke for cover at last.

"Didn't my telephone bell ring?" asked Aunt Gee-gee. "I thought maybe it did and waited for it to repeat; and then I heard the voices and came where I saw the light. What on earth is the matter?"

"The Tower of Wahanita has been blown up by five or ten thousand people—maybe more!" announced Bezzanna, to whom all other news was as nothing.

"Over ten thousand—maybe fifteen!" gasped Aunt Gee-gee, dropping speechless into a chair to puff. The king had rescued his suspender by this time.

"But how are we to save Isola from a tragedy?" he asked. "There is no time to be lost."

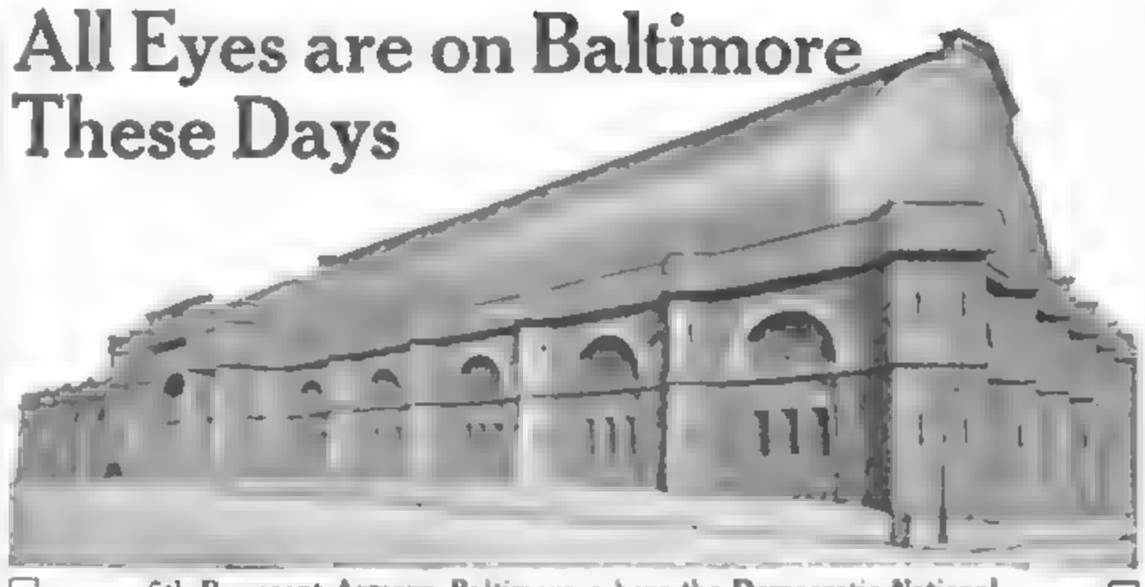
"Proclaim a republic!" declared Jimmy triumphantly. "That's what you want anyhow. I've watched this king business all over the world with a keen commercial eye; and believe me, Thanks Old Scout, it's a dying industry. The only way I see for a king to earn the love of his people is to fool them by passing them his throne before they take it away from him."

"Proclaim a republic!" repeated the king, dazed.

"How can we do it?" asked Teddy.

"Call up the nobles and tell them that's the only way to save their bacon," explained Jimmy. "They'll consent to anything tonight, and the council will meet here in the morning to ratify it. Meantime, tell them to spread the news to any mob which happens their way. We'll telephone Dymp Haplee to get out an immediate extra, and have the Hello Company telephone to all its subscribers to inform the neighbors. By morning all Isola will know that it is a republic and that the people have a say in every important and unimportant matter. They'll have a constitution, a legislature, a senate, laws, lawyers and lawsuits—and the people will

All Eyes are on Baltimore These Days



5th Regiment Armory, Baltimore, where the Democratic National Convention is being held.

As Hostess to the Democratic National Convention Baltimore is Making Political History these days.

For the last six months Baltimore has been making clothing history that has effectively and permanently revolutionized the values in medium-priced clothes.

Styleplus Clothes $17

"The same price the world over"

are adding fame to Baltimore's name for doing big things in a big way.

Look for the Styleplus label in the coat.
Look for the Styleplus guarantee in the pocket.

If there is no Styleplus dealer in your town, write for style folder and samples of Styleplus fabrics.

HENRY SONNEBORN & CO.
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Notice who Smoke Them

Give the waiter an extra tip when he brings you a Preferencia. He wants you to have the best in the house.

La Preferencia

"30 minutes in Havana"

After dinner—you will thoroughly enjoy that "thirty-minutes in Havana."

La Preferencia—the cigar with the delightful blend—is making friends by the million—and holds them by its unchanging goodness.

The biggest selling 10c Cigar in the World.

Various sizes—and they're always Preferencia. Special tin packing for the Summer.

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111 Fifth Avenue New York

enter upon a new zest of life. We'll put this nation on a good, solid, substantial commercial basis, and have a stirring election every two years—four years between elections is too far apart for a new republic. The nobles who are popular will be elected to the first parliament and that will give them a chance to frame up original laws to conserve property interests. They'll enjoy the game. You have material enough in your council and in the board of trade to make corking good politicians, from ward heelers to grafting senators; and by the time we expose a scandal or so the people will be so crazy about politics they can't do without it. Of course you and I are too busy to fool much with the game, except as proprietors; but you'll be compelled to accept the first nomination for territorial governor—and you'll be elected by an overwhelming majority too!"

"Territorial governor?" repeated the king. "I don't quite understand. I thought the chief ruler of a republic was a president."

"It is," admitted Jimmy—"but not of a territory."

"Aren't we to be a real republic then?" protested the king.

"Oh, no," Jimmy suavely informed him. "That wouldn't do at all. The minute this German aviator gets outside and announces the discovery of this nice little slice of rich land, the nearest power will annex it, kingdom or no kingdom, republic or no republic—and then nobody will have any say about anything; but if you have previously annexed yourselves to some other great power and have an already existing government under that power you're out of trouble."

"I see," replied the king, assimilating the idea. "That is why we become a territorial government."

"A territory of the United States of America!" repeated Jimmy firmly. "When any other nation walks in here and sees the American flag flying over the courthouse it will apologize for the intrusion, borrow a light for its cigarette, back out bowing, and go home and kick the dog off the front doorstep."

"We might take that big American flag of yours from the workshop down into the city and hoist it tomorrow," mused the king. "I like this idea, Jimmy. I believe that a hundred and fifty thousand people can govern themselves better than one man can, no matter how wise and good he is."

"Ninety millions of people have proved it," declared Jimmy solemnly. "Gee! I've done a lot for Isola!" he added with vast pride—"I've made her a part of America!"

The telephone bell rang. Jimmy answered it, covered the transmitter with his hand, and turned to the king with a grin.

"It's Huppylac, Onalyon's right bower," he chuckled. "He's crazy! There's a mob of his own people coming up his drive with torches. I guess you'd better talk to him yourself."

The king also grinned as he took the transmitter—and he grinned all the while he listened.

"There is only one way to save your bacon," he gravely announced. "Beat the mob to it and proclaim that Isola now has a republican form of government, having been annexed as a territory to the United States of America, the most powerful nation in the world. Let every man in that mob know that he can vote for fool laws to rob himself with and he'll go straight home and build a jubilee bonfire with the family spears. Be here at ten o'clock in the morning to meet with the rest of the council and ratify the republic."

"He fell all right!" surmised Jimmy as the king, after explaining a few more things, turned from the telephone with an exultant chuckle.

"He has rushed out to meet the mob," said the king.

"Let's get busy then," observed Jimmy briskly. "We have three trunkwires running out here—one to the palace, one to the offices and one to the factories. You take this one, Teddy will run over to the factory, and Betsy and I will tend to the one in the office. We'll split the list into three takes and begin calling up the nobles right away."

"Fifteen thousand!" gasped Aunt Geegee, and went to bed.

After an arduous session which lasted until daybreak they met again in the library to compare notes, and had eighty-seven out of a hundred nobles. The other thirteen would not believe the news—except Old Polecon, who believed it but intended to fight to a finish even if he had to fight alone.

"They'll have to hustle the finishing of that church," remarked Jimmy as they sat happily round the table, framing a Constitution as nearly as possible like that of the United States of America.

"That's right," laughed the king, fondling the shoulder of Bezzanna, who was looking up at Jimmy with beaming adoration. She was so proud of him! "You can be married now without any fear of the nobles—since there are to be none."

"Right you are!" assented Jimmy, drawing Bezzanna closer to him. He was jealous of the king. "Why else do you suppose I took advantage of the psychological moment to spring the scheme of this blooming republic?"

"I'll bet I know your wedding march!" laughed Teddy jubilantly. "The band will play Dixie."

"No," decided Jimmy with a far-away look in his eyes. "I think that for this particular and happy occasion we'll have another tune."

"I know," guessed the beaming Bezzanna—"the Star-Spangled Banner!"

ADDENDUM

This book has been written by the literary editor of the Daily Isolian and cast into the sea in the hope that the United States of America will equip an expedition to discover Isola. The present and second territorial governor, Jimmy Smith, desires to assure the United States of the devotion and loyalty of a hundred and seventy-five thousand patriotic, prosperous and progressive Americans. Also, he wishes to assure the Eureka Manufacturing Company of his safety. The name of that great concern is borne by his infant son—Eureka Smith!

(THE END)

The Business Doctor

IN SOME cases business systems have been of great value, which also may be said to be true of patent medicines. If the medicine is not particularly injurious, and if it happens to fit the particular pain, the result will be satisfactory; so the ordinary market-price bargain system may likewise sometimes be of no uncertain benefit.

The work of the accountant, however, is the work of a business physician; and consequently in this work, to a very large extent, he must come in very close contact with the concern he is serving. The needs of one business are not the needs of that entire class of businesses, but are limited to the particular and individual institution under audit and examination.

An alarm has been felt in many circles owing to the apparently possible monopoly of the accounting and systematizing work by a few of the larger firms of accountants. It is undoubtedly true that there will be large and great firms of accountants always, as there are large and great staffs of doctors and attorneys; but, aside from this, the fear is without foundation, for, as the science of accounting becomes more widely recognized, more and more will the great volume of work be done by the individual accountants and firms of accountants in close contact with the clients they are serving. The specialist will grow and increase in usefulness and in service to the business world, but his field will necessarily be limited by his physical limitations; for it must be remembered that the man who made possible the establishing of a clientèle is the man to whom those clients look for service, and not to his corps of assistants.

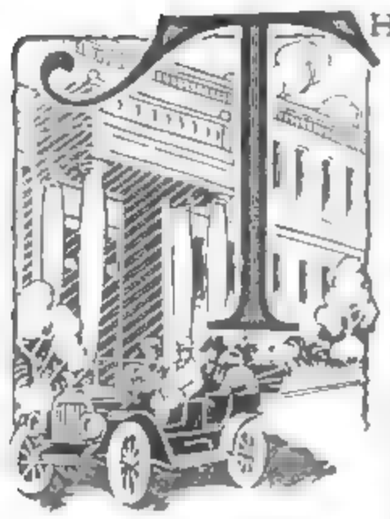
The goal in accounting and systematizing is perfection of development of the business with which it deals; the results are but an approximation. As physical knowledge increases, disease and suffering decrease; so in the business world analogous results are effected by increased knowledge of the science of business.

A few years ago we were advised by Mr. Morgan that our panics were gone, and gone forever—that a better day had dawned. Today we are told by Mr. Brandeis that one million dollars is wasted daily in the railroad world alone through inefficiency—and if Mr. Brandeis is correct there are wasted many more millions of dollars in other lines of endeavor.

So long as laws are violated, so long must penalties be paid. The great work of the business physician is, therefore, not so much to cure the ills of business as it is to so teach the laws of business that violations may be more and more eliminated.

Tire Types and Treads

By H. S. Firestone



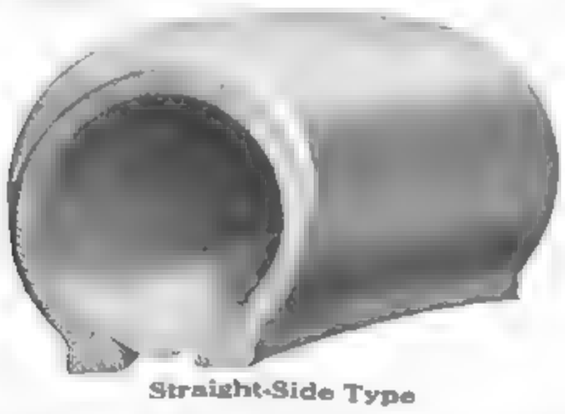
THE STORMY days of tire types have passed. The pneumatic tire, in a few types, standardized by the test of time, presents practically an open field to any manufacturer.

So the car maker or the car buyer who *favors* any particular type for reasons of his own, or *needs* a special type owing to rim equipment, still has a choice of various makes and qualities.

The Pneumatic Tire has reached its present stage of perfection only after the expenditure of a vast amount of thought, time and money in its development. The serviceable combination of rubber and fabric was the greatest difficulty. The scope of this effort is well illustrated by the fact that 1,641 patents for pneumatic tires have been issued in the United States since May 8, 1847, the date of the first patent. This does not include the large number issued on solid and cushion tires.

Survival of the Fittest

Needless to say, many of these patents amounted to nothing, and the majority of those embarking in the business have not succeeded. It has been another case of the survival of the fittest.



Straight-Side Type

The Straight-Side Type of today, included in the Firestone line and other lines, is one of the oldest types now in general use. This type, which some feature as secure against rim cutting and as having extra capacity, is the original Dunlop style, improved.

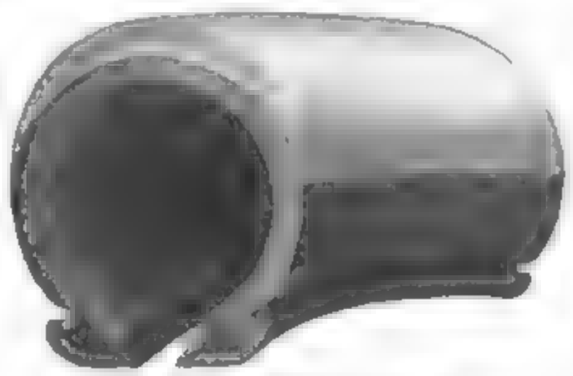
As the sides or "beads" of this tire do not come together at the bottom, a larger hole or air space is left in the case. But as practically no space is gained above the level of the rim flange, where cushioning is needed, there is doubt of the value of this larger space.

But the straight-side tire, properly designed, properly made, of the right materials has proved itself worthy, regardless of this consideration. The fact that the record of the "Firestone" in this type is above reproach demonstrates that the principle has merit.

No More Rim Cutting

Security against rim cutting is not a matter of type of tire but of design and quality and the way the tire is used. No *good* tire of any standard type will be cut by any standard rim if properly used. On the other hand, any type tire will be ruined if abused by running on it any length of time when it is partially or wholly deflated.

The Clincher Type of tire, which superseded the straight-side in popular favor and demands some years ago, may be cited as the *real* standard of today. Particularly the latest form—the Quick Detachable Clincher.



Regular Clincher Type

The first Clincher Type, known now as the "Regular Clincher," was a marked advance when introduced toward facilitating a change of tire. The hooked bead or base of the tire engages with the hooked sides of the rim. But the bead is made pliable for attaching and detaching, consequently the fastening is not sufficiently secure to afford a large margin of safety on larger size tires. To avoid accidents, lugs or staybolts must be used.

The quick detachable clincher type is the final accomplishment made possible by the introduction of a quick detachable rim with clincher or hooked side-rings. In this type the bead is made stiff, doing away with the need of lugs or staybolts and all chances of mishap and road changes are no longer dreaded.

All these types are members of the "Firestone" family. As developed in the "Firestone" design and quality each type has done its part in establishing Firestone supremacy.

The Importance of the Tread

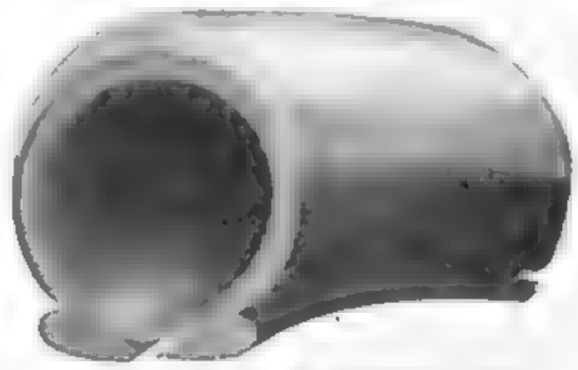
The matter of tread is of more general interest and importance to car owners than the question of type of tire. The quality and quantity of rubber used in the tread, the accuracy of compounding, determines the length and character of service.

The ideal tread is the one with "life," lots of resilience to smooth the road, coupled with toughness to withstand the grind, the friction, the heat, for the longest time possible.

No tread is made wholly of rubber. Pure rubber could not withstand road service or weather exposure. It is necessary to mix mineral substances with the rubber.

The cheap, inferior treads are made by overloading the rubber with compounding materials and skimping on the thickness.

Where quality is entirely sacrificed to price no pure rubber is used at all—only enough "reclaimed" rubber for compounding purposes. And as compound weighs much more than pure rubber, a thick tread of heavy compound would give the tire too much weight. The natural result is that quality and quantity are both lacking.



Quick Detachable Clincher Type

The Built or Moulded Tread

But quality and quantity of material are not the only factors. Character of workmanship has an enormous bearing on the final product. It is possible, for example, to cut down on manufacturing expense by *moulding* a tread, but highest efficiency can be obtained only by *building* layer on layer, and curing all these layers into one tough, inseparable tread.

Twelve years of supreme service on the road, with never an "off" season—the world's record for durability and speed on Firestones of regular stock construction, leave no room for these standards to be questioned where quality is the issue. Such standards cost more at the factory but cost less on the road.

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Smooth Tread or Non-Skid Tread In All Standard Types

Firestone Plain, or "Round" Tread Tires, are built by our Rubber and Tire Engineers, according to a tire-making know-how, learned by twelve years of undisputed leadership; learned during twelve years of uninterrupted supremacy in sure service given. The quality of material, the exactness of compounding, the extra thickness of tread, combined with extra lightness of weight, have captured this supremacy by victories in the hardest tests for durability and speed. This supreme quality has been made pre-eminent by closest attention to minutest details, under an uncompromising inspection.

Firestone Non-Skid Tires are the original all-rubber skid-preventing tread. They have passed the experimental stage, given absolute security against mishap. The *inbuilt* strain-resisting strength of Firestone construction, with the added thickness of the tough, resilient skid-preventing tread, hold the car firmly to the road or pavement. The many sharp edges and angles, combined with the vacuum-creating hollows of the "N-o-n-S-k-i-d" tread, insure clinging security. The extra thickness of the Non-Skid tread makes certain extra service and extra resiliency on all roads, in all climates, at all seasons.

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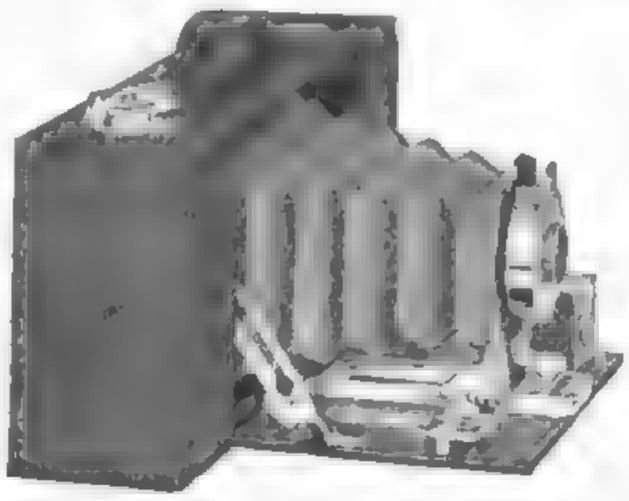

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THE CONFESSIONS OF AN OLD PUBLIC-SCHOOL BOY

(Continued from Page 11)

another red-brick building two blocks beyond that is the street-car barn. Aside from these elementary facts, my mind is about equally blank concerning all three. I know the name of the school principal, but have never seen him. The other teachers are unknown to me even by name. My son disappears from the flat in the morning about the time I do and reappears an hour earlier. To him I lose myself in the maze to the south. To me he loses himself in the maze to the west. Of course I can image something of what he is doing during the day. He has only the most fragmentary notion of what I am doing. He is surprised, on an occasional visit to my office, to learn that he mustn't carry off the pencils because I have to buy them. In another office which he visited with a chum pencils are free. Why this disability on my part?

With my father work and school were nearly one. He worked with his father and other men, doing the same kind of things they did. As a matter of course he understood what they were doing and why. With me my father's office was as familiar as the home itself. The avocations of all the men I knew were under my eye. With my son the maze off south, except in its mere physical aspects, is almost as strange as the moon. Excepting his enemies, the janitor and the principal, he hardly ever sees a man whom he knows at work, and when he does he fails to understand what the man is doing.

At my father's public school, and to a somewhat lesser degree at mine, all the pupils were of substantially the same sort, with about the same antecedents, conditions and outlook upon life; and the pupils all knew one another—where they lived, who their parents were, and so on. In short, the school simply and automatically comprehended the human world round about it. My son's school has very little to do with the human world round about it. Of course small groups of pupils form friendships, know one another in their homes, and so on, but mainly the pupils drop down from nowhere in the morning and drop back into nowhere in the afternoon. Quite a number from the farther end of the district are of immigrant parentage. All my son knows about them is that they are shabbily dressed.

Obviously—to me—my son's educational needs are different from mine, and very different from my father's, because what my son gets outside is very different. But in school he gets very much the same old stuff. True, they call the grammar textbook "Language" or "English," and the arithmetic textbook "Numbers"; but the contents differ very little. There are any number of examples in his arithmetic that I couldn't work to save me, except by looking up long-forgotten rules or by using infinite patience. My business is that of expert accountant and statistician. Of course I have no use whatever for compound and complex fractions, the contents of cones and many other things that the child has to learn.

The Bliss of Ignorance

It is pretty much the same stuff, but there is more of it—which probably is a disadvantage. For example, my nephew is now in his fourth year in the high school, getting passable marks. He is studying geometry; but if he lays down a dollar in payment of an article costing eighty-three cents it takes him sixty seconds of hard thinking to discover whether he has received the right change. If he wishes to know how much three times twenty-four is he must get pencil and paper and figure it out. I wouldn't trust his addition of a short column of figures unless he had been over it three times.

He has been studying German three years. All the German he knows an intelligent lad could easily acquire in three weeks under a capable tutor. He cannot carry on the simplest conversation. I doubt if he would recognize anything but bread and water on a German bill-of-fare.

My nephew is not a prodigy of learning, but a fair average high-school graduate. Of the things the high school pretends to teach he knows only an uncertain smattering; and the high school scarcely pretends to teach anything about the breadwinning world round it. Some things, indeed, he knows admirably—batting averages, football scores and the performances of our leading prizefighters. Put a morning's newspaper before him and he will turn immediately to the sporting page. Having read that, he shoves the paper aside, his interest in its contents being exhausted.

In this—and in his poor little fraternity which the school authorities sternly suppressed—he is, of course, imitating college. The school authorities blame him for it, without reflecting that the high school's whole being is only a poor imitation of college. Its studies are determined by college requirements, although everybody knows that of the pupils who enter public schools only an infinitesimal proportion ever go to college. Nearly all the boys go to work, as my nephew will.

The Penalty of Being an A. M.

For at least four years my nephew has been educated—partly at the public's expense, partly at the expense of his hard-working, careful-living father, but still more at his own ultimate expense—to be a college man, when everybody concerned knew there was hardly one chance in a hundred that he would be a college man. It's like taking great pains and expense to teach an English-speaking boy Italian when he's going to live in Sweden. He may be able to read a play by Goldoni, but he can't ask his way to the post-office.

It goes farther back than four years, of course. Since the lad was six years old he has been educated substantially as boys were when one who expected to work for a living, except in the professions, hardly ever went to school; when schools were almost wholly for the well-to-do. Nowadays we not only invite but compel every child to attend school. It seems to me that education for a select, advantageously situated few and for a population *en masse* ought to have widely different aims, because the needs are so different. We're still aiming in the main at a master's degree—in Latin. It is quite clear that the total population cannot be A. M.'s and follow professional careers.

My nephew is going to work soon in a world overwhelmingly industrial and commercial. He knows nothing worth mentioning about either industry or commerce. I doubt very much if he could explain, in their very simplest terms, the processes by which a loaf of bread arrives in the kitchen, or how woolen cloth or a pair of shoes gets to the retail merchant's shelves. I'm sure he doesn't understand the difference between a partnership and a corporation, because I asked him. No doubt he will find a job in this industrial and commercial world that he knows nothing about. There are many jobs in a city for a presentable high-school boy of respectable parentage—who lives at home so that he requires only nominal wages. He will be taken into an office or wholesale house and set at some childish task, because he doesn't know anything. He must begin at the very bottom and learn the business—meanwhile depending pretty much upon his parents for support. He will be rather fortunate if by the time he is twenty he has learned enough to be practically self-supporting on the narrowest terms.

But in the office or warehouse, as at school, my nephew will for some considerable time live in a disconnected world. At school pupils appeared from nowhere and disappeared. Teachers bobbed up mysteriously and vanished. Street cars came into view more or less opportunely, were ridden upon and dropped out of sight. In one book there was something about geology; in another there was something about topography. But there was hardly a suggestion anywhere that anything was particularly related to anything else. So in the warehouse, goods will mysteriously appear and mysteriously vanish. In the office certain things are to be done with certain pieces of paper that rain down from heaven and sink into the earth. Little is taught of the reason and relationship of things.

Nevertheless, the moment my nephew gets his job he will begin to learn eagerly and—more remarkable still—to remember

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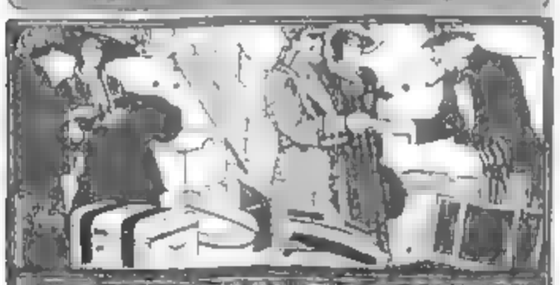

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what he has learned. He will learn and remember readily and with pleasure, because the actual things that he is learning about will be laid before his eyes and thrust into his hands, and because he feels that it all belongs in a tangibly important way to the veritable man's breadwinning world.

Books are an acquired, cultivated interest. Things are naturally and immediately interesting. Take mechanics, for example. This is certainly a mechanical time. Machinery of one kind or another is round us all the time. We fairly eat and live and have our being by it. This was so when I was a boy. But I came out of public school without the slightest practical understanding of machinery. If my typewriter goes wrong I am as helpless before it as I would be before a sentence in Sanskrit—although there was a time when my living actually depended upon using a typewriter.

My son has the advantage of me in that respect. He knows quite a bit about machinery, not because he ever learned it in school, but because he is tremendously interested in automobiles. My indulgent neighbor downstairs has one. Every now and then my son returns from the garage besmeared from top to toe, tired out, but overflowing with sage conversation about ignition, and quite happy. Put a machine in operation before a class of boys and nine out of ten of them will go for it like a dog for a rabbit. Give the same boys a textbook describing the same machine, and nine out of ten of them will immediately fall into that dull, afflicted, half-awake mental state which is the common condition of children when they have been imprisoned two or three hours in a schoolroom and set to doing mental stunts in which they haven't the least real interest.

Cork-Leg Scholarship

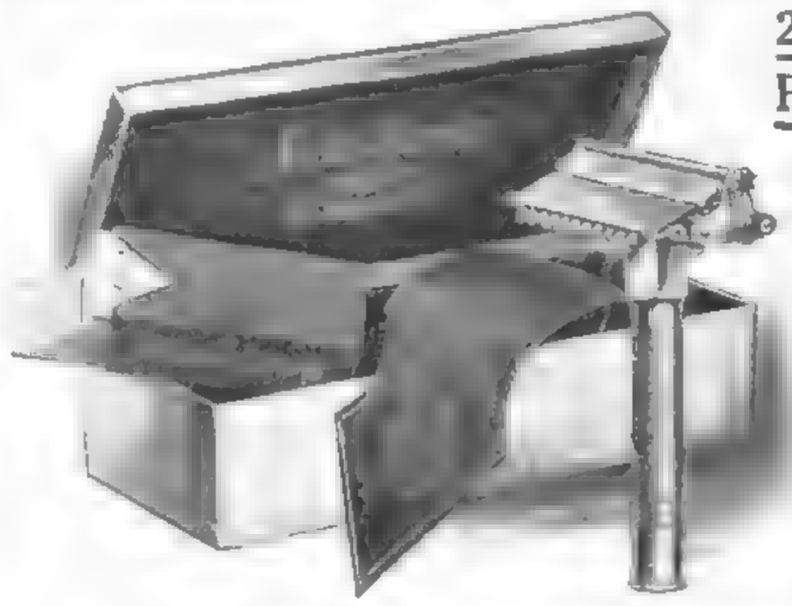
We have managed it badly, it seems. Since the boy has his own living to earn he should have been aiming at it at least from the time he was fourteen. But there is much he should have been getting from books after that age. Why shouldn't he have been doing both—working and going to school too? It looks to me as though we could never get the right answer to this problem of educating a population *en masse* by public taxation until, in a way, we turn back to my father's state when children worked and studied at the same time. It doesn't look reasonable for the school to keep my nephew detached from earth—carry him along in the air, headed for nowhere—until he is eighteen, and then drop him into a breadwinning universe he knows precious little about.

Suppose my nephew at the age of fourteen had worked an hour or so a day in a real office, warehouse or factory, and suppose as much as possible of the book instruction he received in other hours of the day had been built upon or tangibly related to his office or warehouse work? A bolt of cotton goods is as fine a starting point for a lesson on the Civil War as one need ask.

Of course it would be difficult. Persons operating the offices, warehouses and factories would see grave objections. But it is said the public schools are our highest national interest. If they are the nation shouldn't be daunted by difficulties.

My nephew might, of course, have attended the manual training high school, or—within the last year—the commercial high school. Both, I am told, are pretty fair imitations of the real thing. But a large majority of boys drop out of the public school before reaching any high school. The high manual and high commercial training, grafted upon the old elementary and grammar school courses, are by no means an answer to our problem of educating a population of breadwinners *en masse*.

And my son? Well, I hope very much he will go on through high school and then to college. After a four-year literary course, at the age of twenty-two, if he has to go to work for a living in any ordinary employment he ought to be worth ten dollars a week while my nephew is worth only six—a gain of sixty-six per cent! I hope he will go to college, because it will gratify me. At the club I shall mention casually that my son is at Cornell or Princeton. And I shall be able to say to him: "I have done the best I could by you." Possibly this is very much as though I were to say: "My son, I have spent four thousand dollars buying you the best cork leg in the market. I don't know that you will ever use a cork leg, but certainly I've been a liberal parent."



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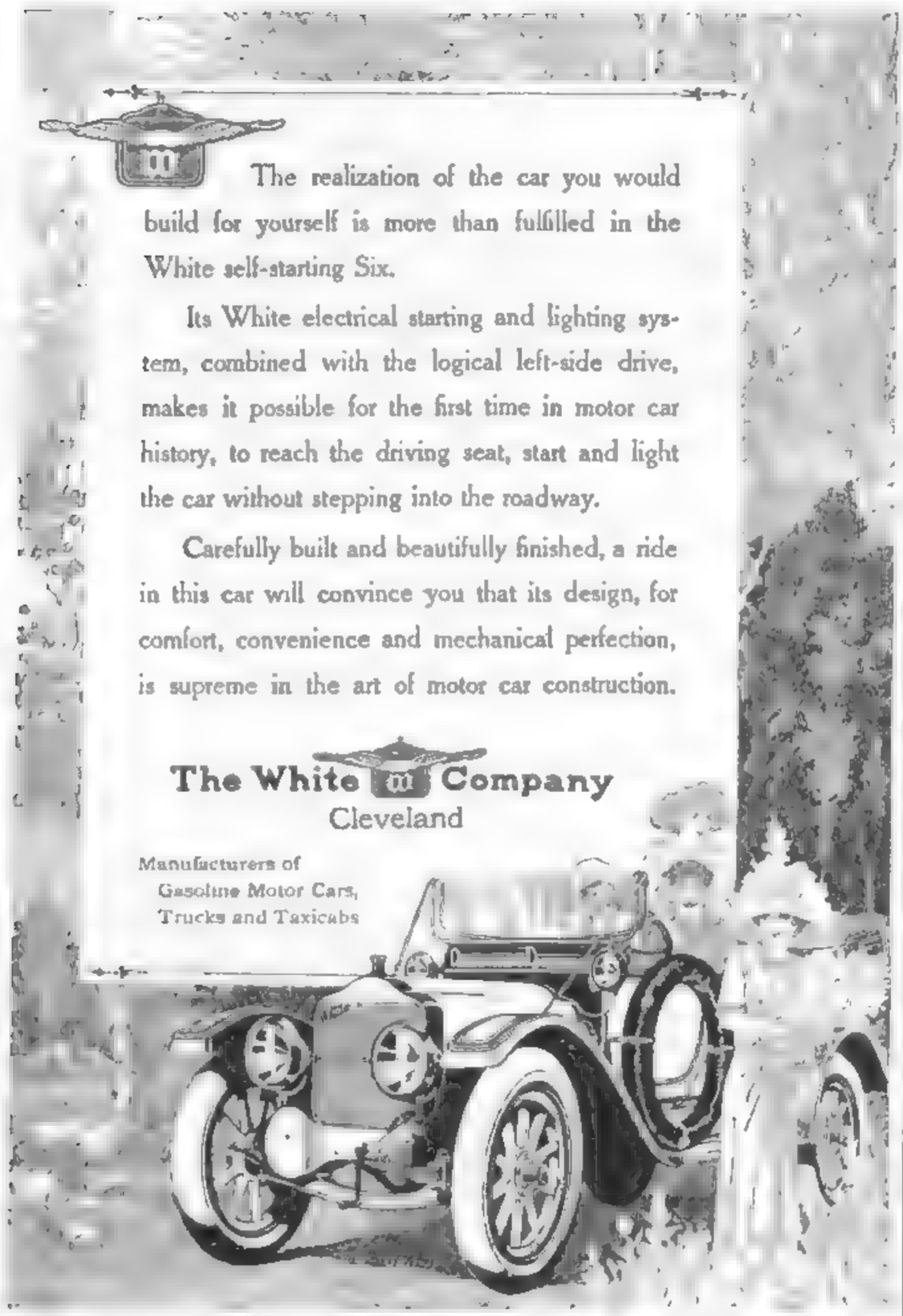

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HIGH PLAY

Continued from Page 5

ends tomorrow—and dressed in my best and came here, where I hoped to see my friend again."

"And now?" he asked.

"Why, now," she replied calmly, "comes the penalty."

"You do not regret your transgression!" She answered clearly.

"No; I have the punishment, if nothing more, for company. I was dazed and suffering annihilation," she said, with that soft passionate vehemence of the evening before. "I gambled with my modesty, self-respect, womanhood. And I won a friend!"

"But where is the punishment?" insisted Sterling, puzzled.

The girl seemed passing through a veritable martyrdom of shame. Then, as though proudly contemptuous of her embarrassment and its causes, she replied:

"After winning your friendship, I am in duty bound to say that I give you up my own. And I'll wish so many times to meet you again!" Her eyes were clear, steady; and the semblance of a smile parted her lips.

Again Sterling was shocked by her very audacity. "Well, she certainly comes out in the open and invites the chase," he thought, half ruefully. Still he chose to carry forward the affair with the finesse which had distinguished it up to this avowal of Virginia's.

"My dear Miss Tarn," he assured her, "you will never find time to receive punishment—for you will meet me every day hereafter."

"The worst part of this declaration," he thought repentantly, "is that I mean every word of it. She's put the sign on me."

Virginia, who had risen, lingered as though wondering at his expectancy. She said, in a kind of reproach:

"We must not tempt ourselves to hope for the impossible, Mr. Sterling."

"Not meet again! Miss Tarn, I will not listen to you ——" And all the power of his will concentrated in his wide eyes, now luminous and deep.

Her own were cast slowly down.

"Then I should no longer be a lady before you; I should despise myself!"

As he made no response she looked up.

"You would not require that of me!" she exclaimed exultingly. "I know—from the first glance I have known you for what you are—a true, chivalrous gentleman!"

"Once more! Let me see you again!" He might have been pleading for his life.

"And then you will let me go free?"

"Do you understand what you require of me?"

There was no mistaking his voice and look; the whole man—fiber, blood and soul—had broken into insurrection under the shell of marble.

After a moment's stillness, during which the girl watched him shyly and anxiously, she replied:

"I believe I know."

"And you still demand that I never see you again?"

"I must!"

During his lifetime Sterling remembered the tender pride of her face and bearing as he answered:

"I will not cheat you in the stake you have won. I must be as you would have me."

"Then I shall be here tomorrow evening," Virginia assured him with sweet composure.

Now the diners at that table, sequestered though it was, had not escaped observation entirely; and even as the couple rose a certain lady had risen also beyond the group of palms.

At the moment of their parting this lady bore down swiftly, her murmured words dropping melodiously through the hissing of silks.

"I am not, like the proverb, to go without saying," she informed Mr. Sterling. "I've prided myself that you'd be pining for my return from Atlantic City. So I announce myself in passing."

Indeed Maybelle's sinuous figure seemed only to have poised a moment in passing, with one tiny foot advanced. Her white throat was like a singing bird's; Virginia felt a strange rapture in the floating, golden notes.

Not so Mr. Sterling.

"You are more than courteous," he replied, immobile as ice.

"Frappéd!" rejoined Maybelle, firing over Virginia's head. "One must be so forward these days," she ran on smoothly.

Sterling gave no intimation of introducing his companion; so Maybelle, without daring to meet the narrowed, vengeful eyes, carried audacity to the highest.

"A stranger, or near stranger, to New York?" she ventured to Virginia, half timidly; and then, as though reassured by the smile and little nod: "My dear young lady, you must positively do your part in the summer colony. I am here showing my teeth—to the dentist—and lonely—you don't know what a desert the city is, with men, like Bedouins, whirling and vanishing—they whirl, don't they?"

Virginia laughed outright, her whole heart going forth to this brilliant lady of fashion, so friendly and hospitable; then she looked with the slightest air of haughtiness at Mr. Sterling, who saw red.

The audacity had won so far, however, that only complaisance would save him from Virginia's suspicion.

"Virginia Tarn!" repeated Maybelle—or Mrs. Golden, according to introduction—"how beautiful a name for—but, dear, such a face should be set to music! You are to lunch with me tomorrow at the restaurant—twelve-thirty." Maybelle dropped her voice, adding, with an air of confidence: "Really, I must attach you or I'll never see more of Mr. Sterling."

A cordial handshake to the girl, a graceful nod and then Sterling watched her out of sight. The ominous hissing of silk still pierced the air as he glanced furtively, with panicky senses, into Virginia's face.

"How radiant and delightful a character!" mused Virginia. "Now I shall go, Mr. Sterling. Isn't it a glorious vacation?" she cried—and vanished.

"What could I do but introduce them?" queried Sterling of himself.

It was true; Sterling could not deny his ways and friendships, being fettered to them. And to explain them would have been still more difficult. One consolation he had: though he would never see Virginia after tomorrow, neither would the actress.

As he entered the gambling-house the roll of the roulette ball made him shudder. On passing through the rooms Charley ran up with a message.

"A Mr. Robert Vane has called to see you three times during the afternoon and evening; he says his business is personal and highly important."

"Robert Vane!" slowly repeated Sterling in a tone reminiscent and exceedingly bitter. "I saw him riding with the Baron the other day." In fact, Robert Vane was the man who had spoken so curtly from the touring car before the scoreboard. "Very well; I will see him," Sterling told the youth and went on to the office.

Mr. Palter, by the student lamp, wheeled slowly in his pivot chair, but his partner did not pause for his greeting.

"I'm all broken up, Pal," he declared—"mentally, morally, physically." He paced the room more and more rapidly. "I'm simply mad over Virginia. Pal, I'm going to lose her!" he cried appealingly.

The disorder of his manner increased, while Mr. Palter, of the flat, shallow eye and lightning comprehension, kept watch.

Presently he volunteered a hint: "The dames are pleasing scenery, Danny!" and sang: "But a dame is hell, with tongs!"

"Yes, yes, Pal; I know all about it."

Then Mr. Palter became indignant. "You don't care for kind advice, eh? Well, I give it because it's cheap. But what I'm interested in is this: Must my business go to the devil, with a baron on the string who jingles like the United States Mint in an earthquake whenever he is shaken down?"

Sterling shrugged his shoulders.

"A dame!" sneered Mr. Palter; he had, however, the air of a chemist experimenting with explosives.

Sterling's face was one quick glare of anger; then, still trembling, he halted in front of his partner.

"Pal! Pal!" he said with quiet reproach.

"That won't go either," muttered Mr. Palter to himself. "See them?" he inquired, brightening suddenly and holding out a paper already carefully folded at a certain page.

"Batting averages," read Sterling, and dropped it with a sigh.

When racked with violent emotion or anger Mr. Palter would sometimes reveal it

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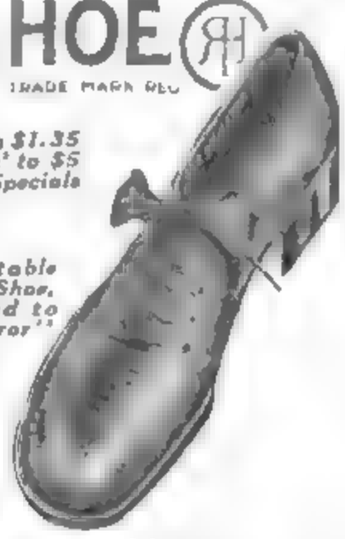

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so far as to beckon with the forefinger of his right hand. He did so in the present crisis, and Sterling paused again.

The silver lids slid back, disclosing eyes of black agate, clouded and reflecting light dully.

"You've lived with all your insides froze up—you've been an arctic man o' business. Well, now there's a thaw under a new sun; the ice is going out. Let it go or you'll be jammed, Danny—you'll be jammed!"

"Let it go out—and warm up in the sun!" replied Sterling thoughtfully.

The other blinked once, as an idol might; the clouds became faintly luminous beneath the silver lids; in fact, Palter had ridden the crush of life, like Juggernaut, and brooded over the outcries of souls. He motioned to a chair across the room and Sterling seated himself, face to the wall.

"This way," commanded Palter. "Life ain't a blank wall." And as the other faced about, "Think!" he added.

Then he resumed the perusal of papers, occasionally laying them aside to turn and look squarely at his partner; for he would by no means permit Sterling to fall into reverie or dejection, and so have his decree ignored.

When Sterling rose, after a protracted silence, he walked about with a certain levity his voice breaking out like chimes on a summer morning.

"The ice is out, Pal," he announced. "I suppose a frozen heart, like a frosted limb, pains terribly in its restoration to life. I'm in love with that girl," he confessed with a kind of noble boyishness. "I'll get her if there's a way. Everything else must go! It will ring great changes on Sterling—and in him, also, I hope," he added gravely.

"Drink hearty!" advised Palter, and after a moment's meditation Sterling hurried down the corridor.

Two lonesome players were at the wheel, for few patrons were in town at that season and the house was generally closed.

"Charley!" he called; and the youth, tripping forward, was surprised to hear him whistling.

"When that gentleman, Mr. Robert Vane, calls—as call he will—inform him that I am not here at present; but say that Mr. Sterling will surely dine tomorrow evening at seven o'clock in the Restaurant Royal."

Charley repeated the message word for word.

"You have it," said Sterling, dismissing him.

"I'll play fair!" exclaimed the man with sudden grimness. "I'll play fair—but win I must! This is high play—life stakes!"

Confronting the statue of Chance, he lingered, remembering the offensive Baron's libation.

"I have no wine to spill, divine dicer!" he laughed, and knuckled his forehead like a clown before his grunting county squire; then, assured of Jovian partiality, he escaped quickly from the house.

The city crawled with a filmy, malodorous fog, through which huddled towers appeared regularly in the gasflares from works along the rivers; but this man of thirty-odd, moving with the grace and lightness of a running boy, let his glance float glowingly over the clayey face of night.

The voice of his soul rang clearly: "What of luck and fortune jingling moneybags! Away with them—this is a run of life!"

The next day began like any other day. Sterling ate breakfast and read the news. Presently he went out into the town again, for the insipid freshness of the park did not appeal to him.

The heat was intense and all practical people suffered greatly, as though their veins were bloating with quicksilver. The streets were lava, the walls shimmering brass—that is still a famous day at the hospitals, which were overflowing by noon.

Sterling sauntered, watching men and horses fall, until by afternoon the sun, being fairly in eruption, transmuted the air into glittering, drifting clouds of scoriæ.

Many of the Augustans droop at such times; others revel secretly in this burnished air, draining it as from a hissing bowl, and painting tower and cornice with its iridescent fumes, as Arabs do the desert.

"I do not mind the heat at all this season," thought Sterling, deeply concerned for his fellow citizens—horses and men.

He chose Broadway for his promenade, once or twice turning corners to peer into the stage entrances of theaters. The shrines were darkened, but the echoes

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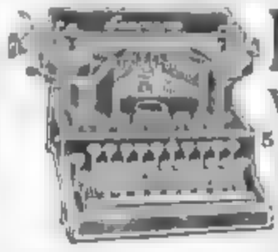

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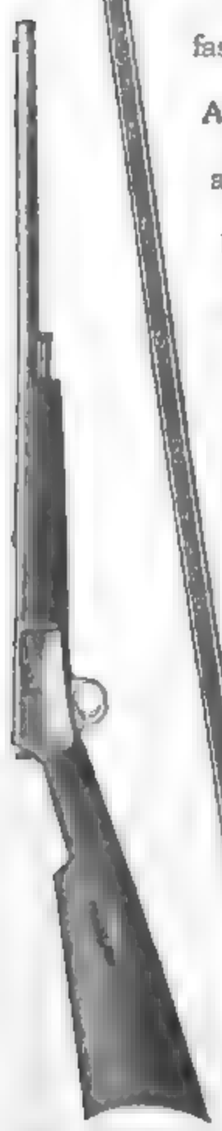

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breathed the memory of horns and violins. "And I have heard such and such a one speak or sing in this place," he thought. He inhaled deeply of smoldering incense, pleasure seemed mantling before his eyes; nor did he lose the sense of an exquisite presence on returning to the street.

He hummed the Road to Mandalay, whose verses would rouse a saint to mischief. "The town has that savor!" he laughed. Those soft tumults broke under his temples; he trembled, soul and flesh, with the madness, the passions of the summer city. And through these clouds of scoriæ, as an adventurer in the sack of a famous town, he sought Virginia.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

HE COULD IF HE WOULD

(Concluded from Page 14)

prospering as he should. She was afraid he was having a bad time of it. On half a dozen occasions she had been upon the point of offering to loan him some of the fortune to which she had so unexpectedly fallen heir, but each time there was a look in his eyes that checked her.

Better things were on the way. With bewildering rapidity they came. It was one Saturday evening in June that Nicholas took her arm with an unusual display of authority and led her out of Mrs. Halliday's and along the side streets to the avenue. Until he reached there he spoke scarcely a word.

"Esther," he said—he had never used that name before—"Esther, I've had a wonderful stroke of luck!" She grasped his arm quite unconsciously. "I wanted to tell it to you first—I wanted to tell it to you out here."

"Quick!" she said. "What is it?"

"I've been taken into the firm."

"Oh, Nicholas!" she said.

He spoke on, almost in awe:

"Shipleigh came to me this afternoon; we talked it over and I'm to be a junior partner. Martin has dropped out; so—so it's going to be Shipleigh, Fordyce & Trent. Think of it—Shipleigh, Fordyce & Trent!"

She was half laughing and half crying as she said:

"Shipleigh, Fordyce & Trent! It sounds so much better than the other!"

They walked a block or two without saying anything more; but he kept a tight grip upon her arm—a soul-satisfying, tight grip. It made her feel like one of the firm herself. The passing cabs twinkled congratulations; the lights from the store windows burned in his honor.

"So now," he said, "I can tell you what I've wanted to tell you for six months. I can tell it to you out here. I need you, little woman!"

"Me?"

"You! I've loved you a long while all to myself."

She looked up into his thin, earnest face. Then she said:

"I wonder if it's been all to yourself!"

"Then you ——"

She nodded vigorously, unable to speak.

"And you'll marry me?"

She nodded again.

"It isn't nice to be so eager, but—I can't help it, Nicholas."

When they came back to Mrs. Halliday's—they had walked from Forty-fifth Street to the Flatiron Building twice—she paused a moment on the steps.

"Nicholas," she began uncertainly, "now that we're engaged, I—I have a right to be a little personal—haven't I?"

"Personal is a strong word," he replied with a mystified smile.

"It's just this: Now that you're a member of the firm and—and have a little more money, and —— Oh, I wish you would buy a new hat—if you could!"

He removed the old slouch hat and held it fondly in his hands a moment.

"I could if I would," he answered. "I knew there was something more I wanted to tell you about. My uncle died about a year ago and—and left me a disgracefully large pile of money."

She stared at him in silence.

"A million or more," he explained hastily; "but—say, that needn't make any difference—need it?" Still she stared at him. "Oh, little woman, let's forget all about it. I'll get a new hat; but ——"

"There's no fun in your having a new hat now!" she answered.

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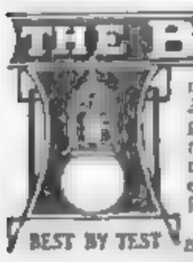

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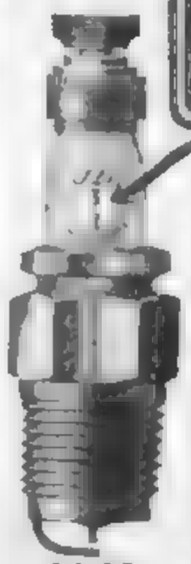

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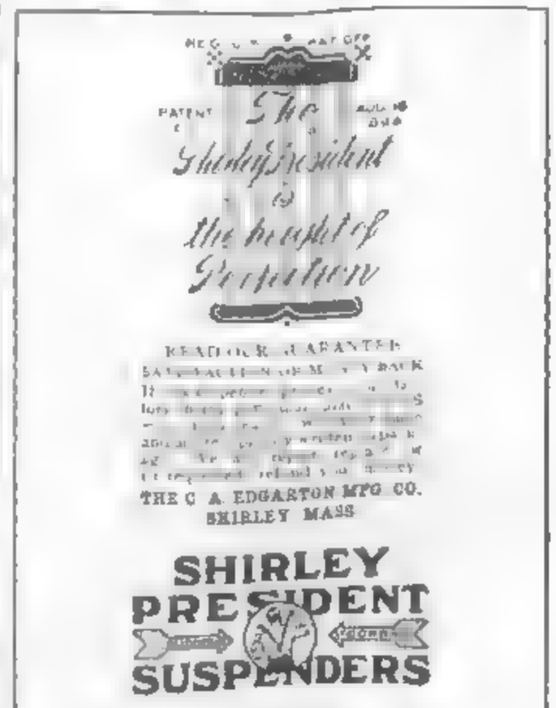

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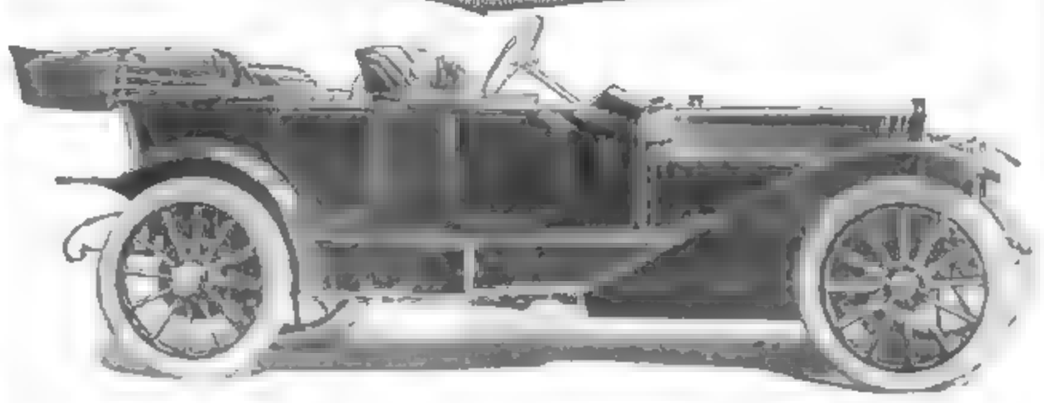

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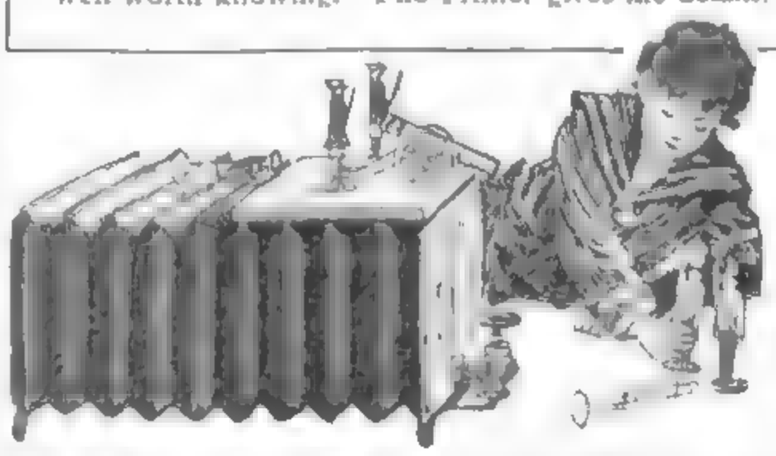

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Address THE EDUCATIONAL DIVISION

The Curtis Publishing Company, Philadelphia, Pa.

MY LADY'S GARTER

(Continued from Page 17)

There was a deepening of the sunflush in the girl's cheeks; her nose crinkled and she laughed outright. She shook her head until the brick red of her hair seemed to leap into a living flame.

"No," she said; "I'm not married."

"Brother mebbe?"

"No."

"Just a-boardin' with you?"

"No, he's our guest."

The captain had a subtle way, all his own, of acquiring information. He showed it by his next question.

"What might his name be?"

"His name is Von Derp."

"Von which?"

"Von Derp—Mr. August von Derp. He's from Holland."

"Dutchman, huh! I don't think much o' Dutchmen. Used to be a Dutch cook on a ship with me. They can't cook much." He stroked his straggly beard. "Where is your pa? Dead?"

The abruptness of the question startled the girl into another laugh.

"No. My father's in New York."

"Banker mebbe?"

"No, railroad man."

"Oh! I knowed a railroad man once. He was a brakeman on the New Haven. Reckon you wouldn't have knowed him?"

"Possibly not."

"What sort o' job has your pa got? Conductor mebbe?"

There was a quick crunching of gravel behind them and they both turned. Coming toward them across the beach was a young man, immaculate of attire, long of hair, with a strange eagerness in his dreamy eyes. The girl rose to her knees and stared in astonishment.

"Skeets!" she exclaimed.

"Helen!"

"Well, of all people on earth!" Suddenly she laughed, came to her feet and sped down the slant of the beach toward the water.

"Helen!" There was a world of disappointment in Skeets' tone.

The girl paused at the brink of the water to wave one hand mockingly; then, turning, plunged into the heart of a billow. It was a full minute before she reappeared, far out beyond the roll of the surf, her hair streaming behind her like little brick-red serpents as she swam steadily out into the open cove with slow, powerful stroke. The two men stood watching her in dumb amazement—the old man and the young man.

"I'll be dinged!" said the captain.

"Dammit!" growled Skeets.

Their eyes met.

"What made her do that?"

"Because—because she's a woman."

"You called her Helen, didn't you?"

"Well?"

"She was just a-tellin' me her name was Cicely."

There came a sudden blaze into the dreamy eyes of the poet. He took off his hat and brushed back a long forelock with one pale lavender glove.

"She was just a-tellin' me her name——" the captain insisted.

"Say, do you see that big rock way over there?" Skeets demanded, and he pointed off toward Third Cliff. "Well, here's a cigar. You go over and sit on that rock and smoke that cigar. When I need you I'll call you."

The captain took the cigar mechanically and stared at it, perplexed. What was this young feller a-driving at? Maybe he didn't want him round! Well, by gravy, he could take a hint if anybody could; and, besides, it looked like a good cigar, so he took it thriftily and went, deeply aggrieved. He'd be dinged if he could understand city folks anyhow—he'd be dinged if he could!

Left alone, Skeets took up a moody vigil on the beach, waiting angrily until such time as it would please the girl to come in. Now she was visible as a wave lifted her to its top; then she would vanish behind a sinuous crest of the waters, and his heart would stand still until she reappeared. After a long time she began swimming inshore again; finally she was within hailing distance.

"Helen!" he called pleadingly.

"My name is not Helen," she replied.

"Cicely!"

"Miss Quain, if you please."

"Miss Quain then. Please come in."

"I'm not coming in until you go away."

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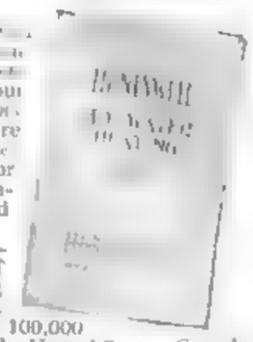

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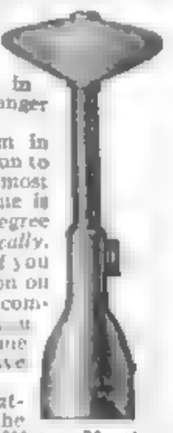

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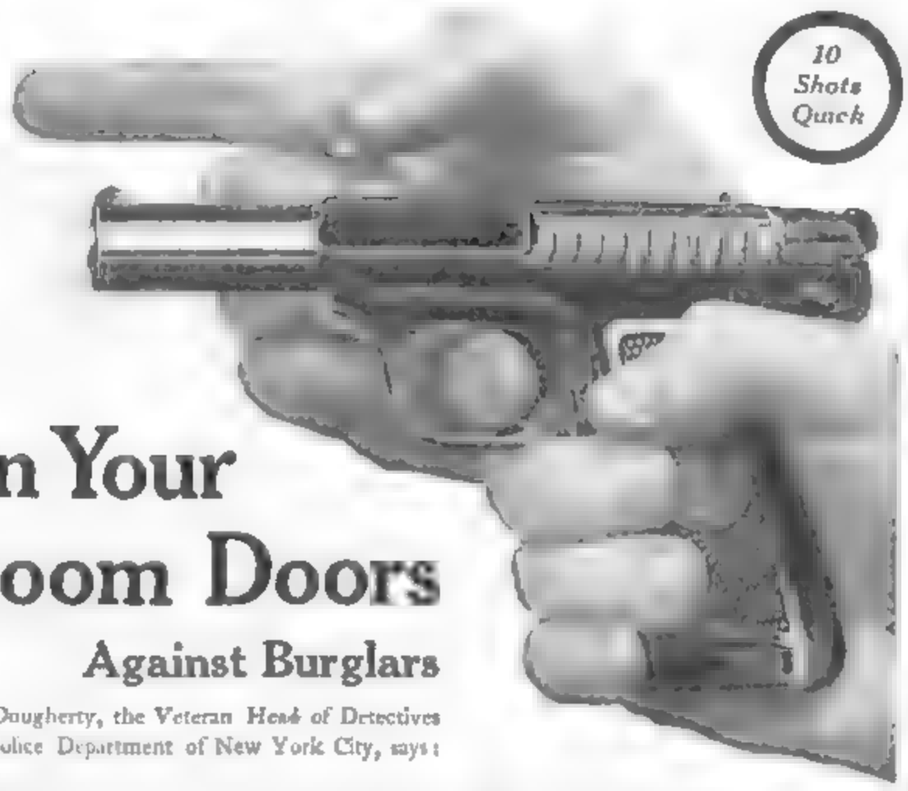

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afternoon in New York and told me you and your daughter were here under the name of Quain, and—and so I came. I don't know who it was at the telephone; I had been so anxious to find you that I forgot to ask."

"Curious," Mrs. Quain commented languidly. "The only person in New York who knew our whereabouts is my husband, and he wouldn't have"

"I can readily believe that," Skeets agreed grimly. He poked a pale lavender finger into the crown of his hat and spun it dreamily. "He doesn't like me."

"And yet you called here?" Mrs. Quain reminded him.

"Yes, I called because Helen—that is, Cicely—oh, you know!"

"I didn't know of the attempted elopement, but if I had known I doubt if I should have interfered, because—well, because I'm old-fashioned, I suppose. And I knew she—Helen—Cicely——"

"Knew she loved me?" Skeets interrupted.

Mrs. Quain shrugged her shapely shoulders.

"However, my husband has ideas of his own," she continued. "I should never actively oppose his wishes. He objects to you; it is not my place to question why. You should not have come here."

"But—but—you and your daughter are here alone. You'll need some man about to—er—to——" What the deuce did women ever need men about for!

"We have one man about now," Mrs. Quain told him—"a Mr. von Derp. As I understand it, he is to remain with us all summer."

"Von Derp!" Skeets' thoughts instantly reverted to the yellow-topped stranger. "You mean the young man I met in the driveway?"

"Probably you met him. He went out just before you came in."

"Who is he anyhow?" Skeets demanded.

"I don't know, I'm sure," Mrs. Quain replied, "except that he's from Holland—Amsterdam, I think—and is the son of a business associate of my husband. I don't know why," she added resignedly, "he should have been unloaded on us in this little place to entertain all summer. Why, do you know, we haven't even a fourth hand at bridge!"

From the screened veranda where they sat they saw Cicely and Von Derp turn into the driveway—the girl in her dripping bathing suit, and he, immaculate, leaning slightly toward her and talking earnestly. Involuntarily Skeets' nervous fingers closed. Mrs. Quain noted the movement, slight as it was.

"I think perhaps he affects me that way too," she said. "I can't get over the impression that he could fall violently in love with any woman whatever who was rich enough."

Looking up quickly as if at the suggestion of Von Derp, Cicely saw Skeets, looked startled, then darted in a side entrance that led to her room. Von Derp came in the front way and through to where his hostess and Skeets sat.

"Mr. Gaunt, a New York friend—Mr. von Derp, of Holland."

"Charmed, I'm sure." Von Derp, smiling, revealed firm white teeth. "If I'm not mistaken, Mr. Gaunt, I saw a likeness of you in a New York newspaper a few days since?"

"Perhaps," Skeets assented with something vaguely antagonistic in his manner. "It was on the occasion of my arrest charged with the theft of a jeweled garter and of a certain Miss Hamilton's jewels."

"I congratulate you upon your—what shall I say?" said Von Derp. "It was a ridiculous affair altogether. I must apologize for staring when I met you in the drive. It was then that I had my first impression of having seen you before."

Mrs. Quain sent a telegram to her husband:

Keats Gaunt has found us here; refuses to be sent away. What shall we do?

To which her husband replied:

I sent him there. Make him your guest while he remains. Give him every opportunity of being with Cicely. Match between them is absolutely necessary.

Mrs. Quain opened her beautiful eyes in astonishment.

"Well, anyway," she observed placidly, "he'll make a fourth hand at bridge."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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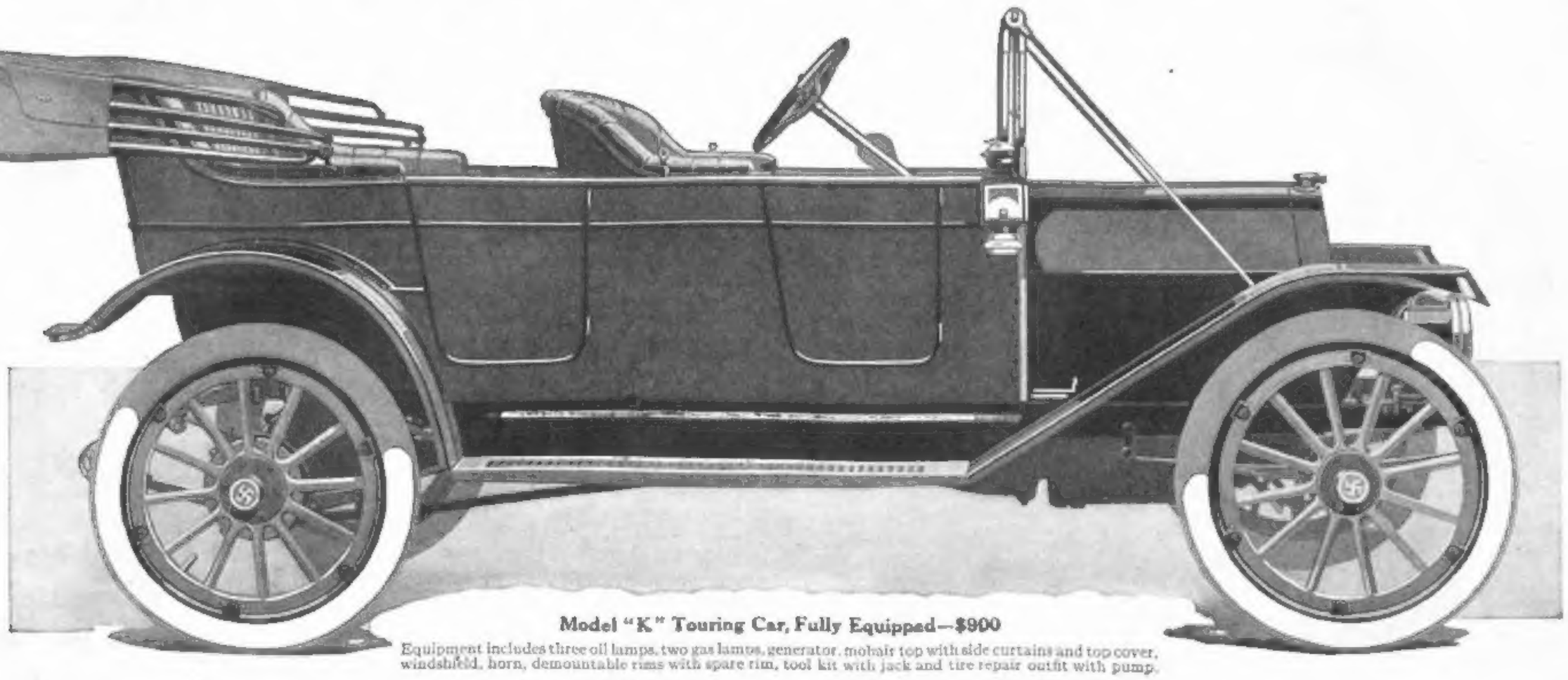

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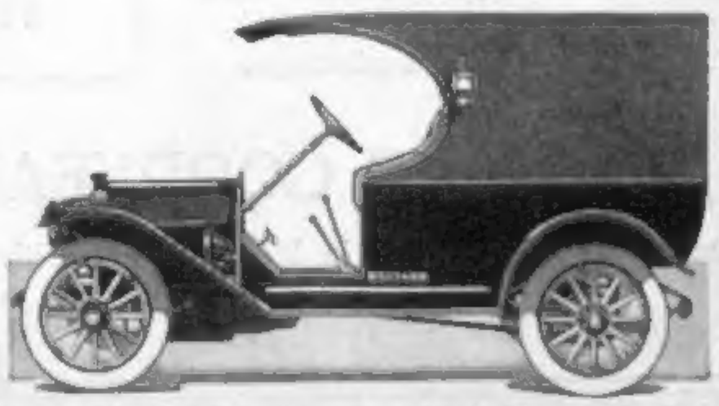
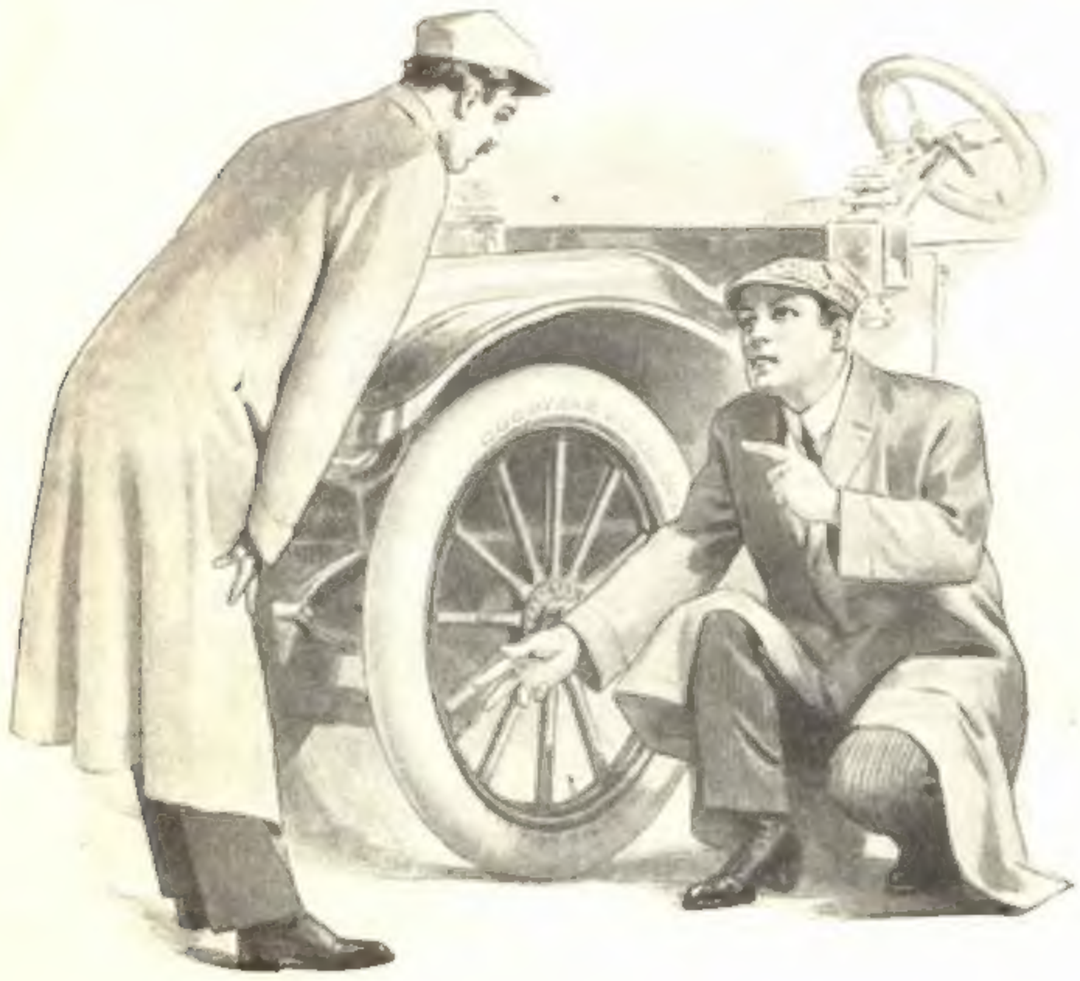


Model "KD" Delivery Car, Completely Equipped—$900



How 200,000 Motor Car Owners

Have Created an Avalanche of Trade for

No-Rim-Cut Tires 10% Oversize

Users told others—and the others told others—that these patented tires cut their tire bills materially. That is the only reason why these tires jumped to

The Topmost Place in Tiredom

It Took 10 Years to Perfect It

Here is a tire which remained for ten years in obscurity, while our experts worked to perfect it.

Then users found it out, and the demand for this tire suddenly changed from a rivulet to a flood.

Last year we sold more Goodyear tires than in the previous 12 years put together.

Over 1,100,000 have now been used, and the present demand is immensely larger than any other tire ever knew.

With our mammoth capacity—with our factories running 24 hours per day—we are four weeks behind on our orders.

Don't Deceive Yourself

That is the situation now—in the 13th year of the Goodyear tire.

That is the verdict, after 200,000 motor car owners have actually tried these tires.

Don't say this demand is a passing sensation, due to good salesmanship. Don't deceive yourself by assuming that other tires offer an equal advantage.

Such an army of users—200,000 strong—can't be fooled on tires. Our success is due solely to what they are telling other men about them.

Finality in Tires

Goodyear tires, in their construction, represent finality in tires.

We say this after 13 years. During that time we have compared some 200 fabrics—some 40 formulas for treads. We have compared every material, every method and process which experts have ever devised.

We have done this on testing machines in our factory—where four tires at a time are constantly worn out under all sorts of road conditions, while meters record the mileage.

After all these tests—after 13 years—we know that these tires come as close to perfection as men can ever hope to get.

Saving 48 Per Cent

These perfected tires, by a patented process, are made so that rim-cutting is practically ended forever. This type is called the Goodyear No-Rim-Cut tire.

Statistics show that 23 per cent of ruined old-type tires are rim-cut. No-Rim-Cut tires save that 23 per cent.

Then these patent tires—No-Rim-Cut tires—are made 10 per cent over the rated size.

That means 10 per cent more air—10 per cent added carrying capacity. And that, under average conditions, adds 25 per cent to the tire mileage.

So No-Rim-Cut tires save that 23, plus that 25 per cent. Tens of thousands of motorists have proved this.

8½ Per Cent Profit

Yet No-Rim-Cut tires cost practically the same as other standard tires. They used to cost one-fifth extra.

Our multiplied output has cut the cost of production, and we have cut our profits. Last year our profit on No-Rim-Cut tires was only 8½ per cent.

Those are the reasons why No-Rim-Cut tires outsell all other tires. Why 200,000 men have already adopted them. Why 127 motor car makers have this year contracted for Goodyear tires. And why more than one-third of all Show cars this year were equipped with these premier tires.

You are bound to come to them, but while you are waiting your tire upkeep is increased. Ask any man who knows.

Our 1912 Tire Book—based on 13 years of tire making—is filled with facts you should know. Ask us to mail it to you.

GOODYEAR
AKRON, OHIO

No-Rim-Cut Tires

With or Without Non-Skid Treads

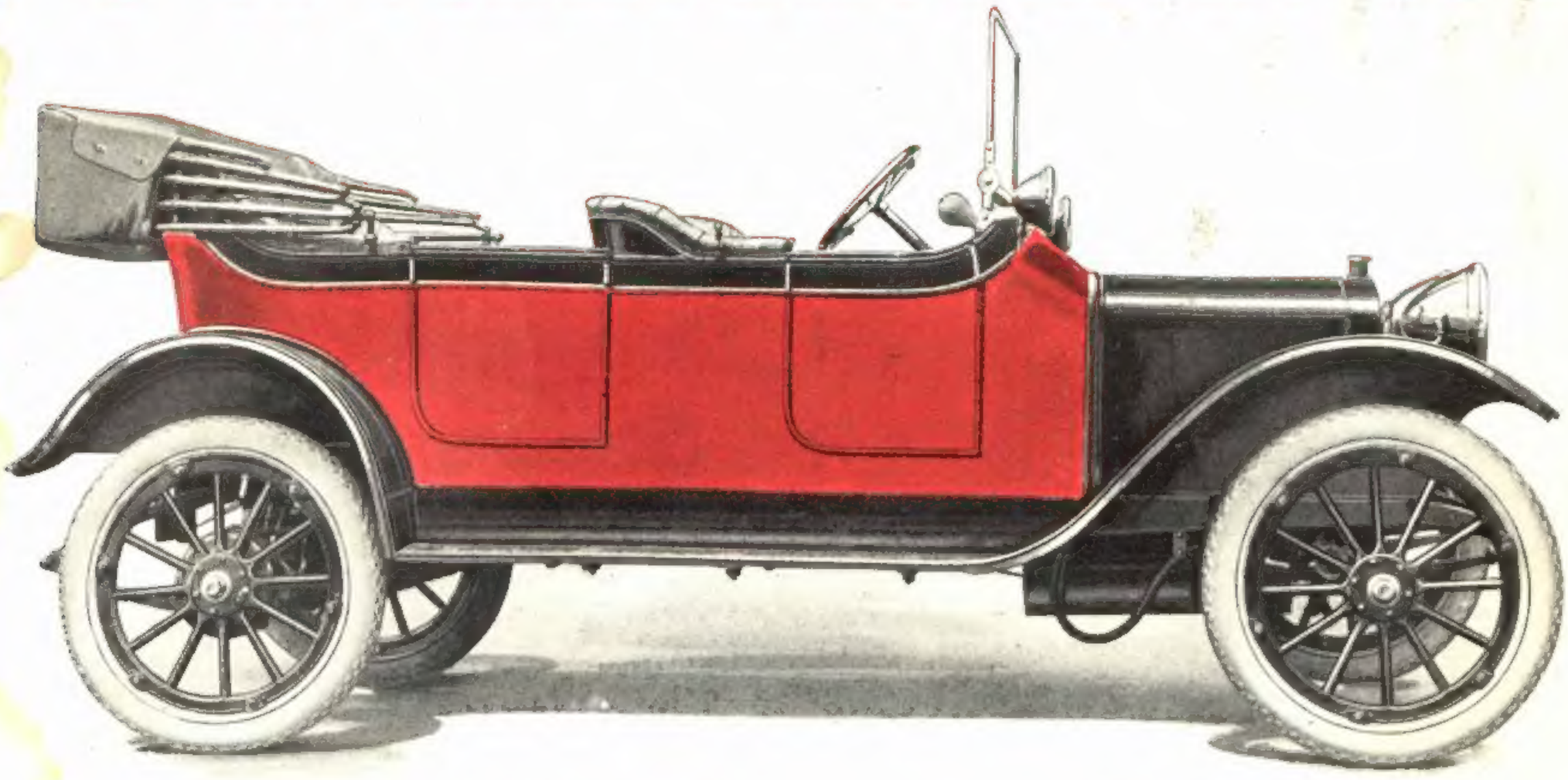
THE GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY, Akron, Ohio

Branches and Agencies in 103 Principal Cities
More Service Stations Than Any Other Tire

We Make All Kinds of Rubber Tires, Tire Accessories and Repair Outfits
Main Canadian Office, Toronto, Ont.—Canadian Factory, Bowmanville, Ont.

(642)

R-C-H Announcement 1913



R-C-H "Twenty-Five"

We are determined to build the best all-'round five-passenger touring car in the world and sell it, completely equipped, for

$900
F. O. B. DETROIT

The Car

Wheelbase —110 inches.

Motor —Long-stroke; 4 cylinders cast en bloc; 3¼-inch bore, 5-inch stroke. Two-bearing crank shaft. Timing gears and valves enclosed. Three-point suspension.

Drive—Left Side. Irreversible worm gear, 16-inch steering wheel. Spark and throttle control on steering column.

Control—Center Lever operated through H-plate integral with universal joint housing just below. Hand-lever emergency brake at driver's right. Clutch pedal operated by left foot. Service brake operated by right foot. Foot accelerator in connection with hand throttle.

Springs —Front, semi-elliptic; rear, full elliptic and mounted on swivel seats.

Frame —Pressed steel channel.

Axles —Front, I-beam, drop-forged; rear, semi-floating type.

Transmission —3 speeds forward and reverse; sliding gear, selective type.

Construction —Drop-forgings wherever practicable; chrome nickel steel used throughout all shafts and gears in the transmission and rear axle; high carbon manganese steel in all parts requiring special stiffness.

Body —Full 5-passenger English type; extra wide seats; 10-inch seat cushions specially upholstered.

Wheels —Artillery type.

The Equipment

Non-skid tires—32 x 3½.
12-inch Bullet electric head lights with double parabolic lens.
6-inch Bullet electric side lights with parabolic lens.
Bosch Magneto.
Warner Auto-meter.
Demountable rims.
Extra rim and holders.
Tally-ho horn.
Jiffy curtains — up or down instantaneously.
Top and Top cover.
Windshield.
Rear view mirror.
Tool-kit, Jack, Tire repair kit, Pump.
Robe Rail.

WE invite prospective motor car buyers to call at the nearest R-C-H branch or dealer; to study R-C-H construction and equipment; and, more than all, to ride in the car and determine for themselves its running qualities and ease of operation. Descriptive folder and name of nearest dealer mailed on request.

Correspondence invited from responsible dealers in any vacant territory.

R-C-H CORPORATION, 111 Lycaste Street, Detroit, Michigan

Branches: ATLANTA, 548 Peachtree St.; BOSTON, 563 Boylston St.; BUFFALO, 1225 Main St.; CHICAGO, 2021 Michigan Ave.; CLEVELAND, 2122 Euclid Ave.; DENVER, 1520 Broadway; MINNEAPOLIS, 1206 Hennepin Ave.; NEW YORK, 1989 Broadway; PHILADELPHIA, 330 No. Broad St.; DETROIT, Woodward and Warren Aves.; KANSAS CITY, 3501 Main St.; LOS ANGELES, 1242 So. Flower St.; WALKERVILLE, ONT., CANADA.

Make Fun of the Sun
In Easy-Breezy B. V. D.

LET it blaze and broil! In Loose Fitting B. V. D. Coat Cut Undershirts, Knee Length Drawers or Union Suits *you* are cool and comfortable from breakfast to bed.

They are made of light, durable woven materials, soft to the skin. Quality of fabrics, true-to-size fit, careful workmanship and long wear are assured and insured by

This Red Woven Label

MADE FOR THE B.V.D. BEST RETAIL TRADE

(Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. and Foreign Countries)

B. V. D. Coat Cut Undershirts and Knee Length Drawers, 50c, 75c, $1.00 and $1.50 the garment.

B. V. D. Union Suits (Pat. U. S. A. April 30th, 1907.) $1.00, $1.50, $2.00, $3.00 and $5.00 the Suit.

The B. V. D. Company, New York.

London Selling Agency: 66, Aldermanbury, E. C.